THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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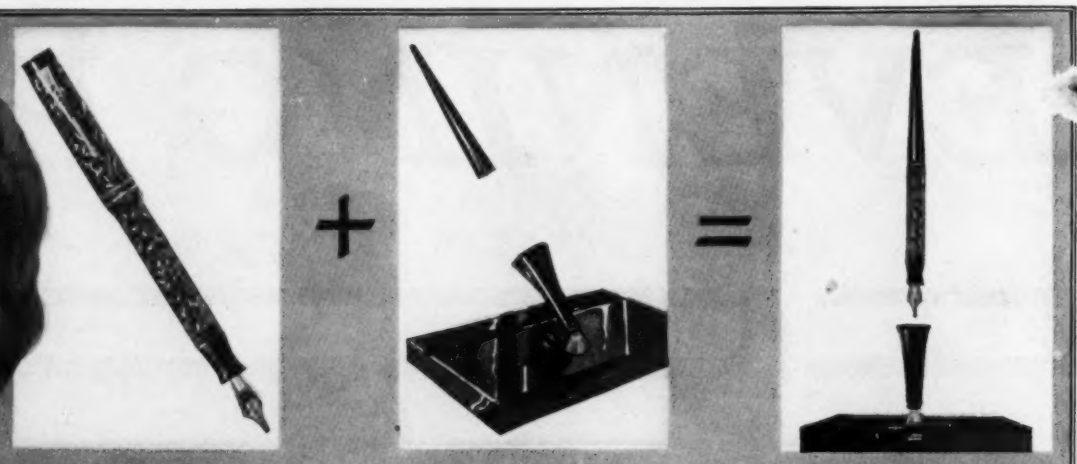
SEPTEMBER 20, 1930

Beginning **The Squaw Woman—By Arthur Stringer**

THE FIRST LESSON FOR THE FALL TERM OF SCHOOL



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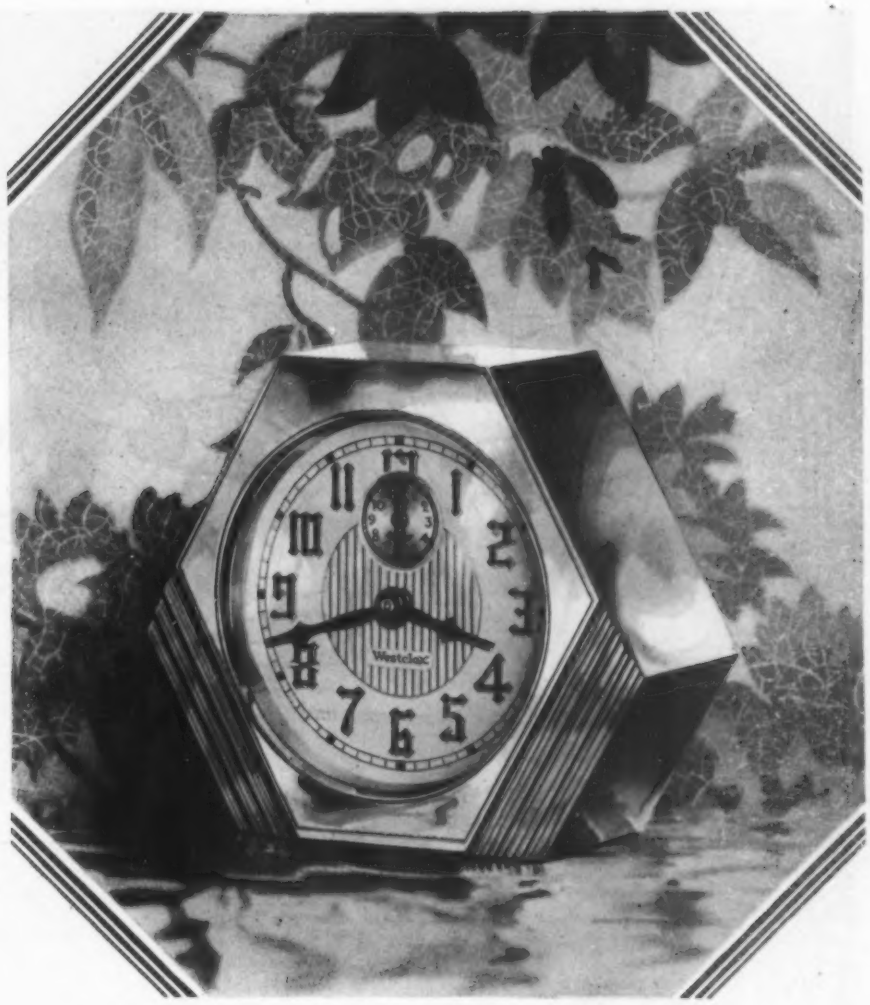

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Then chill and serve—turn on the cold water faucet! You'll soon be bouncing out of the tub feeling as frisky as if you'd just received an extra dividend!

Now where's the grudge, the grumble, the grouch? We try to be honest. So we leave the answer up to you. Ask yourself why your skin feels as smooth and well-fitting as if it had just come from a Bond Street tailor. Ask yourself if any other luxury costs so little—why, a week's supply of Ivory baths costs less than a mere shoe shine!

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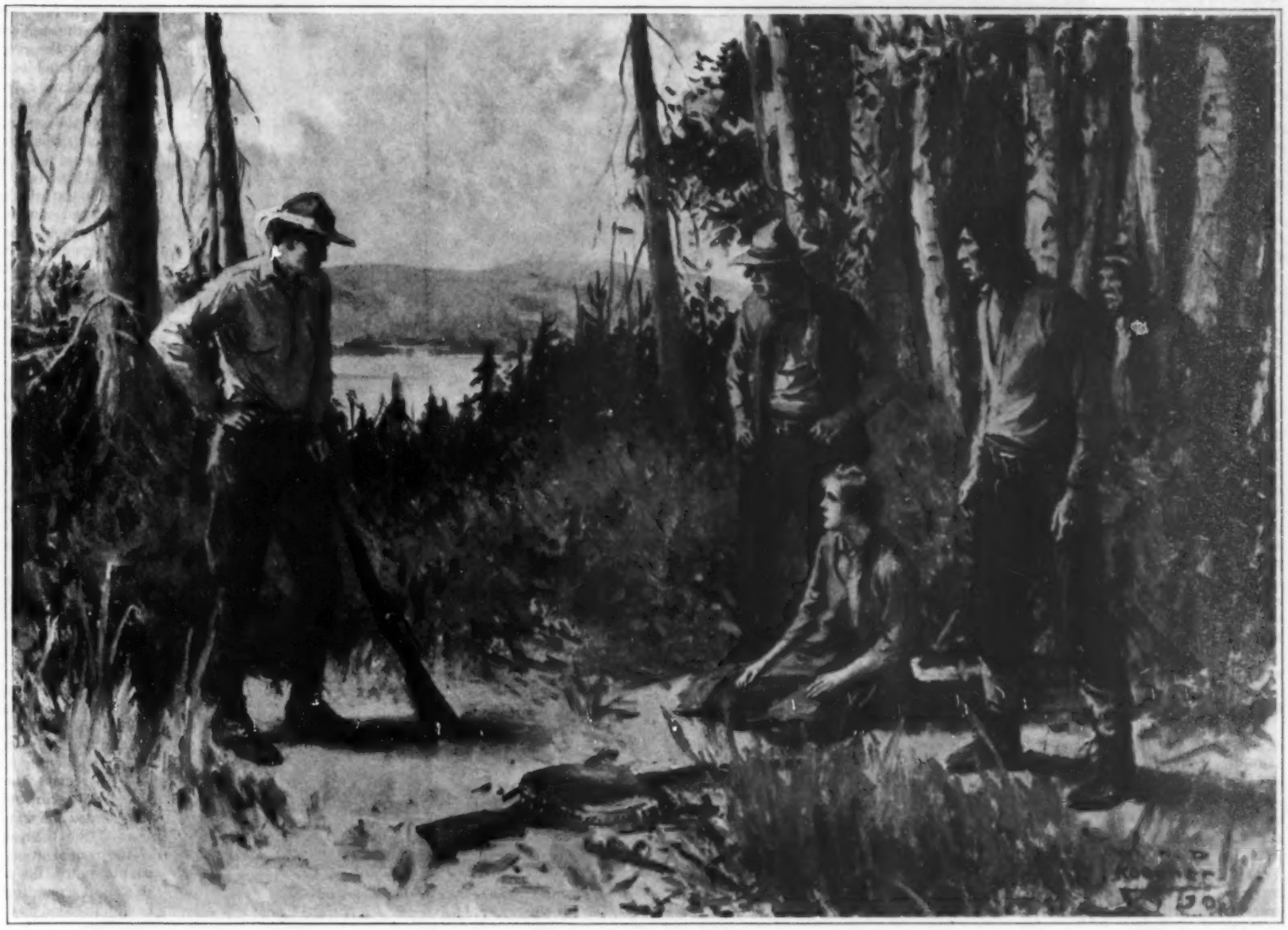
THE SQUAW WOMAN



"Are You a White Woman?" He Asked With Wounding Curtness

By ARTHUR STRINGER

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

DARROW, as he reached the chancel rail, was quite calm again. He hadn't, after all, tumbled into the tubbed palms, as Betty Forrest, the maid of honor, twice drawlingly proclaimed he would. His one mistake, apparently, had been in starting a trifle too early for the vaulted church end where the candles were burning in their mystic groups of seven. Yet his arrival there, with good old Frisbie close behind him as best man, marked the final movement in that mysteriously complicated ceremonial essential to an end simple enough in itself. The big show, thank heaven, would soon be over. Natalie would come down the main aisle on her father's arm at any moment now, a few words would be said, a ring would be put on a finger, and he and the woman he loved would be united for life.

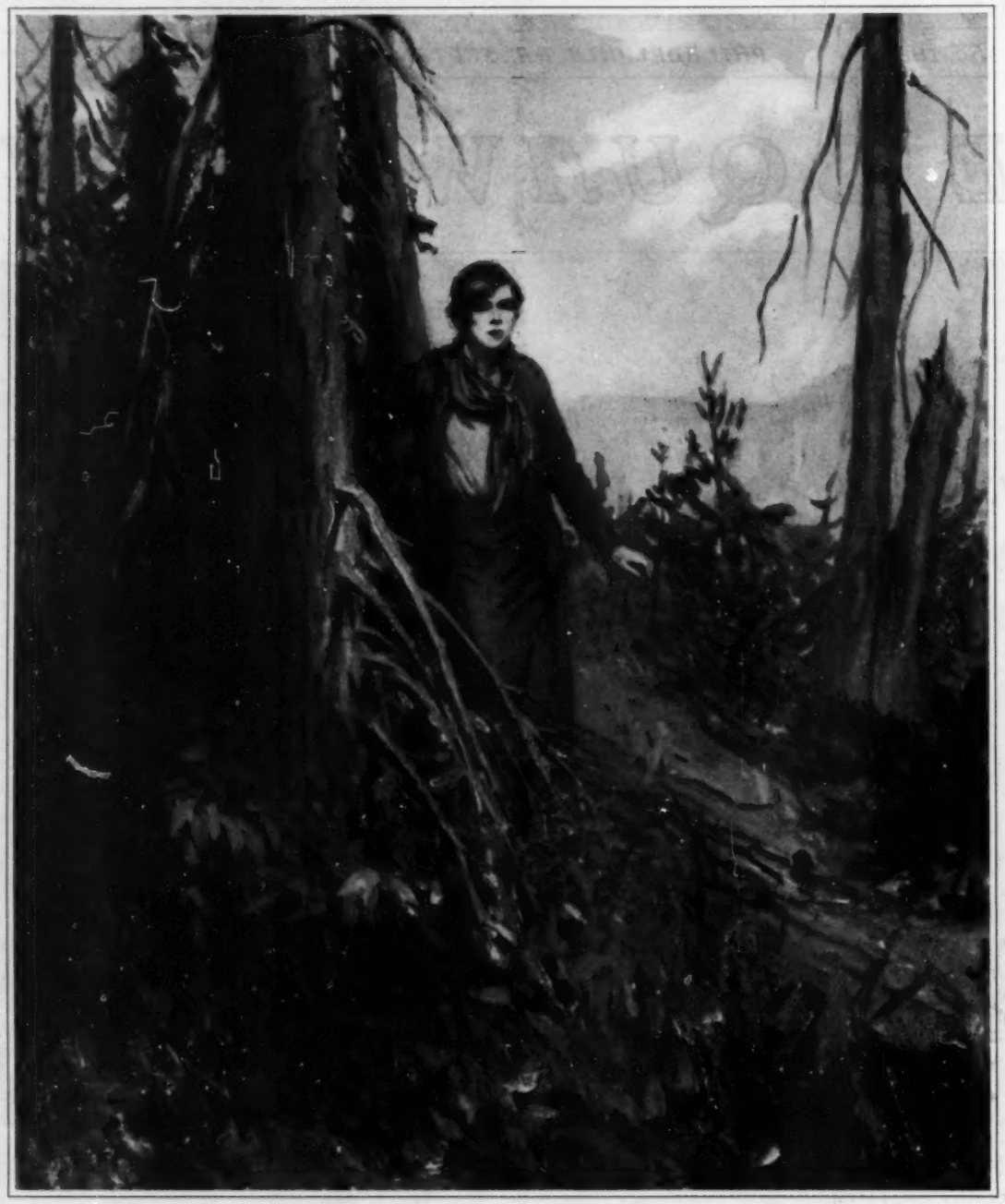
It was simple enough, in one way, and yet it impressed Darrow as tremendously intricate. For days, now, he had nursed the impression of being enmeshed in machinery that ramified invisibly about him, of being imprisoned between wheels within wheels which he could neither define nor control. Even the organ that throbbed and bellowed beside him seemed a fit voice for the mechanized magnificence that revolved so grimly about him. He smiled, a trifle wearily, at the discovery that the organist, after repeating At Dawning, had slipped sonorously into Elgar's Pomp and Circumstance. For there, when you came to think of it, was something woefully appropriate to the occasion. Darrow even wondered if organists were supposed to have a sense of humor. Then he wondered why Frisbie's collar should be visibly wilted about the edges, and why the bishop had glanced twice down the long aisle bordered with ribbon and smilax and girandoles of June roses.

But Darrow was no longer afraid of the crowd. They were there, close behind him, yet they seemed infinitely remote. He could hear their beehive murmurings in the organ lulls, but to him they were merely massed movement and color, a receding sea of hats waving between diminishing parterres of smilax and white roses. He was acutely conscious of the odors about him, the slightly funereal smell of the cut flowers, of fresh raiment on crowded, warm bodies, of contending French perfumes and powders mingling with the more solemn aroma of pew cushions. He was glad, in a way, to have this unlooked-for lull in that overhectic day. It gave him a chance to think, to find himself

again. Even Natalie, he had noticed, was a trifle fagged by it all. They had, in fact, just about harried the life out of her. And even now, out at the church door, they were in all likelihood still making it sacrificially hard for her.

Out where the red carpet slashed the sidewalk and the policemen were shouldering the crowd back from the awning, the press photographers would be poking cameras under her nose and demanding smiling close-ups of the bride. For it was the newspapers more than anything else, Darrow felt, that had cheapened the affair, had made him almost hate it and want it over with. He could have forgiven the photographs, the overintimate snapshots of Natalie on the sand at Deauville and Palm Beach, of Natalie aquaplaning in Honolulu, of Natalie on horseback at Aiken, of Natalie taking tea with Lady Astor, of Natalie in the Park Avenue Easter parade. They had even shown her as a Junior Leaguer, selling boutonnières for the milk fund, as a traveler leaning over a ship's rail next to the Duchess of Sutherland, as a sports lover in skiing costume at St. Moritz, and as a slender-bodied pupil in Miss Sweetser's Select School for Girls. He himself, he remembered, had got off a bit more easily. The worst they could do for him, as the groom, was a sad-eyed head in an inconspicuous oval, though one of the evening papers had dug up an old print of him in polo costume and another had resurrected a forgotten snapshot showing him with a week's growth of beard, crouched triumphantly over an incontestably dead Kadiak bear carcass.

But the offensive part of it all, he felt, had been the acrobatic mathematics of the tabloids, which had blithely estimated the wedding gifts, including the Amos Harland pearls, as worth well over a half million dollars and had claimed that caterers were costing another fifty thousand dollars. They had also evaluated the church decorations and computed that the guests assembled in the midst of those decorations would represent one-fifth of the accumulated wealth of Manhattan. And the lower the grade of the paper, he remembered, the more it reveled in higher mathematics. It was no wonder, he concluded, that Natalie herself had finally been infected with the blight of it all. For there had been a change in her, he knew, toward the last. It had, apparently, grown more and more hideous to her. And that was natural enough. She might, as a pictorially beautiful woman, enjoy being the central figure in that essential pageantry. But it had tired her out. What with *couturières* and *bijoutiers*, hairdressers and photographers, hat makers and lace dealers, florists and finishers and beautifiers, it had encircled her like an octopus. It had engulfed her in an ever-widening ceremonial until those incalculable wheels within wheels had obviously got on her nerves. Even the stationery had been a problem. And it had to be decided which hospitals were to receive the decorations when the rout was over. And Renaldo had certainly not lessened the general strain of the occasion by insisting on finishing up his fool portrait of her before heading home for Europe. Yet she had stiffened, perceptibly, when Darrow had suggested that she leave that feather-headed artist and his sittings until they hit Paris on their way back from the Orient. That, he knew, was merely the reaction of overstrained nerves.



She Skirted a Second Muskeg and Mounted a Still Higher Ridge, Where She Stopped, Frowningly, to Study the Country About Her

But he found himself wondering if it wasn't something more than mere nerves. Men can know women so well, and yet know them so little. There was, apparently, always a barrier. Natalie seemed ready enough to become his wife, yet she remained in some way unwilling to surrender to him. She had seemed mysteriously withdrawn, even during their last talk together. She had not actually cringed from his touch, but she had remained remote. She had looked at him, for a moment, as one looks at a strange face drifting past in a street fog. But that, Darrow surmised, was largely due to weariness—a weariness of body and soul brought on by all those foolish old rites that insisted on perpetuating themselves on such occasions. It was a natural craving for quietude, the ghosts of uncounted pagan brides crying out for their hour of sequestration before final capitulation. Yet he wished, when he came to think of it, that somebody would invent a sensible wedding ceremony, something less prodigiously barbaric, less blindly traditional. Why, for example, should all unhappy grooms have to wear gray-striped trousers? And what would the bishop say when he found out somebody had been smoking cigarettes in the vestry? And why was the moist-browed Frisbie fidgeting about so foolishly? And wasn't it about time, after all, for the Big Parade to get started on its final movement?

Darrow was once more trying to remember the orders of the day: The vested choir boys were to march down the main aisle and meet the bride. They were to start as the organ struck up O Perfect Love, which would change into the Bridal March from Lohengrin as Amos Harland and his daughter appeared through the main doorway. As they went out, of course, it would be Mendelssohn's Wedding March. And Frisbie, as best man, was to take the ring from the cushion held up by the ring bearer and hand it to the bishop, who, in turn, would hand it back to the groom, who would, when he heard the words "With this ring," place it on the bride's outstretched finger. That must be the third finger of the left hand. And that would make him and Natalie man and wife for all time. That united them, mysteriously and unequivocally, as unequivocally as the give-away ceremony of the Kootenay Indians united any stalwart buck to his blanketed bride. For the fashion of the rite, after all, didn't much matter. The end was the same. And the cushion on the chancel steps beside him, Darrow remembered, was not for him but for Natalie to kneel on, when the bishop prayed over them. And the ushers, before the countermarch down the main aisle began, were to remove the wide white ribbons that herded the relatives off from the rest of the congregation, suspiciously like a ship's rail separating first and second class passengers.

But there was, after all, something hopelessly barbaric about it all to Darrow. They were taking something primarily personal and sacred, and making it as expositional as a durbar. He wondered why Natalie, so independent in most things, could bow so meekly to tradition in this. But the women, of course, got away with it better than the men. Women never seemed swamped by splendor. They even seemed to hunger for it. But the men about him looked strained and uncomfortable. They seemed smothered by their clothes, until even their manners had become tailored. Yet they were enduring it meekly, knowing it was the right thing to do. He wasn't in sympathy with it himself, but he had to accept it. It was the rule of the pack, the fashion of his set, the right thing. And Darrow had always been tremulously anxious to do the right thing. He even resented the undignified way in which Frisbie was running a finger end about a dolorously moist collar edge.

"What's happened to 'em?" Frisbie was muttering over his shoulder, with still less dignity. The language

impressed the groom as unparliamentary. And best men were supposed to be imperturbable.

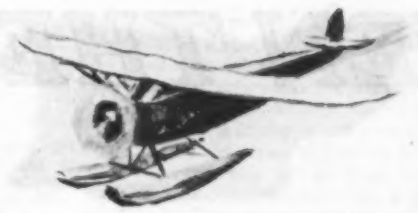
"Why, what's wrong?" whispered Darrow, wondering why an aura of unreality should still be misting everything about him.

"That's what I want to know," retorted Frisbie, without turning his head. "They're more than twenty minutes late already. The organist up there has played that thing three times."

The organ throb, Darrow remembered, had become a bit repetitious. And Natalie, he also remembered, would naturally be a bit late. It was her show. It was her big moment, and she'd want to make the most of it. She'd earned it. She was entitled to it, as an ultimate gesture of independence. And he didn't much mind waiting. He was, after all, a minor figure in that pageantry. But the others, apparently, were not in the same boat. The rector crossed and spoke to the bishop. And the bishop looked none too happy. Darrow, with a glance over his shoulder, also realized a change in the body of the church. It was no longer a sea of mildly moving hats. The crowd was no longer static. It was filled with uneasy eddies, with murmurs and movements through which the agitated ushers passed like dispatch bearers with no news to bring. Even Darrow turned when the organ, after dying dispiritedly down, struck up with a louder chord. That, obviously, meant that the bride had finally arrived. There was a sudden pause of expectancy, a craning of necks, a premonition of climax overartfully achieved.

Darrow even heard a woman say, quite distinctly, from one of the rose-draped pews: "Here she comes!"

But it was a false alarm. No solemn procession started down the red-carpeted aisle. A faint murmur of protest came from the body of the church. A large-bodied man in solemn black was standing up at the end of one of the family pews and gesticulating foolishly toward the far-off door, like a traffic officer signaling an unseen driver. That brought a ripple of laughter to overstrained nerves, a derisive ripple followed by still louder whisperings as a harried-looking stranger pushed through the crowd that filtered into the aisles and whispered briefly to the rector, who, in turn, crossed and spoke to the organist. That, for some reason, brought an abrupt end to the organ music, followed by an equally abrupt cessation of sound throughout the crowded building. Darrow, in the ensuing hush, could see somebody else excitedly herding back the big-hatted bridesmaids. And one of the page boys began to cry, bitterly and audibly. That echoing lamentation, a moment later, was swallowed up by a chorus of louder murmurs. They were no longer whispering, back in the smilax-trimmed pews. They were pushing out of their seats and cohering into excited groups and pressing toward the back of the church, talking and gesticulating as they went.



Something, Darrow could see, was most unmistakably wrong. He caught sight of Stan, Natalie's young brother from West Point, coming down the side aisle from the vestry.

The boy looked absurdly stiff-necked and laced-in in his braided gray uniform. But his face impressed Darrow as singularly thin and white, with a sort of mute protest in his eyes as he mounted the chancel steps.

"Boyd; this is awful," he said, in a voice that shook a little. And his hands were as unsteady as his voice.

"What's happened?" asked Darrow, conscious of a row of flustered girls who had pressed forward and were staring at him with pitying eyes.

"It's all off, old man," moaned the white-faced youth. Darrow, with a mist of amazement still about him, tried to translate those five words into intelligibility.

"Is Natalie all right?" was his sharp demand.

It took time for Stan to answer that: "Yes, she's all right. But this wedding can't go on."

"What's happened?" repeated Darrow, wincing as a profane press photographer exploded his magnesium powder for one precious picture of that ebb tide of glory as the crowd pressed down the church aisle.

"I—I can't tell you. You'll have to go up to the house and talk to dad."

Darrow stood for a moment, looking at the emptying church. It had a trampled look, like a circus ring abruptly deserted by the performers.

"The sooner we get out of here, the better," Frisbie was saying in Darrow's ear. He even tugged at the other's coat sleeve with an insistent hand as he said it.

"Apparently," said Darrow, like a man coming out of a dream, "there is to be no wedding."

He was conscious of his two maiden aunts from Albany, huddled stubbornly in a front pew corner, crying companionably together. And they were crying, he remembered, over him. The Big Parade, after all, had turned into a farce. The stage, so laboriously set, would have to get along without its drama.

"Let's get out of here!" cried Frisbie again, as he turned Darrow about and piloted him down the empty side aisle. "No, not that way!"

"Why not that way?" asked the bewildered groom.

Frisbie's nerves snapped, for the first time, under the day's strain.

"You don't want to face that street mob, do you, after a fiasco like this?" he demanded. His voice was shaking.

It was a fiasco, Darrow remembered. They had proclaimed it, he recalled, the most brilliant match of the season, the biggest wedding of the year. And it had failed to come off. All that proud machinery had come to a stop, like an engine with its crown sheet blown out.

"The quicker you fade away, the better," Frisbie was saying as he led Darrow through a door with a Gothic arch and guided him toward a closed car. They were spotted, as they went, by a hovering reporter, who swooped triumphantly down on them. But Frisbie pushed the man of the press bodily from the running board and commanded the chauffeur to step on the gas.

(Continued on Page 70)

Her First Thought, When She Reopened Her Eyes at a Sound of Movement, Was of the Timber Wolf. But, Oddly Enough, She Found Herself Being Regarded by a Copper-Skinned Squaw

WHEN THE GHOST WALKS

By William S. Dutton

DECORATION BY WYNCIE KING

THERE are no fixed rules in business governing executive salaries, save one—to say as little about them as possible, and, if possible, to say nothing at all. The attorney of a great oil company, haled before one of the numerous investigating committees of Congress a few years ago, expatiated the rule thus:

"Every business man, as far as possible, keeps his business to himself, and especially that part of his business that relates to the compensation paid any high-grade salaried man. Two sufficient reasons may be mentioned: The jealousy and disorganization which tend to follow from A knowing the salaries of B, C and D, who may be paid more money for reasons which appear sufficient to the management but not to A; and the likelihood of disorganization resulting from loss of men attracted into the service of competitors by offers of additional pay."

To a man, business regards this as a sound argument, though it is perhaps redundant to add that the congressional committee did not—the salary rolls of all big oil companies were ordered spread upon the record. But this was under duress, as have been most disclosures of the kind, and only a comparatively few companies of the total in business have been forced to squirm under the pressure of such distasteful necessity.

In the vast majority of businesses, big and small alike, the golden ghost that walks in executive offices on pay days is and always has been without a tongue. "How much do they get?" has been kept a standing mystery despite rumors, speculation and universal curiosity. The result is a wide variance in salaries paid by companies in the same industry and even in salaries within a single company. And out of this scramble has sprung a host of weird and often exaggerated guesses.

Big Incomes and Big Outgo

"LIKE everything else, wages included, salaries have gone up since the war, but big salaries aren't nearly so big and numerous as the public has been led to think," said the chief executive of one of the largest of American corporations when I introduced the big-salary subject. "There was a time when $10,000 a year was looked upon as a big salary," he went on. "The fact may surprise you that $10,000 a year is still a big salary. Only a small fraction of 1 per cent of the people who work receive that much money. There are few companies, outside of a small number of highly specialized concerns, wherein as many as two men in a hundred receive as much as $5000 a year; in most large organizations, one in a hundred would be about the average. So even $5000 is not a small salary by any means.

"Generally speaking, I would say that the $10,000 salary of before the war is now $20,000, and I know of a few $100,000 salaries that likewise have been doubled. However, increases in the upper brackets have not been uniformly any way near so much, and practically all increases in the big-salary class have been in large part more apparent than real.

"In the first place, the companies paying the larger salaries have in themselves grown tremendously, both in number of men and the amount of capital employed. It follows that executive responsibilities have been augmented, that the bigger salary is for a bigger job. Secondly, there has been an enormous increase in taxes of all kinds—Federal, state, county and municipal—and this increase has fallen heaviest upon the big-salary man, least upon the wage earner. And third, never at any time has there been such a demand made on large salaries by charitable organizations, community chests, civic enterprises and what not. I know high-salaried executives who if it were not for other sources of income than their salaries would be bankrupt at the end of the year, due to the outside demands made upon them. They are good fellows who can't say no to a plea for a donation, and every day brings such pleas. Then there are the social demands a man of high business position must meet, though they often are distasteful to him and his family. He is expected to join certain clubs, take out life memberships in worthy societies, attend banquets and help make up deficits, and entertain as befits his place in the world. His private life may be simplicity itself.

"I don't mean to imply," he hastened to add, with a laugh, "that a big salary is a hardship. What I am trying to convey is that it isn't all clear money—it's one of those things that are supposed to belong to you and yet don't more than in part, unless you happen to be a man of iron who can flaunt all amenities.

"Another thing—I have yet to hear of a salary figure's being underestimated by the guessers, who invariably are endowed with most vivid imaginations. My own name has been listed in newspaper accounts among the group of so-called million-dollar-a-year-salary men, usually placed at ten or twelve in number. This has been quite flattering to my vanity but extremely embarrassing to my purse, in as much as my total income from all sources has never exceeded a fourth of that sum, while its average has been closer to one-fifth of it."

"Are there any million-dollar salaries?" I asked.

"I doubt it," was the reply. "Certainly no executive receives that much money in salary as such. A few may get a million or even more in good years through profit-sharing, bonuses or other forms of compensation additional to salary, but it is my guess that you could count them on the fingers of one hand and probably have one or two fingers to spare.

"The really large incomes are not derived from salary. If you will look into the income-tax returns, you will discover that the percentage of income derived from this source steadily diminishes as the total income rises. Only a very large and prosperous company can afford to pay as much as $100,000 a year to its president, and only the greatest of nation-wide corporations can afford to go up to $200,000 a year. Salaries beyond the latter sum are rare indeed."

Accordingly I delved into the income-tax returns, taking those of 1928, which was generally a prosperous year. I found that in incomes of $1,000,000 or more the portion due to salary was a meager 2.04 per cent. Going down the scale, this portion grew to 4.10 per cent for incomes between $500,000 and $1,000,000; to almost 12 per cent for incomes in the $100,000 to $150,000 brackets; and to more than 32 per cent of incomes of $10,000 to $25,000. In the million-or-better class, a total of $24,252,764 was reported as salary, but this sum was distributed through a majority of the 496 individual returns.

Salary is more than a fair measure of ability. It also is a measure of opportunity and courage. The man at or near the top has more chances to make money, apart from salary, than the man nearer the bottom. His credit is larger, his information better, and he has more capital to play with.

Opportunities Go With Big Salaries

THE principal vice president of an important bank in New York City receives a salary and bonus that never exceeds $30,000 a year, but his income is in excess of $200,000 in good years. It is his duty to diagnose the condition and prospects of companies seeking the bank's financial cooperation, and he has consistently backed his favorable judgment on these companies by investments of his own funds in their stocks.

A prominent railroad chief, whose income is far greater than his salary of $75,000 a year, has been unusually successful in rebuilding run-down roads. He told me that he had never undertaken a rebuilding job without first investing the bulk of his money in the depleted stock of the company, so that he would be in a position to share in future profits growing from his efforts.

Instances such as the foregoing could be multiplied indefinitely. They are indicative of a condition that must be

kept in mind in any discussion of high salaries, which only occasionally represent total income.

Some of the highest salaries are paid by big life-insurance companies with headquarters in New York City, but big earnings in this field are not limited to company officers. One of the latter described the business of life underwriting as "probably the best-paid hard work in the world that is open to any person of reasonable intelligence and good character."

Those Who Get the Fat Pay Envelopes

THIS executive explained: "The insurance salesman requires little or no capital. No long preliminary training is necessary. Every man, woman or child in good health is a likely customer, and earnings are limited only by the time and effort an able agent is willing to give to the job, which may be practiced anywhere at any time. Naturally, not every recruit is successful. The fact is that more drop out of the business than stay in it. But there are agents in some of the larger centers who earn up to $100,000 a year and beyond. I am paying a young branch manager in a city of 200,000 people a yearly salary of $45,000, based on the business written by his office. That is a bigger salary than the leading bank in that city pays its president. For that matter, it's a bigger salary than I'm drawing as an officer of the company."

The largest salary paid a life-insurance company president is $200,000 a year, but there is only one president who gets that much money. The average salary paid presidents by the largest fifteen companies is $71,000. The lowest salary for the group is $35,000.

The highest-paid vice president receives $175,000, which is $75,000 more than the next high man of similar title. The same company that pays the first salary has a total of fourteen vice presidents, each of whom heads a department. The second-high vice president of its roster draws $45,000; the third, $36,000; and the lowest of the fourteen is paid only $12,000. Among ninety vice presidents listed by the fifteen leading life companies, only five get salaries in excess of $50,000, and three of these are with a single company—which, incidentally, is not the largest.

Life-insurance treasurers usually are paid more than secretaries; lawyers more than physicians. The top treasurer's salary among the fifteen leaders is $43,333, and the one secretary who approaches this figure is also a vice president, at $38,000; the high lawyer or general counsel receives $40,000, and the high chief medical director $25,000, though most medical directors are well under $20,000. One actuary who is a vice president as well is on the pay sheet for $40,000, and one comptroller for $22,500. Auditors reach the top at about $13,000.

The full executive staff of one great insurance company with assets in excess of $2,000,000,000 consists of thirty-eight persons. The salary roll of this insurance company which perhaps is as nearly typical of Big Business as any one company in this field comes, is made up about as follows:

President, $100,000.
Vice presidents:
  In charge of administration, $60,000; agencies, $45,000; actuarial matters, $40,000; legal affairs, $40,000; investments, $40,000; secretarial, $38,000; accounts, $35,000; real estate, $33,000; purchases, $30,000; statistics, $27,000.
Treasurer, $25,000.
General solicitor, $25,000.
Medical director, $16,000.
Associates and assistants:
  Eleven secretarial, $7000 to $20,000; six medical, $8000 to $12,000; associate actuary, $20,000; four assistant actuaries, $9000 to $12,500; assistant treasurer, $16,000; and associate solicitor, $10,000.

Another company in the mutual field which is only one-fourth the size of the company just mentioned pays its president half as much. Its four vice presidents receive from $24,000 to $30,000, the treasurer $18,000, the secretary $15,000, and the actuary gets $17,000. The medical director and the auditor each are paid $13,000, while the salaries of the various assistants range from $6500 up to $14,000.

A company located in New York usually pays better salaries than one of the same size in some other city, though even this practice is frequently upset by the merit of individuals. In fact, it is impossible to scan the salary rolls of any group of businesses without being struck by the part that personality plays in determining salary compensation. The head of some comparatively small concern may be paid a salary out of all proportion to the company's size, and one man in an industry may receive double the salary of any other. The answer is that ability makes its own limits.

Turning from insurance to railroads, a decided shrinkage in big salaries takes place, though the enterprises are as large and duties as formidable. The Interstate Commerce Commission has had considerable to say about the size of railroad pay checks, with the consequence that $100,000 a year is probably the top price paid.

"I understand there are at least three railroad presidents in the United States who receive that sum," a well-informed railroad official told me. "Other presidents of important roads get from around $60,000 upward. An executive vice president of a large system—and by that I mean a man who is getting ready to step into the president's shoes—receives from $50,000 to $60,000 a year. Other vice presidents on important railroads receive from $20,000 to $40,000 a year, according to the importance of their duties and their value to the company. Of course the personal equation enters into it a lot, and seniority some.

"On a large, well-managed road a general manager in charge of a district which is composed of several divisions will be paid from $12,000 to $18,000 a year. A general superintendent will get from $12,000 to $15,000, and a division superintendent from $7500 to $12,000, according to the size and importance of the division. Incidentally, some division superintendents on big roads have in their charge more men, equipment and track than the presidents of smaller roads who may get double the superintendent's pay or more.

"In general, railroad salaries are gauged by the ability of the company to pay. As a rule, Southern roads pay less than the Eastern roads. The big Western systems usually are good payers. Occasionally it will be found that some relatively small road pays large salaries—I've been told of one such road that pays its president $50,000 and a vice president $40,000. Here is one argument in favor of railroad consolidations, which would make these small roads units of large centrally administered systems. It also explains in part why some consolidations are so vigorously opposed by smaller roads."

Paying High for Reorganizers

STREET railways, electric light and power companies, gas plants and water works are generally subject to public regulation, with the result that salaries in this field are rarely large for operating officers. There have been occasions when a street-railway system badly in need of reorganization and rebuilding has paid $100,000 a year for an operating genius capable of restoring efficiency and profit; but such salaries are paid only once in a blue moon by street railways, and then only by those in the largest cities. It is pertinent to note that trouble is often the reason behind an exceptional salary in industry. A company in the hole finds it to be an economy to pay big money to the manager whose arm is strong enough to pull it out. Conversely, a smoothly running concern that has consistently returned profits may pay low salaries in comparison.

One very large street railway in the East pays its president $30,000 a year and its other chief officers from $10,000 to $22,000. A railway in the Midwest of about the same size pays $40,000 yearly to its president. A great Eastern light and power company is able to maintain a president in the $100,000 class, as is also a giant holding company whose gas, electric and railway plants extend over half a dozen states. The top for secondary officers in the latter company, however, is considerably less than half the president's salary, and one vice president is under $10,000. Only a few department heads in this company's home office exceed $5000 a year.

In the vast field of communications, which embraces telephone, telegraph, radio and kindred manufacturing interests, the head of one large company placed the maximum salary today at $150,000; and he added, "That is not augmented by any bonus or other form of compensation. Practically all salaries of communication companies represent the total paid, though of course officers as well as employes are afforded opportunities to buy their company's stock at favorable quotations, and most of them do."

"How much do the heads of operating companies get?" I asked.

"Put them down at from $25,000 to $80,000 a year, with the latter figure limited to one or two men," he answered.

(Continued on Page 130)

BUSINESS PRINCIPLES

"I Can Use You, Too," He Adds to Grace Daniels, My Stenog

By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

REMEMBER Harry Bannister's neck?" inquires young Thatcher, discarding himself over the edge of the desk.

"Sure I remember Harry Bannister's neck," says I. "What's happened to it? Isn't it between his shave and his shoulders any more?"

"Yeh," returns Thatcher, "but he's up to it in debt now. He's sunk all the dough I put up and ——"

"What'd you expect?" I cuts in. "That ball team of his wouldn't draw flies if it took its showers in sirup. I told you you were a Simon to cough for that cuckoo."

"Perhaps," shrugs Roland, "but Harry was up against it, and me having some restless rupees ——"

"Your great heart," says I, "does you credit and, eventually, will do your creditors, unless you go in for gazipes you're more familiar with—such as," I adds, sarcastic, "raising South American llamas for the Yazoo City, Mississippi, market or making nitrates out of air for the Western Union. What do you know about the baseball business?"

"Well," replies Thatcher, "I played with the Little-Onions-Hard-to-Peel out in Muscatine when I was eight or so."

"Doubtless," says I, "and I once fell out of a canoe, but that doesn't qualify me to take a shot at shipbuilding."

"Nevertheless," goes on Roland, "I expect to become a Connie McGraw, combining the best features of the Macks and the Muggsys."

"Oh, yeh?"

"Oh, yeh," says Thatcher. "I'm a magnate now. A couple of days ago Bannister comes up to me and asks if I ever owned a ball team. I tells him no. 'Well,' says he, 'if you'll amble into the corridor of the courthouse tomorrow morning you'll find the sheriff selling one cheap.' Sure enough ——"

"I see," I interrupts. "So the Gophers are yours. Want some advice?"

"Nope," he comes back. "If it was any good you'd take it yourself."

"It's your skull that's fractured," I points out, "not mine. My suggestion is that you grind up the franchise with the uniforms and peddle the pulp to a paper mill. That's all the salvage I can see."

"Your sight," observes Roland, "has been slipping. Even with your glasses on and with the figures in box-car type, you couldn't see that radio racket of mine or that picture deal, either. I salvaged plenty out of those two trips to the plate, didn't I?"

"You did," I admits, "but baseball is a horse of another hue. It's a tough game at best, but the Gophers! Those babies are so deep in the cellar they think the Phillies live in heaven. Nobody wants to see 'em. When they're in town office boys beg to work overtime on the days their grandmothers die."

"It's not quite that bad," says Thatcher. "Of course, the team hasn't been doing so well, but they've got lots of talent ——"

"Talent, your tie pin!" I snorts. "There isn't a guy in the club you could trade for a hound dog. The layout's never been run as a baseball plant; it's just been a slave market. The minute a morning-glory showed any promise he was sold down the river. What you've got on the pay roll now wouldn't attract anybody but a hide-and-glue merchant."

"It may be as you so nattily put it," returns Roland, "but even U. S. Steel wasn't such a hot skit when it was selling at eight. With proper management the Gophers ——"

"Who," I inquires, "are you getting to handle the team for you?"

"In reply to yours of even date," says Thatcher, "I merely blush prettily and drop my eyelashes."

"I mean," I explains, "on the field."

"On the field or in the fold," he comes back. "I'm taking over the exclusive management of the Gophers."

"On the strength of what?" I sneers. "Your experience back in Muscatine with the Little-Cabbages-Hard-to-Cook?"

"That," nods Roland, "and bits of tricks I've picked up here and there. As you may have observed, little is hidden from me, and that little not for long."

"My!" I exclaims. "How you've grown since you left the silo! The brainiest managers in the country have taken it on the chin with the Gophers ——"

"Yeh," says Thatcher, "but this brainy manager happens also to own the ball club and there'll be no back-seat driving."

"That's something," I admits, "but a whole platter of parasangs from being enough. You've no more equipment for riding herd on a ball team than I have for reorganizing the Lithuanian fish trade. Don't be a Silas. Get somebody who can tell a ball player from a boll weevil ——"

"A mere detail," cuts in Roland. "It's the application of business principles that counts. When they elected Gary head of the Steel Trust he didn't know the difference between the open-hearth process and a deferred dividend."

"Maybe," says I, "but I never heard of him going down into the works and telling the boys just how to make left-handed monkey wrenches. Of course, if you're merely going to look after the finances ——"

"But I'm not," declares Thatcher. "The business principles I'm speaking of will be applied to the playing as well as ——"

"The playing, eh?" I remarks. "What are you going to do—draw up a budget calling for so many double plays, so many one-handed catches and so many home runs?"

"You're too young to be told," says Roland. "By the way, how's your business?"

Thatcher Gets His Figures Where He Wants 'Em and Officially Announces the Piecework Plan to His Ball Tossers

"Looking up," I tells him. "It's flat on its back. Why?"

"How," he inquires, "would you like to sit in with me on this baseball effect?"

"Doing what?" I asks Thatcher. "Wheeling your players onto the field or maybe running a rodeo with their Charley horses?"

"Lots of things," returns Roland. "I can't be everywhere and do everything."

"No?" I exclaims. "That's odd. I'd sort of gotten the impression you could bring the Leviathan across the ocean single-handed while engaged in digging a tunnel under the Columbia River."

"Can the kid," growls Thatcher. "If you want to make some jack while your own graft's behind the eight ball, here's your chance. I can use you, too," he adds to Grace Daniels, my stenog.

"You sure can," I chimes in. "I'd send her in to pitch the next double-header if I were you. She'd make a good mascot too. Since she's been with me cancellations have increased 200 per cent."

"I'd love it," coos Miss Daniels, meaning to be around Roland. "There's not enough business going on round this place to keep a snake in slippers. What would you want me to do?"

"Ornament the office, largely," says Thatcher, who's never been without pitty-pats in her presence. At that, the gal's the eyeful no matter who's on the Interstate Commerce Commission.

"It'll be an easy job," I assures her, "if you don't object to working in red ink."

"Don't worry about that," advises Roland. "I can just stare at red ink and turn it black. Well, how about it? Want credit for an assist?"

"I'll roll a hoop with you," says I. "It ought to make a great combination. What I don't know about baseball you won't either. How about you, Grace? You a patron of the game?"

"What game?" she asks blankly.

"Baseball," I replies.

"How," demands Miss Daniels, "did the conversation get around to baseball? I thought you were talking about the steel business."

"The combination," says I, "isn't going to be great, after all. It's going to be perfect."

II

THE next day the three of us drift out to the park for a lamploat of Thatcher's bevy of ball tossers. They're scheduled to hook up with the Drakes, another second-division layout, and from the stands, which are jammed to the upper tiers with empty seats, we watches the Gophers work out. The ancients bandy the ball about with all the zip and zest of a bow-legged Eskimo crossing a glacier in search of a dentist.

"Just a lot of college boys," I remarks, "who'd die for dear old Kale, and have practically done so."

"They are pretty tepid," admits Roland, "but you just wait till the new furnace man turns on the heat. They'll be breaking fences with their hits and hearts with their heaves."

"Yeh," I grunts, "and you with their upkeep. Isn't that Baldy Chase groveling over there by third?"

"I think there's a Chase on the pay roll," returns Thatcher. "Know him?"

"He and I won the war together," says I, "shooting craps with a labor battalion at Brest. Old Baldy was some distance from rompers even then—but he was a grand ball tosser," I adds, ever loyal to the A. E. F.

"If I'm not mistaken," remarks the boy friend, "Bannister's been using him as a sort of section boss on the field."

"So did Pershing," I tells him, "and you could do worse. A bimbo who could sweat work out of the hookworms we handled on the other side could ooze it out of anybody, but you can't make a bouillabaisse without fish. Give him a few efficient journeymen ——"

"The journeymen," interrupts Roland, "are out there now; the efficiency's sitting next to you. With the application of business principles ——"

"Sure," I grunts. "Base hits by executive order and fast fielding by vote of the board. Better start by having your shipping department get after the bozo out there in short. If he doesn't move the ball any quicker to first the demurrage charges are going to be something fierce. Just what do you mean by business principles?"

Both Stacey and Red Hotfoot for the Ball, Smack Together as They Lunge for it—and Let it Fall Safe

"Well," returns Thatcher, "putting the team on a piecework basis for one thing."

"A what kind of basis?" I exclaims.

"Piecework," he repeats. "No salaries, but so much for hits, so much for runs and so much for fielding exploits, with corresponding deductions for failures."

"That," says I, "is so brilliant a thought I'm dazzled. If I had a great idea like that I'd drop everything, go home and open a can of sardines."

"What's the matter with it?" demands Roland.

"The news may shock you," I comes back, "but it was known even to the ancient Aztecs that baseball games are won by team play. Where would you get if you put every man on his own? If there was more dough in a single than in a sacrifice ——"

"A team bonus for winning," cuts in Thatcher, "will take care of all that. While I haven't worked out the plan in detail ——"

"How about the lads in the bull pen?" I asks. "What do they get—so much a bench wart?"

"The all-seeing eye'll overlook nothing," promises Roland. "Now, Miss Daniels," he goes on, "I wish you'd keep a record of the awards and penalties as I announce them." And he hands the stenog a program with the line-up and a pencil just as game's called. The first Drake up looks over a couple of bad ones and then shoots a hopper to short. A quick pick-up and a perfect throw to first base follows, but the boy on the sack overreaches for the pill and it dribbles from his glove. The runner's safe and to spare.

"Plus five for Bailey," says Thatcher, consulting the batting order, "and minus eight for Harrison."

"Five bucks for an assist?" I queries.

"Tentatively," nods Roland, "and errors according to their gravity. However, the ratio's subject to change."

"It'd better be," says I. "How's a right fielder going to get Grade A milk for his children and pay his wife's bridge losings on one or two chances a day, not counting deductions?"

"He'll get his," returns Thatcher, "on his hits. Fielders are supposed to be hitters, aren't they?"

"As a rule," I replies, "but with the Gophers they're just background. I think your particular right fielder made his last hit about the same time Mansfield made his as Baron Chevrial."

"Doesn't the man who's running get anything?" puts in Miss Daniels, as the bucko on first swipes second under blankets.

"Nothing but what he can steal," says I; "but that'll be plenty. He and his playmates'll probably burglarize the bat boy's freckles before they're through for the day."

"Minus five for the catcher," orders Roland, "and two off for Graves, the second baseman."

"Great!" says I. "If this goes on we'll be able to declare a dividend tonight on what the team owes us."

But Thatcher's not to be kidded out of his bug. He continues with his back-seat bookkeeping, handing out awards and penalties without hesitation. In the eighth inning, however, one of his bright young lads steals second with the bases full and for a moment the boy friend's at a loss to fix a punishment to fit the crime.

"What would you slip him?" Roland asks me.

"A one-way ticket to the Sow and Sorghum League," I returns. "But if you want an entry to keep your books balanced I'd suggest that you take his year's salary, his other shirt, a mortgage on his father's fox farm and a controlling interest in his mother's store teeth."

"I think," decides Thatcher, "I'll fine him a hundred berries and ——"

"If he's getting that much," I interjects. "Don't forget you've already penalized the kid for two strike-outs, a fumble and a wild throw. If he paid you what he owes you now it'd affect the world gold movement as far as Uruguay."

"What did he do that was so bad?" asks Miss Daniels at this point of the star-chamber doings.

"Nothing much," I assures her. "In a regular day's play of the Gophers it wouldn't have even been noticed. He merely stole second with the traffic congested."

"What's so terrible about that?" she persists.

"Stealing second with the bases full," says I, "is just like leading a parade into a telephone booth when it's already occupied by the Second Regiment of Philadelphia Light Horse and a convention of bootleggers."

"But he got to second," points out Miss Daniels shrewdly.

"Ah, yes," says I cryptically, "but her husband was home."

"Huh!" gasps the stenog.

"Never mind," I tells her. "It'll all come out in the annual report." *(Continued on Page 55)*

THE STAG AT EVE

By AGNES BURKE HALE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM C. HOOPLE

DURING the autumn, Rocky Brown wrote numerous letters home from school to his mother, in which he implied that unless he had a tuxedo he would not go anywhere at Christmas. That was indeed a threat. His mother shivered at the thought of Rocky, fifteen, highly strung and energetic, incarcerated for a fortnight in her small house. However, she took his laments with a grain of salt, and told herself that Rocky was small for his age, and looked well enough in his dark blue suit. Rich families like the Lincolns and the Adamses—how ironically named—were responsible for this wave of maturity sweeping over Rocky's generation, washing them away prematurely from the safe beach of childhood. She was against it, and she would not give in. Even if she could have afforded to buy that baby Rocky a dinner coat, she said, she would not do so.

On the fifteenth of December, a last wailing letter came to the Brown house. Mr. and Mrs. Brown were at breakfast, with twelve-year-old Fernanda, when Victoria, the general houseworker, brought in the mail on a little silver tray. That little tray in the hands of a general houseworker told you all about Lois Brown; she had standards and the tact to achieve them, otherwise no general houseworker would have put on so much style.

Barbie Lincoln

Lois took the letter and tore it open. As she read she frowned. Fernanda, who was eating scrambled egg in great unladylike mouthfuls, said hopefully: "What's the matter? Has he been expelled? If he has, will you let him go to the Lincolns' dance?"

"Fernanda," said her father, "try to be brighter. Eat your breakfast. You'll be late to school." He laid his watch menacingly down on the table.

Fernanda's star eyes, deep pools of mischief, met his unafraid. "Daddy," she said, "don't be a grouch. You're late yourself. Gee," she went on disconnectedly, "wait till Rocky sees Barbie. Sally says she's grown five inches."

"Well, what of it?"

"Oh, father, don't be dumb. Can't you see him, trying to dance with a flagpole?"

"A flagpole!" He loved teasing her. "Who will expect him to?"

"How can he dance with Barbie if she's taller? Daddy, are you made of cement?"

He said he thought he was. "Pass the muffins. Well, what is it, Lois? If he has fifty cents more, can he end the year with honor?"

Lois said, "Oh, dear," loudly and viciously. "I suppose I'll have to let him have it. How I'm going to pay for it is beyond me. That plumber is coming back today again; everything is simply terrible." She threw the letter at him.

Geoffrey Brown read it grinning. He angered his wife, tossing everything off lightly, and being so very popular withal. Money meant nothing to Geoffrey; how lucky for this family that she had been born in an incorruptible and penny-wise New England home.

She wanted to say, "If you had not been so quick to snatch up that second-hand roadster," or "If you had not taken that trip to New York to meet your mother, I could buy this suit for Rocky." But she was in love with her husband's foibles as well as his virtues; and, anyway, Fernanda was present. Fernanda must have no inkling that Mr. and Mrs. Brown did not each think the other a 100 per cent shining saint.

This is what Mr. Brown read:

Dear Mom: The cake was fine. I saved half for the next day and ate it right after breakfast. It certainly helped to keep us from starving. The food here is always rotten. Please don't buy me any Christmass presence—only the tuxedo. If you can't see your way clere, let me know so I can refuce everybodys invitations especially the Lincolns. They are having a big dance and everybody will be going in a tuxedo. My blue pants are too short I will be a disgrace. I am now five feet five. I would be the only boy there in a blue suit, and I will feel lousy. can I bring a boy home for the vacation. His name is Randolph Hartwell, and he lives in Denver, only his father and mother are in Europe, and if he doesn't come with me, he will have to go to an aunt he hates at the Plazer New York City. He got a tuxedo two years ago. I gave him half the cake. Love from your son, ROCKWOOD.

"A fine piece of trickery," said Mr. Brown. "Now do you feel ashamed? Your son will be an outcast, his pants too short, dirt in the eyes of the Lincolns. Yet he knows boys whose aunts live in the Plazer, New York City. We'll have to give up our life insurance, and buy him the suit." He threw the letter back across the table to Lois, who glared at him.

"I wish I had your nature, sunny boy," she said. "Fernanda, finish your egg. It's twenty-five minutes past eight."

"But mom, honestly, will you buy him the suit?"

"Eat your egg."

"Gosh, he'll look snappy. Gosh, I bet Barbie Lincoln will really fall."

"Please don't be so silly. Rocky is only fifteen."

"Gosh, mom—fifteen! You act as if he was a baby. He's only a year younger than she is. And gosh, she had a pair of ——"

Lois Brown said sharply that if she heard the word gosh again at this meal she would send for a professional tongue extractor.

"This house would then be a tomb," said Geoffrey. "Well, women, I'll have to be running along to a hard day's work." He kissed his Fernanda and rumpled her short hair, and walked around the table to kiss his wife. She followed him into the hall, where he struggled into his overcoat and grabbed his hat. Horrible, repulsive-looking creatures so easily make millions to spend on speedboats, and night clubs, and interior decorators; why should this honest and attractive pair have to fuss about a black suit costing not more than seventy dollars for a stripling?

"Geof," she said solemnly, "shall I buy it? Can we pay for it somehow?"

"Can we?" he asked. "I'm an optimist. I can always pay for everything—next month."

"We can't," she said. "The plumber will be two hundred, and there's Christmas, and the lining of my fur coat, and extra food, and a dentist's bill, and heaven knows what else." She opened the door for him, and put her other hand on his shoulder.

"Listen, Lois," he said, "we'll get by somehow."

He kissed her. "Good-by." He ran down the steps, and around the corner of the house to the garage.

After Fernanda had pranced off to school, wearing her usual extraordinary assemblage of odd garments, Lois got out her check book, and began to figure. She was a college girl, and believed in the rights of women, and the ego of the wife. Nevertheless, as she added up the bills which would be incoming January first, she did the nefarious womanly thing—she sacrificed. She telephoned Chez Toinette, the local specialty shop, and said she had changed her mind about the black chiffon dinner gown; she found that she wouldn't be needing it. Ruthlessly, she knocked five dollars a week off her grocery bill, postponed a luncheon she owed her bridge club, gave up a trip to Boston to see her aged mother, and forswore a Christmas present for herself. She would only be short about one hundred dollars instead of two. Perhaps his mother, or her mother, would send them a check. They probably wouldn't.

Later in the morning, she walked downtown to the shop where Rocky got his clothes. As she walked, she saw hundreds of people, all earning money—driving trucks, waiting behind counters, answering telephones, making hats, selling meat; none of these life works would bring her money

enough to ease the strain of living. This agony about bills was the inescapable human burden; even if society had remained primitive, there would have been suffering, for some people would have more coconuts and more stylishly cut bamboo-leaf skirts than their neighbors in the next bush.

So pondering, Mrs. Brown went into the shop of Dash Bros., Inc., and asked how much it would cost to put Rocky into the conventional black for night life. The price was not as much as she had thought; the suit could be got ready-made, altered to fit.

"You would be surprised," said the gentleman in charge of smart ready-to-fit evening wear, "how many of these we sell. They used to be a luxury, but ——"

"You can't surprise me," said his customer. "I'm shock-proof. Don't tell me I have to get him a top hat."

"Oh, dear, no," said the clerk soothingly. "Of course when the young gentleman gets a little older, and begins to usher at weddings, he'll have to come in and get a morning coat. I remember the day we put Rocky into long trousers."

"You should," said Mrs. Brown. "It was only two years ago. He's fifteen now. I'll send him down the day he gets home from school, and don't let him fool you into ordering a more expensive one. He'll grow out of this in a couple of years," she ended hopelessly.

The clerk said that he could then borrow his father's—one ray of hope.

The shop was a trap for young men and their doting mothers—neckties, shirts, bath robes, socks, cigarette cases, lighters and other gadgets. Lois stopped before a counter upon which lay some exotically striped dressing gowns. She fingered them, resisted, remembered the shabby robe Rocky had worn for two years. She wanted Rocky to shine before his equals, as she had wanted him as a baby to look like a doll in his carriage. The flannel was an excellent quality, and cheap at the price.

"Very warm, madam," said the clerk; "guaranteed not to shrink. Note the new swagger cut—self-tucked beneath the belt."

Weakly, she bought it, and had it sent home; it would make a wonderful Christmas present. Safely on the street again, she remembered that the dinner coat and the trousers were to be his Christmas present. "You fool," she thought.

When she got home she wrote him a letter. "Your father and I have talked it over," she wrote, "and decided to give you the tuxedo for Christmas. This is not easy to manage, but you are older now, and will realize what daddy has done for you. Certainly you may bring your friend Randolph, but are you sure he really wants to come? There will be a few parties, besides the Lincolns', but of course things will be simple. This dinner coat will have to do you for years, so please do not grow any faster than you can help. And study hard, darling; you must pass your examinations well, and be a credit to your daddy. Lovingly, Mother."

Letters like these flood the United States mails, and are read daily in corridors and study halls and school yards by boys and girls who want this and hope to get that—as only people under eighteen can want. How quickly a young eye can race through a letter, to the significant yes or no; then everything is splendid, or terrible. These wise sentences might just as well never be written; one child in a hundred gets a fleeting impression of his parent as someone who does a lot of worrying; the other ninety-nine grab the gift and go on living.

So it was apparently with Rocky. He arrived home on the twenty-second of December, in time for dinner—chicken and waffles, ice cream with butterscotch sauce and cake with orange icing, Rocky's favorites. Mrs. Brown had come early from a bridge party, Mr. Brown had promised to come home early from the office, Fernanda's omnipresent giggling friends had fled the house before the arrival of the awesome Rocky and a new boy. Fernanda had changed from her peculiar school clothes into her best brown velvet. Despite her usual whistling, her incessant shuffling, the familiar half-mad abstracted look in her eyes as she floated from bedroom to bathroom and bedroom, and then downstairs, Fernanda was nervous. Somewhere within her the will to conquer was stirring. Would this boy look at her? What would she say to him? Would he be as superior to commonplace Rocky as the movie star she was nuts about was to the one by whom she was griped?

Her mother was still upstairs; if only she would come down before the taxi came. There it was now, churning in the snowy ruts and skidding into the icy drifts at the curb. Fernanda shrieked, "Mother, they're here," and ran to the front hall, where her face, with its great fascinated eyes, was the first thing Rocky saw. Always that kid's face, staring at everything.

"Hello, louse," he said kindly. "Hello, mom." He allowed himself to be kissed. He had grown, and his voice was changed; it was hoarse, gruff, strange.

"Darling," she said, hugging him. "And this is Randolph. I am glad to see you. This is Fernanda, Rocky's sister."

Randolph Hartwell, known to his world as Skats, said in a clear bell-like voice, "How do you do?" to each of them. He had pleasant, sure manners, and stood a head taller than Rocky. Mrs. Brown thought: "Conceited and cocksure." He wore a raccoon coat, a derby hat in his hand, and had the handsomest, most devilish black eyes. Fernanda stood perfectly still, her eyes blazing.

"Where's pop, mom?" said Rocky. "Still gambling for high stakes?"

He was being manly and brusque, to impress his magnificent friend. He had grown, he was older; it was awful.

"Hey, you, Skats," he yelled; "grab these bags—upstairs with you."

Randolph had wandered into the living room and was inspecting the radio. He was the inspector type; he had entered similarly so many big hotels. His clothes, his luggage, his manner had the look of wealth. Nevertheless, he grabbed his bags and hauled them noisily upstairs.

"Show him the guest room, Rocky," cried his mother after them. "Hurry down, because your father will be here."

"Mother," said Fernanda, in the hoarse whisper of one who lives for basket-ball games, "isn't he the best-looking thing?"

"Who? Rocky?"

"No, no, mother," she groaned. "Randolph. Oh, gosh, Rocky has all the breaks."

"Now, Fernanda, don't be silly. He's not a bit better-looking than Rocky, really. He's probably a nice boy." Secretly she wasn't sure. Then Geoffrey came in the door, scattering snow all over the floor.

"Are they here?" he roared. "I missed them at the station." He ran upstairs noisily, and Rocky made a great noise in return when they met in the hall. Lois was glad; it heartened a parent when a child showed affection.

Supper was a social success, if not a culinary one. The two young men toyed with the delicacies over which Victoria had slaved.

"I can't eat, mom," said Rocky. "I ate on the train."

"At every station he bought a hot dog," said Randolph. "And pop corn. And we drank pop by the gallon."

"You did. I didn't."

"Yes, you did. I counted seven bottles underneath your seat." Randolph was a sure conversationalist. Perfectly at ease, he explained what was the matter with Hexham—their school—its football team and its masters. His black eyes shone, he used words he never could have spelled, he looked politely from Mr. Brown to Mrs. Brown. Fernanda gaped over her fork; Rocky sat silent but admiring, crouched awkwardly over his plate.

"Do you live in Denver?" asked Lois. "I spent a winter there once. It's lovely."

Mr. Hartwell had spent winters everywhere. He had been to the Riviera, to San Sebastian, to England and Florida. His parents had turned him loose in so many

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"Hey, Rocky," Said a Voice in His Ear, an Unconfident, Bleaty, Begging Voice. It Was That Darn Fool, George Mason, the Youngest Fellow There

THE AMERICAN "EMPIRE"

By William Hard

OUR dominion is of two parts. First, there is the United States, that consists of the forty-eight sovereign states in one contiguous block across the middle of the North American continent. Second, there are possessions and leaseholds and treaty obligations and other extensions of ownership or of assumed duty which constitute what might be called the "outboard" part of our ship of state.

It happens that in this case the motor is in the main body of the ship and not in the outboard attachment to it. That indeed is the reason for certain agitations. Some of our outboard elements seem frequently to desire either to climb into the ship's central engine room and first-class saloon or else to be allowed to make off by themselves into the open international sea along with the storms and the sharks.

It seldom occurs to any American citizen to look at our so-called "empire" in complete review. He seldom is aware of the variousness of the methods employed in governing the various sections of it. He often, in fact, thinks of all sections of it together as comprising one vague consolidated responsibility—or nuisance. This writer has even known a President of the United States who supposed that Samoa was integrated to the Philippine Islands. He subsequently displayed profound presidential surprise when he was called upon, in the course of routine, to appoint for the Samoans a governor of their own.

He first awakened in this writer the idea that a concise compendium of the American empire might be of some slight service. The empire in question is not of colossal proportions. The United States itself is a colossus, but its empire is a pygmy. It is the tiniest empire ever possessed by a country that could be called the world's most powerful.

Our Eastern Outposts

THE disparity between the power of the United States and its territorial and political ambitions is historically unique. First among great world powers, the United States is so far from dreaming of world domination that it has to be arduously solicited by the governments which are members of the League of Nations to intermeddle with their mutual relationships against its own will. No such uninterestedness in alleged leadership and supposititious glory has ever before been exhibited to mankind.

Nevertheless, through necessities and through accidents, the United States has acquired some few outlying regions and spots which extend all the way from the neighborhood of the French and British Leeward Islands in the tropical Atlantic Ocean to the neighborhood of the British and Dutch partitions of Borneo in the tropical China Sea. It also has acquired certain scattered treaty obligations involving the exercise—actual or potential—of authority abroad.

It is the aim of these two articles to provide the reader with a succinct summary of the whole of the little panorama thus brought into existence. What do we own? What have we promised? What are the foundational data of our empire? And what are its latest peaks of news?

The answers will be attempted as dutifully as a tour conductor's to a ship's company of patriotic sightseeing tourists.

Our ship puts out, let us say, from Miami, Florida. Many Floridians are strong anti-imperialists. They object to annexations in the West Indies. This is because of vegetables. They do not want West Indian vegetables or fruits brought into continental United States duty-free.

Our ship proceeds toward the eastern tip of the West Indies. At almost the extreme end of that tip it arrives at the Virgin Islands. Of these islands, which are largely British, we own three. Our three are St. Croix, St. Thomas and St. John. They are our easternmost possession. There is virtually no chance that they will ever be freed or will ever want to be freed. The Virgin Islanders are not a nation. They are a light layer of Europeans—principally Danes—spread thinly over a 90 per cent stratum of Negroes and mulattoes. The total population of our three Virgin Islands is some 20,000. This population has been declining. The decline is sometimes charged against the character of our government there. The charge is difficult to substantiate. The decline was proceeding at a rapid pace before ever our government there was established.

PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

Guantánamo Bay, Cuba. The Site of the Annual Naval Maneuvers

PHOTO, BY PUBLISHERS PHOTO SERVICE

A Business Section of San Juan. The Federal Post Office at Right

PHOTO, BY PUBLISHERS PHOTO SERVICE

The Market Place in the Open Square Before the Cathedral at Port-au-Prince

It was established in 1917. The previous owner was Denmark. The price we paid to Denmark was cash, plus a certain territorial concession elsewhere. The cash was $25,000,000. The territorial concession elsewhere was in Greenland. We agreed that "the Government of the United States of America will not object to the Danish Government extending their political and economic interests to the whole of Greenland."

The Navy Department's Wards

OUR motive in buying the islands was naval. The island of St. Thomas contains an excellent harbor which can be fitted out to be an excellent naval base. It is deemed desirable as a protection to the approaches of the Panama Canal. Our presence in the islands being naval in objective, our government of them has been naval in personnel. We have three naval governments in our empire. They are of Samoa and of Guam in the Pacific, whither we shall arrive later, and of the Virgin Islands in the Atlantic. All are headed up into the Office of Island Governments in our Navy Department at Washington, where the head of that office at the moment is Capt. William R. Furlong, who temporarily navigates peoples instead of ships.

The present governor of the Virgin Islands and present commandant of the Virgin Islands naval station is Capt. Waldo Evans. Like all his predecessors, he was recommended by the Navy and appointed by the President.

Under the President's direction, by act of our Congress, Captain Evans exercises in the islands, as governor, all executive powers. Legislative powers are in the first instance in the hands of local colonial councils in which a majority of members are elected by the local voters. The acts of these councils can nevertheless be vetoed first by the governor and then conclusively by the President.

The ultimate absoluteness of this government does not in itself evoke much general popular complaint in the islands. That absoluteness goes along with the alleviating fact that more than half of the cost of the local governmental affairs of the islands is borne not by local taxes but by appropriations out of the United States Treasury at Washington. The islanders assembled themselves together in

PHOTO, BY PUBLISHERS PHOTO SERVICE, N. Y. C.

A Ruined Watch Tower at San Juan, Known as The Haunted Sentry Box

thousands to serenade the governor when in 1927 they were granted by our Congress the civil status of American citizens. Their complaint against Washington primarily is not political but economic.

St. Croix produces sugar. St. John produces bay rum. St. Thomas welcomes shipping. All three islands contend that our congressional extension of the Eighteenth Amendment to cover them has cramped their industries. This contention is minimized by some inquirers and stressed by others. Senator Bingham, of Connecticut, who recently visited the islands, is pressing a bill permitting the island of St. Thomas to maintain a warehouse for liquors to be sold exclusively to visiting ships. Mr. Herbert D. Brown, Chief of the Bureau of Efficiency of the United States Government, who also recently visited the islands, says that prohibition has been "blighting" to them, and that, "despite the great material improvements which the United States has generously bestowed on the people of the Virgin Islands since 1917, they are worse off, in some respects, than they were before the occupation."

Our Interpreters to Spanish America

ON THE other hand, the governor of the islands reports that savings deposits in the islands during the occupation have increased threefold, and that more ships came to St. Thomas last year than in any previous year of known record.

The fate of the islands is doubtless to continue to be a United States possession and to continue to provide the United States Government with protracted anxiety for their economic improvement. Mr. Herbert D. Brown is now again in the islands in connection with a new special congressional appropriation of $141,000 for such purposes as the better promotion of forestry and of the bay-rum industry. The chief material handicap of the islands is a deficient water supply.

During the occupation we have appropriated to the islands more than $5,000,000 for governing, sanitating, educating and developing. This is more—according to Chairman Burton L. French of the Naval Subcommittee of the House of Representatives Appropriations Committee—than Denmark spent upon the islands in two centuries. We have raised the Virgin Island standard of living and of expectation. Having raised it, we shall be driven ever onward toward raising it more. That is the ironic sum of our experience there to date.

Our ship may here turn back westward. Within a few hours we are cruising beside the island of Porto Rico.

Porto Rico we own. We took it—along with Cuba—from Spain in 1898. Cuba we freed. Porto Rico we did not free. We have declared the Porto Ricans to be, like the Virgin Islanders, American citizens. Their soil is United States territory. Their government is a mixture of local autonomy, of special local privilege, and of ultimate supervisory control by Washington.

The autonomy is in recognition of the proposition that the Porto Ricans, unlike the Virgin Islanders, are not simply a group of inhabitants but potentially and incipiently a nation. The Porto Ricans, in company with the citizens of eighteen independent republics to the south of us, are Spanish Americans. There are about a million and a half of Porto Ricans. That is a bigger population than lives in the independent republic of Paraguay or Panama or Costa Rica or Nicaragua or Honduras or Santo Domingo. The Porto Ricans preserve their Spanish culture with zeal. Our present governor of Porto Rico, Theodore Roosevelt, scrupulously respects that tendency. He offers prizes for poems in the Spanish language, and he stresses not the Americanizing of Porto Ricans but their possible mission as interpreters of our North American civilization to their Spanish-American brethren between the Rio Grande and the Straits of Magellan.

The Porto Rican legislature is elected wholly by the Porto Rican voters. So are the officials of the Porto Rican municipalities. The Porto Rican political parties are vigorous. Their leaders are vigilant. The Porto Ricans, since their emancipation from Spain, have had a large practice in self-government in local island affairs.

Additionally they are given certain local fiscal privileges not possessed by citizens of the sovereign states. They pay into the Federal treasury no income taxes, no internal-revenue taxes, no taxes on imports. They retain the proceeds of such taxes locally for their own use. They of course pay no duties on their exports of their local products into the United States. Their chief export is sugar. While Cuban sugar coming into the United States pays 80 per cent of our sugar-tariff duty, Porto Rican sugar, like all other Porto Rican products, comes in wholly free.

Prosperity Not Yet General

THESE fiscal privileges regarding local taxes plus this free trade with the United States were designed to produce in Porto Rico an abounding prosperity. They have not in fact produced it.

Governor Roosevelt, speaking as a temporary but very devoted Porto Rican, says: "Conditions have never really been good on our island. At times we have shown a factitious prosperity, but it has always been the prosperity of the few, not of the many. The average wages are from $150 to $200 a year. Sixty per cent of our people, during the year, are out of employment either partially or wholly. Sixty per cent of our children are suffering from malnutrition."

Governor Roosevelt has most exceptionally acquired a trusted leadership of the Porto Rican people both in the matter of their material welfare and in the matter of their psychological temperament. He has given himself earnestly to the raising of money in the United States, from private donors as well as from the Congress, for the relief of instant distress in Porto Rico and for the furthering of Porto Rican physical health and commercial progress; and he has also given himself earnestly to the parallel furthering of Porto Rican cultural advance. He attacks these two tasks in all of the Spanish language that he can muster—which now is quite a percentage of it.

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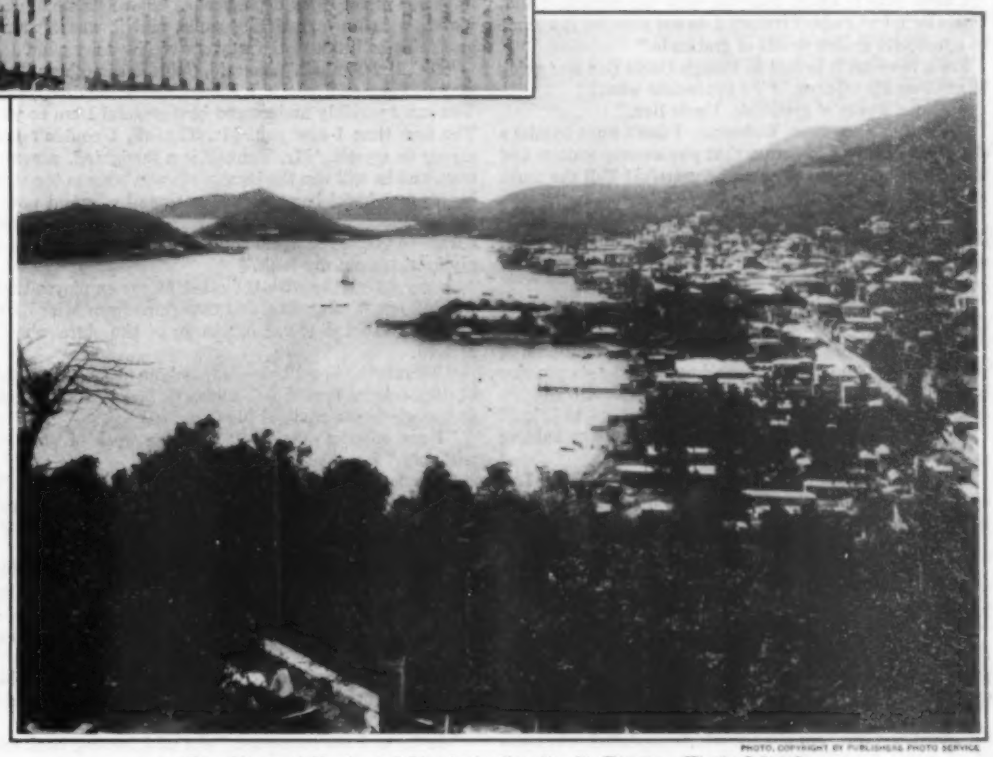
PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

The Burial Place for American Soldiers in Port-au-Prince, Haiti



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The City and Harbor of Charlotte Amalie, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands

GOLDEN WORDS

By Horatio Winslow

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASSELL

I WILL always remember my Uncle Ben Timball's trip to the town where I worked; an event which occurred during the last months of his life. He made the long journey from Pearl City, where his store was located, just on purpose to pay me a short visit.

"Romanzo," he remarked as I closed the door of my room, "merely as a matter of interest, would you mind repeating what you said to that little whiner on the staircase?"

"I patted him on the head, Uncle Ben, and at the same time observed, 'Here is ten cents for you, Willy.'"

"Any particular reason for the rash act, Romanzo?"

"No, Uncle Ben, except that Willy is always very grateful for little kindnesses and expresses himself accordingly."

My Uncle Ben shifted his quid of tobacco. "Either I am getting hard of hearing or else there was a short circuit in what you just said. Kindly repeat."

I went over it again, finishing with the remark, "And, Uncle Ben, I will admit frankly I do not consider it a crime to appreciate golden words of gratitude."

For a moment it looked as though Uncle Ben was going to swallow his tobacco. "To appreciate what?"

"Golden words of gratitude, Uncle Ben."

"Speak up once more, Romanzo. I don't want to miss a single word. Am I to gather that you overtip waiters and barbers just to listen to them be grateful? Tell the truth and shame the devil."

I responded frankly, "I see no reason, Uncle Ben, for stating anything that is not the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. I deeply appreciate golden words of gratitude and I hope ever so to act as to merit same."

There was a sound which made me think of a rusty chain scraping against the wall. It was my Uncle Ben laughing.

"Are you cherishing a secret hope that some morning you will wake up to find yourself acclaimed as a popular benefactor of the human race; honored, loved and respected by all whom you have put yourself out to help?"

I did not speak, feeling that his attitude was kidding rather than sincere.

"It's just a question of being sure I am right before I go ahead. I want to find out, Romanzo, if you really think people are grateful for favors received."

"I know that from my own experience," I replied firmly.

"You do them a good turn and they come back at you with a string of golden words from the heart out. Is that your theory?"

"It is, Uncle Ben, and I would rather be in my grave than drag out an existence where I would not have the opportunity of showering kindnesses on others and thus experiencing their sincere and grateful emotions."

The conversation now died away, except for Uncle Ben occasionally letting out a laugh which, as stated, was more like a rusty chain scraping against the wall.

"Romanzo," he said suddenly, "if you should quit your job here reading gas meters, do you think you could get it back again after a few months' interval?"

"I don't know," I replied. "Why do you ask the question?"

"I ask it, Romanzo, because I am a peculiar character. In the intervals of my life as a busy and harassed dry-goods merchant, I have wasted precious hours wondering about the hereafter. Up to ten minutes ago I was sure that if a man ever got off this earth nothing could possibly induce him to come back again. Now I'm wavering. It's just popped into my head that if a ghost could be certain that a visit to the old familiar scenes would insure him one good horse laugh, he might feel well repaid for the trip."

Three months later, when the will was read, what was my surprise to find that, before passing on, Uncle Ben had made a will leaving me sole heir to his store in Pearl City.

II

THOUGH I regarded the death of my Uncle Ben as a highly regrettable event, I did not allow my natural sorrow to affect the state of my health. When I say that I entered on my new duties as head of my late uncle's store in the best of health and spirits, I am speaking conservatively. Later this was exactly what I told the doctor. "No, doctor, I was not ailing when I came to Pearl City, though I will admit I began to suffer the day I took the job. Maybe the Chinese-vase business hit me harder than at the time I suspected, but for weeks previous I had been in bad shape."

And if he had gone on and asked me what or who was responsible for my first feeling that something was wrong, I would have had to reply, "Doctor, it was all the fault of Miss Berry Spillane."

In taking my place as head of the store, I had made up my mind to follow plans formed long before I had any idea that I could carry them out. As a boy I had decided that if ever I were placed in charge of a business concern I would try to promote the happiness and welfare of my employes and gain their gratitude by any reasonable means in my power. There were sixteen people employed in my late uncle's store. I decided that the best way to get them into the right attitude was to arrange for all an extra week of vacation with pay. I began with Miss Addie Understreet, in charge of the cloak department. She was a small alert blonde with an ingratiating smile, and it was certainly gratifying to listen to the way she received my offer.

"Oh, Mr. Timball," she said, "this is something I will never forget—no, not if I should live a hundred years. You can't possibly understand how grateful I am to you. The first time I saw you, Mr. Timball, I couldn't help saying to myself, 'Mr. Timball is a farsighted, generous man, and he will win the loyalty of everybody in the store by his wonderful large-minded personality.' And now I know my first impressions were correct, Mr. Timball, and I want to thank you again and again. If there are tears in my eyes, it's not my fault."

In my interviews with the other fifteen employes there was but one jarring note, and that came from Miss Berry Spillane, whom I found in charge of the store when I arrived.

"What is the idea?" she said, looking at me with a pair of dark-colored eyes which somehow had become as cold as though they were light blue.

"I am offering everybody an extra week of vacation with pay," I replied.

"I understand that part, but what is the idea back of it all? This is the busy season. How are you going to pay the extra people who are needed to help out while the regulars are vacationing?"

"That will be arranged some way," I replied. "The main idea is that if there is any favor I can do anybody here at the store, I want to do it."

"And then their job will be to do you some favors in return?"

"Oh, no, Miss Spillane," I hastened to assure her, "that is farthest from my thoughts. I would be fully satisfied if my efforts were appreciated. I ask nothing more."

"As far as I am concerned," she said, leaning back and brushing a lock of brunet hair from her forehead, "some

"Oh, Mr. Timball," She Said, "This is Something I Will Never Forget"

things come too high to be worth the price. If it's just the same to you, I won't take that vacation."

My face must have expressed my emotions more strongly than if I had tried to speak.

"Please don't feel wounded, Mr. Timball, but you might as well know the truth. I'm weak on gratitude. I dislike all favors except those I can repay in kind. I know I couldn't accept your offer with any degree of politeness or self-respect; so, if it's just the same to you, I'll keep right on punching the time clock."

This conversation, which took place at 2:15 in the afternoon of my first day in the store, marked the turn in my state of health. From then on I began to realize that there was something the matter with me, and each day this fact became more and more evident. At every opportunity I tried to arrange acts of tactful kindness which I felt Miss Spillane would appreciate, but it was no use. The same favors, when extended to other employes, would call forth expressions of gratitude that touched my heart. But Miss Spillane not only sidestepped all my efforts but each time the expression on her face was so sarcastic as to pain me worse than if I had been slapped.

"You are hiring me to do something, and I am doing it," she said on one occasion, after refusing a friendly and honorable kindness on my part. "If I can't hold the job, fire me. But so long as I am efficient and loyal, don't expect me to be grateful into the bargain, because there's nothing like that in the agreement."

What made this attitude especially painful was the fact that Miss Spillane and I were working side by side, so to speak. Ten years before, she had started in as cashgirl; now she knew more about the business than anybody else on the premises. In his last message Uncle Ben had told me I could depend on Miss Spillane's honesty and judgment; each day it was plainer that he had understated her good qualities. And yet as often as I reaped a harvest of golden words from some one of the employes, all my happiness would be spoiled by the memory that Miss Berry

Spillane always refused to be put in a position where she would have to show gratitude.

Autumn had come. In some way I had worried through the summer, though more than once Miss Spillane had said I had better take two weeks myself and get rested up a bit. On this Saturday morning she had gone to Chicago to look over some dress goods which were being thrown on the market as the result of the failure of a wholesale house. I had just finished writing some checks when Miss Addie Understreet rapped at the door.

"Come in," I said.

The notes of her voice expressed in the most extreme degree thankful acknowledgment of favors. "I am not going to ask you anything for myself, Mr. Timball, because after your kindness to us all, I would be ashamed to beg for anything more. You have been so kind and so good to us, Mr. Timball, that you have made this store a little heaven on earth."

"I have done no more than my duty," I replied, "and I ask no greater reward from those about me than to know my efforts have been appreciated."

After passing some favorable comments on this last remark, Miss Understreet begged the favor of a few minutes of my time, saying that she wanted me to give some good advice to her cousin, who was working his way through college and happened to be in the city. I said I would be glad to give him all the good advice possible, and Miss Understreet left after some appreciative observations that almost made me blush. Shortly after, her cousin introduced himself.

The gratitude expressed by that young man was touching in the extreme and more than repaid me for the practical good advice which it was my pleasure to give him. He needed good counsel, he said, because he was not only getting an education but, in addition, was paying off the mortgage on the old homestead and raising money to send his aged mother to some sunny spot in California. In order to do all this he was acting as agent for a firm of Oriental importers whose specialty was a kind of Chinese vase sold wholesale for thirty-nine cents, with reductions in case of cash and quantity.

"Grateful" was barely the word to express the emotion exhibited by that young man when I allowed him to show me his sample vase. What he said was couched in a flow of golden words that were practically overwhelming. And the longer he went on the more golden his words became.

But this introduction was nothing at all compared with the way he reacted when I ordered twenty-two gross for $891.56 cash. As he spoke he had to wipe his eyes again and again, because, he said, he could hardly believe it was true; and he thanked me in behalf of his father and of his mother, and also in behalf of his sister, who had been in vaudeville, he said, until the talkies crowded her out. In fact, from beginning to end he emitted one long string of golden words whose joint effect was to leave me in an exhilarating glow.

Two days later, while I was still enjoying the pleasurable effects of this interview, the 3168 vases were delivered.

"What are these?" asked Miss Berry Spillane, with a strange look in her eye.

In a few suitable words I told her the story of the purchase.

"Oh, it was Addie's cousin, was it? A young man with a warm handshake and a pair of hypnotic eyes? After that last salesman unloaded his patent collar buttons, I thought it was understood that you wouldn't buy anything else without talking it over."

Uncle Ben

While I was thinking up a suitable answer she began tapping at her typewriter.

"What is the matter?" I asked, feeling that she was irritated.

"Nothing is the matter. I'm just jotting down a list of the things I do here at the store, and you'd better find somebody else to do them, because at the end of next week I quit."

"What are you going to quit for?" I asked in a weak voice.

"There's too much loose gratitude lying around the store to suit me," Miss Spillane answered; "and I'm afraid some day I may step on a piece and be blown clear through the roof."

That was all I could get out of her. And it was twelve days later, when she lived up to her words, that my health really began to totter and decline.

III

I WILL not try to give the complete story of my symptoms. Morning after morning I lay in my bed up on the second floor of the rooming house and stared up at the stovepipe hole in the wall and wondered why, instead of looking forward to the day's work, I dreaded it.

"You are just a little run down," said the doctor, "but there is nothing really the matter with you. Take a spoonful of this every three hours and try to think cheerful thoughts." But the medicine and the mental efforts did me little or no good, and neither did my attempts to continue the friendship with Berry Spillane.

"Sure I like you, Romanzo," she said, in answer to my repeated questions, "but some day you'll get an awful jolt, and I don't want to be around when it happens." Further inquiry induced her to say, "If you were just a little different, you'd be a whole lot different—if you get me. Now let's talk radio or politics, or anyhow something else."

The third time I went to see Berry, I came out frankly and asked her hand in marriage.

"Romanzo," she said, "you remind me of the man who was so interested in electricity that every time there was a storm he used to sit alongside the lightning rod hoping. You are so hot after gratitude that you are even willing to marry a girl just on the chance that she will stammer out a few grateful remarks."

As hurriedly and convincingly as possible, I explained to Berry that such was not at all the case and that I really loved her and would always love her.

"I'm going to keep in touch with you, Romanzo, because you are a sweet boy. You appeal to me. I like to read novels about people built on your model, but I can't imagine living with one. Wait till you've had a tooth pulled without any local anæsthetic; wait till you've lost a finger nail or a finger or your bank roll; then come around and tell me about it. Maybe we might get together on a philosophy of life."

Shortly after this, Berry secured a position with a rival firm and little by little I stopped calling. This was not because I had lost interest but because each time she refused me I felt worse than before I asked the question.

If formerly it had been difficult to get up in the morning, it now became almost impossible. I went about the daily tasks as though I had a ball and chain attached to my leg. Everything went wrong, especially those Chinese vases.

Nobody wanted them at forty-nine cents apiece, or forty-four, or thirty-nine, or thirty-four, or even at nineteen. When finally the vases were offered as a premium with every five dollars' worth of merchandise, customers would say, "What's the idea? Have I got to take this thingamajig?" Thus, after repeated efforts, we disposed of only 157, leaving 3011 taking up room in the basement.

But an even worse worry than the presence of the vases was the absence of the $891.56 which I had paid for them. It was a sum which I now found was desperately needed in order to carry on the business of the store. It would not have seemed much to Marshall Field, but to me it was the last straw on the camel's back. Previous to the purchase of the vases, I had made one or two other buys that had not turned out as well as they had promised; I had borrowed about as much from the bank as the business would stand; and the lack of this $891.56 had forced me to pass up two or three real bargains which rival stores had gobbled up and sold at a profit. Moreover, the strain of trying to make good these losses in other ways had become a waking nightmare.

Just one thing kept me on the job, and that was the unfailing gratitude of the employes. No matter what the little favor I did, their response was as warmly appreciative as it was prompt:

"Oh, Mr. Timball, I will never forget this the longest day I live." . . . "Please remember, Mr. Timball, that in me you have a friend who remembers those who help him." . . . "I can't get out of my head how lucky I am, Mr. Timball, to be working for somebody like you."

And standing out even above all the rest was the uniformly unfailing gratitude of Addie Understreet. No matter how slight the little kindness, she would never

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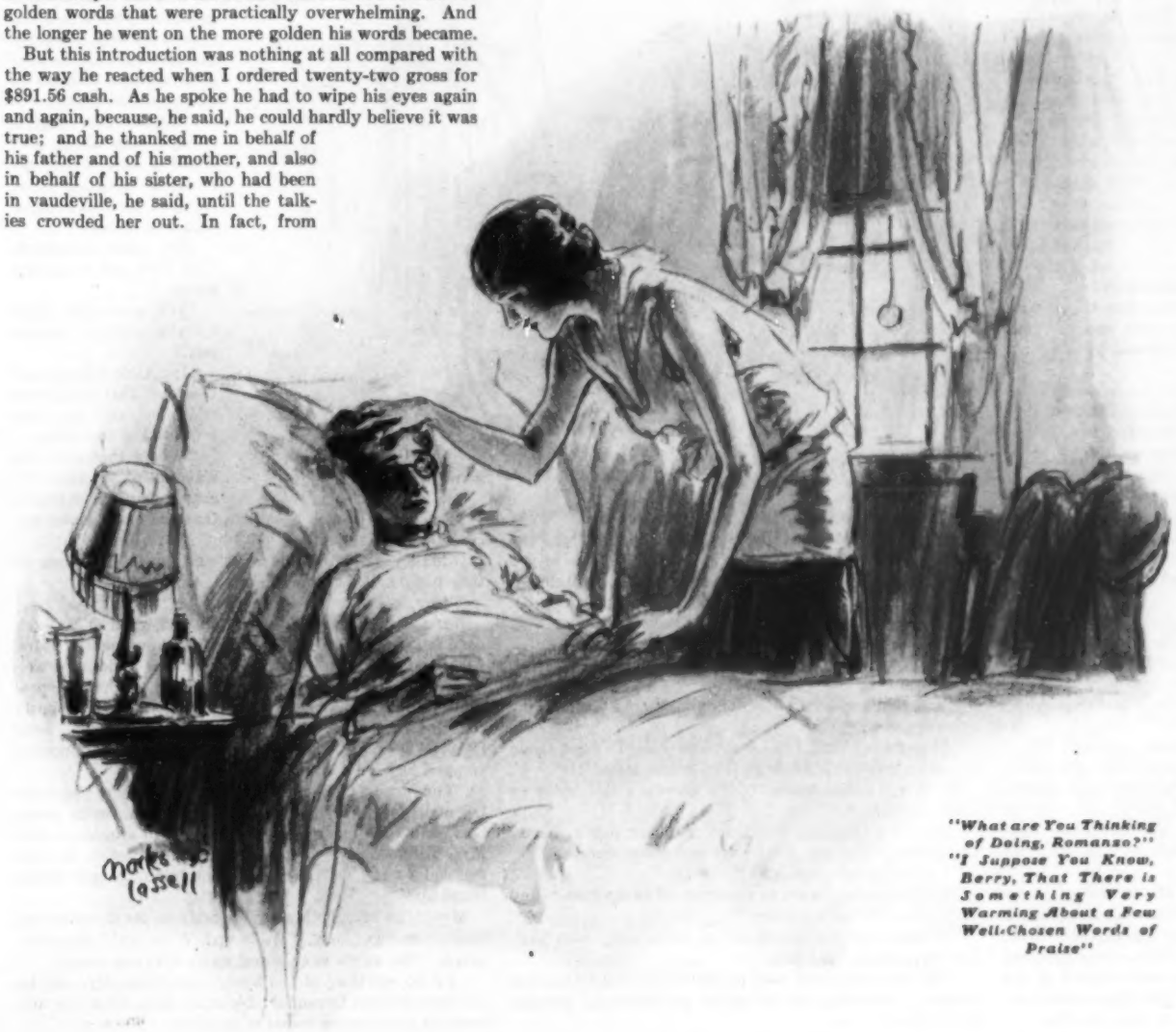

"What are You Thinking of Doing, Romanzo?" "I Suppose You Know, Berry, That There is Something Very Warming About a Few Well-Chosen Words of Praise"

SLIPPERY ROAD

By Anne Cameron

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

DAN O'MALLEY was sauntering up and down in front of the Golden Home Auto Camp against a background of striped canvas tents laced with late shadows from the dangling eucalyptus trees. Now and then he turned his face, brown and shiny like a used saddle, toward the tent into which Mrs. Allen and her three children had disappeared twenty minutes before to array themselves suitably for a prenuptial dinner at a cafeteria downtown. His proposal to her and her prompt acceptance of him must have been still floating on the adjacent ether in widening, dimming circles, so recent were they. He cocked his head and listened to the voice of his Millie as it came through the canvas walls:

"Bunny, as soon as you're dressed run over to Mrs. Swingle's tent and ask if she'll give me the lend of a dress to wear tonight. If she's there, ask for her old brown one; and if she ain't there, see if you can find that new blue silk she bought the other day."

"Ye look nice enough for anybody like you are," called O'Malley. "Hurry up, or the rist'rants will all be shut up."

Pete came out first, patting back his wet hair with one hand and striving with the other to reduce the plusness of his plus-fours. Bunny came next, arrayed in limp white and a pair of silver slippers, a costume prepared—had O'Malley but known it—in unrealized anticipation of her mother's wedding to a dashing but perfidious gentleman named Pegrini, two weeks before. She ran over and snatched O'Malley's hand, closely followed by Buster, who took the other hand.

O'Malley surveyed with satisfaction his family sprung full-panoplied—or half-panoplied, anyway—from the virginal head of Mishap. If Mrs. Allen in her carefree progress across the country had not got stranded in the desert, and if he had not been bossing a construction gang there at the time, he would have gone on a bachelor to the end of his days, but now he was going to give up railroading, buy a filling station and settle down.

"I'm a lucky man," he mused, drawing contentedly on his stubby pipe.

The tent flap snapped back smartly. "Well, here I am!"

And there at last was Mrs. Allen, arrayed in the dress of the absent Mrs. Swingle, dripping with glass beads and earrings. Perfume hung about her in a palpable cloud as she detached Buster from O'Malley's arm and took it herself.

The procession started up the dusty, unpaved hill to catch the street car, but halfway up a large white goat dragging a rope bleated gently behind them as if anxious to participate in the celebration.

"Why, Gambler Allen!" said Mrs. Allen reproachfully. "Go right back home this minute and get into your nice castle. . . . Take her back, Pete."

The goat having been disposed of, Mr. O'Malley got his family downtown and into a Hill Street cafeteria, where the only limit on their appetites was the acreage of the large aluminum trays. When the meal was over he gathered up the checks with incredulous eyes and stopped at the desk for a major financial operation. The Allens waited for him on the sidewalk with toothpicks in their mouths.

O'Malley Turned Around and Looked Down on Her Coldly, With Red Paint Dripping From His Brush

"Now look here," said Mrs. Allen in a low voice. "We're going up to a party at the Strangers' Social Club, and Pegrini will be there, most likely, but the first one of you that makes a crack about him in front of Mr. O'Malley is going to get a licking he'll remember many a long day. Or she," she amended, with a meaning look at Bunny.

"You better tell Pete," suggested Bunny.

"I don't need to. He's got sense enough to keep his mouth shut."

"You won't speak to him, will you, mom?" asked Pete apprehensively.

"I should say not! I just want him to see I've got a man a darn sight better than he is, the old croquette! He ——"

O'Malley joined them. "Now phwere's this lodge ye want me to go to?"

"It ain't a lodge exactly, Dan. You just pay a quarter every time you go up. They have games and dancing."

"I'm not a da-ancin' man."

"Oh, come on. I want to show you off to my friends and make the other girls jealous."

"There's nawthin' about me to make anny wan that. I'm just a plain ould fella."

"The kids ain't ever been up there, and it'll be my last chance to have any fun before we get married," pleaded Mrs. Allen.

"Oh, all right," conceded O'Malley, following her up the steep stairway.

The Strangers' Social Club is the poor relation, shabby and unacknowledged, of the flaunting night club, to which it bears an unmistakable family resemblance despite its righteous rags. It is marked by the same calculated air of spontaneity, the same effort to make the patron furnish his own amusement, but it has more rigid standards of respectability, and no liquor is served. Besides, it costs only a quarter to stay all evening.

Mrs. Allen stopped at the desk at the head of the stairs, where the host proprietor sat ready to greet the incoming guest.

"We've missed you lately, Mrs. Allen."

"And you'll miss me all the time after tonight, because I'm going to get married and move away." She pulled O'Malley's sleeve. "Meet my intended."

The proprietor shook hands with them both.

"This will be a surprise to everybody, Mr. O'Malley. Though Mrs. Allen has only been coming up here for about a month, she is one of our most popular members. Let me announce it tonight."

"You bet you can," assented Mrs. Allen vigorously. "And say it good and loud, so there won't be no mistake about it."

"How about these children?" asked the proprietor as O'Malley laid down fifty cents.

"Can't they come in for nothing? They won't bother nobody."

"Oh, all right, as long as it's a wedding party, Mrs. Allen."

They filed in and took their places on the front row. Mrs. Allen's earrings, one blue and one yellow, were continually bobbing as she craned her neck and beckoned for one acquaintance after another to come up and meet her fiancé.

"What's Mr. Pegrini going to say about it?" asked a lady whose accordion-pleated skirt clung to her like a rugose skin to a melon.

Mrs. Allen shrugged. "He ain't got no strings on me."

"It'll serve him right for the way he treated you."

Mrs. Allen winked with the eye farthest from O'Malley, and the lady retreated in confusion.

"Who's that man she was askin' ye about?" asked Dan suspiciously.

"Oh, him? Just an Eyetalian that was crazy about me. He never had a chance."

O'Malley looked at the clock and yawned. "When do they begin? It's my bedtime."

"Why, it's only ha'-pas' eight."

But the program had hardly started when O'Malley's head fell forward on his chest and he snored gently. Mrs. Allen waited impatiently for the familiar address of welcome and the community singing to end, so that the proprietor could announce her engagement, hoping fervently that Joe Pegrini would be there in time to hear it. Song followed song with swelling volume. At last the proprietor stepped forward, smiling.

"The Strangers' Social Club is justly proud of the number of happy marriages brought about between its members, and tonight I have the pleasure to announce that Mrs. Millie Allen, one of our most popular ladies, is to be married to Mr. O'Malley. Will the happy couple please stand up?"

Mrs. Allen lifted O'Malley's head from her shoulder and shook him vigorously. "Wake up! Wake up!" she whispered. "He wants us to stand up so they can see us."

"I'll do nawthin' of the kind," said O'Malley, and he sat there red and uncomfortable while Mrs. Allen rose and received a scattering round of applause.

"And now," pursued the proprietor, pleased with his effective advertising, "I'm going to ask Mrs. Allen and her friend to lead the grand march."

O'Malley blinked nervously and slid farther down on his chair while Mrs. Allen tried to pull him to his feet.

"I don't know how to dance," he protested feebly.

"It ain't dancing. It's just walking. Come on."

Dodging the chairs which were being rapidly pushed back against the walls, she led him up to the front of the hall. The orchestra struck up the wedding march and the long line started. Mrs. Allen conveyed the impression that she was wearing a shako and brandishing a silver baton, so impressive was her bearing, but O'Malley slunk along beside her, out of step, small and brown and middle-aged, with shamed eyes bent on the floor.

They were halfway around the hall when Captain Pegrini of the street-cleaning department entered dramatically. His bold black eye, his glistening black hair, his blue suit, his yellow shoes, proclaimed the triumphant plumage of the male. He cocked his ear.

"Who they playing the wedding march for?" he asked.

Mrs. Allen seized her moment of vengeance and waved it on high. "Me," she said jubilantly.

Pegrini's bold black eyes traveled from O'Malley's bald, abashed head to his halting feet, and he tossed back his gleaming black locks defiantly.

"Get a pardner, Pegrini," urged someone.

"No, I'll call off."

He took his place in the middle of the hall and called out orders like a ringmaster.

"Gents and ladies separate and serpentine."

"I don't know how to dance," said O'Malley unhappily, stepping out of line.

Mrs. Allen pulled him back. "You go around that way and I'll go this. All you got to do is keep your eyes open and do like I do."

The man behind guided his faltering shoulders and he started miserably around the hall, and when he met Mrs. Allen he clutched at her like a spent swimmer reaching for a pier. But his rest was short. Pegrini was after him like a top sergeant after a rookie on the drill field.

"He means we got to march in the form of a cross," explained Mrs. Allen. "First a lady, then a gent, and so on."

"I'll not do anny more," said O'Malley doggedly. "I tould ye I can't dance."

For a few minutes the lines looked like Chinese writing; then they straightened themselves out into a legible X, and Mrs. Allen breathed a sigh of relief. But when the line of ladies met the line of gents she confronted not Mr. O'Malley but a stout man in his shirt sleeves. She peered behind him, but O'Malley was nowhere to be seen.

"He's walked out on you," grinned the fat man. "He ducked into the cloakroom when we went by."

Mrs. Allen stood uncertainly.

"What you waiting for?" asked Pegrini.

"She's lost her pardner."

Pegrini skated across the floor and took her arm. He waved to the orchestra, which began to play with sudden vim.

"I was too fast for gran'pa," he said, grinning. "Ain't you ashamed of yourself, Millie, cutting in on the G. A. R. boys!"

"He's only fifty-two," said Mrs. Allen.

"Just a boy. Maybe we can start up a game of marbles for him."

"You think you're awful smart, Joe Pegrini."

Tears of vexation stood in her eyes. Her carefully planned hour of triumph had turned out to be something else altogether, as far as she was concerned, and it was all O'Malley's fault.

Pegrini fairly outdid himself in his inventiveness as a leader. The light from the gay Japanese lanterns flashed back from his impudent black eyes and slick black pompadour as he led the bride around the hall to the accelerated wedding march, and the groom stuck his head cautiously out of the cloakroom door to see when it would be safe to come out. Over in the corner, Mrs. Allen could see Pete watching her solemnly, and Bunny making faces in which her features chased themselves all over her freckled countenance behind Pegrini's back. When at last the music stopped, O'Malley came out and joined the children. He looked up hopefully at Mrs. Allen when she sat down beside him.

Mrs. Allen Could See Pete Watching Her Solemnly, and Bunny Making Faces Behind Pegrini's Back

"Are ye ready to go home now? It's way past my bedtime and Buster's been asleep for twinty minutes."

"Why did you go and make a monkey out of me like that?" she demanded fiercely.

"I'm not a da-ancin' man. Let's go on home."

"You can take the kids and go home if you want to. They know the way."

"We'll wait," said O'Malley. "I don't care who you dance with, as long as it ain't me."

He yawned, and settling back comfortably, took off his shoes and put them under his chair. The sleeping Buster slumped over into his lap and Bunny laid her head against his shoulder. Pete, bound to stay awake, walked up and down the anteroom.

Pegrini came up to Mrs. Allen in a matter-of-fact way to lead her out for the Virginia reel.

"I don't care to dance with you, Mr. Pegrini."

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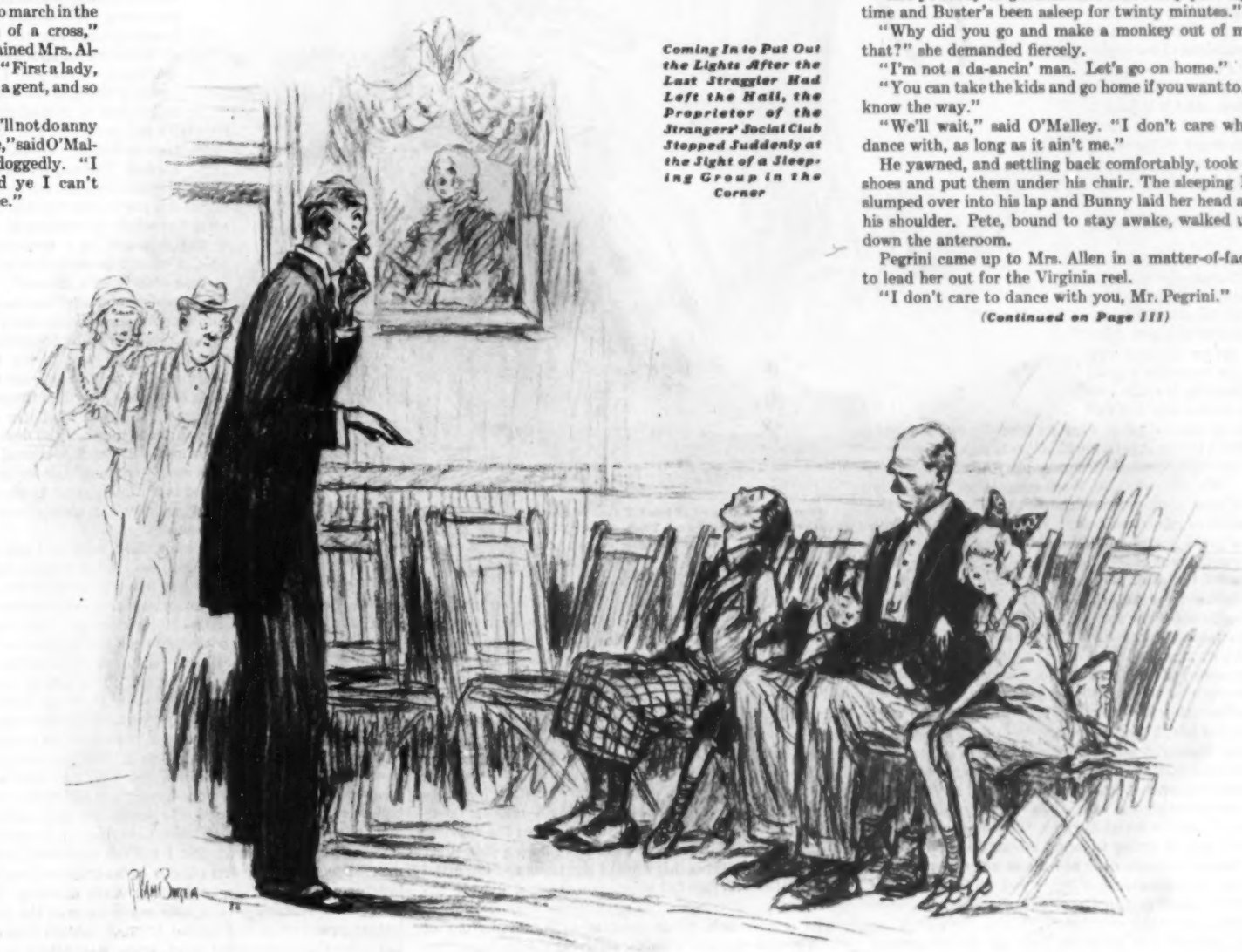

Coming In to Put Out the Lights After the Last Straggler Had Left the Hall, the Proprietor of the Strangers' Social Club Stopped Suddenly at the Sight of a Sleeping Group in the Corner

LAST LEAVES

By CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

The Western Front of Old Age

NOW that I am not so recently spun from the high looms of God, I have less confidence in my wisdom and judgment. The truth of experience has worked such havoc with my dearest convictions, and there are so many torn places in the gospels I tried to make of living, that I wish I had held fast to a creed like the thriftier saints and could walk just according to the A B C's of the simplest faith into the closing shadows of my time on this earth. In an effort to avoid the bigotry and certain doctrinal interpretations of the Scriptures, I cannot help feeling too much like a hand-cobbled child of God, and not so complimentary to my spiritual vanities as I expected to be. If I had been a trifle meeker, it seems to me now in the humility of my years, I might have glowed more sweetly as a saint.

But it is not so easy to acquire meekness when one has been born out of ancestors who carried their religious convictions like the side arms of militant crusaders. Besides, this is not the kind of world the men and women of my generation set out to make. The creative minds we had were founded innocently and honestly upon religious ideality. Whether we were good or bad, we were subject to revivals, cleansed from all our iniquities once in so often and took spells of walking with God. How sadly I have missed these eruptions of our higher nature! For the modern mind is a cool proposition, guided by science. And it is hard to walk by faith in a world where so many of the wisest men are pioneering with the pickax of rationalism.

A Personal Providence

I AM like a poor old blind Bartimæus who quite involuntarily has received her sight, but not from the original source of the best light. And I refuse to leap and bound or to make a glad sound about it, because I do not like what I see, nor find it nearly so comforting as when we used to rejoice in looking forward to the substance of better things hoped for—such as sitting somewhere in a quiet place after a while and singing "My soul away to everlasting bliss." Now the ultimate ideal of science is social hygiene based upon the good health of mind and body; sounds like the prescription of a quack doctor who does not know or care enough to discover the seat of the malady. We were better diagnosticians of the soul. We believed a man could grow in grace whether his pituitary gland functioned properly or not. We did not know and never found out that heredity and environment could damn an innocent child. A man could be born again, live and die a credit to his church and his community, no matter what kind of ancestors he had. The idea with us was not to diet him but to get the old Adam of mortal depravity out of him by prayer and fasting. And, for one, I cannot see that the physical health of people has improved under the teaching of this new doctrine. On the contrary, the more we learn about our nerves and glands the more delicate we are. There are more invalids and sanatoriums now than we older ones ever dreamed of. As for social hygiene, the crime waves indicate the fallacy of trying to found morals on good health. This is because science does not stress moral conscience, but merely the advantages of being well when it comes to the pursuit of gain or happiness. Therefore we have more penal institutions than ever before.

We do grow old but we never grow up. We are far too immature by nature to risk experiments in dangerous knowledge. It is some kind of disobedience we practice against the spirit. And the penalty for it was the first lesson in morals taught in Genesis. This is the chief fault to be found with rationalism. It tends to orientate a man in his lower nature, limit his consciousness of his other nature, and even requires him to deny the ideals of religion upon which it is predicated. I know too much myself, now, due to the snooping around we all do, about the irresponsible conclusions of these modern thinkers. My vision has been so flattened out, widened and stretched by the telepathy of my mortal mind with their minds that I am forced to perceive according to the limitations of my rational faculties that the desire to worship God is due to the survival of a primitive trait in us, and can have no possible effect upon Him, since He is that kind of righteous and impartial God who lets His rain fall alike upon the just and the unjust.

The intellectuals define creation as conditions out of which evolve suns and planets, all living things, insects no less than men. Whatever the name of the power is behind this vast situation, it is impersonal and too far removed to be influenced by the prayers of the weak and the meek. But there is something terribly wrong with this explanation, because it does not square with the experiences men have had for ages with a personal providence. What I know for certain is that not by thinking can a man find out God; and, since I haven't got the insect soul of a rationalist, I do not try to do it.

But when the sun goes down sometimes and the stars declare His handiwork again even in the dark, I am not conscious of being so negligible by comparison with those far-off spheres, and I can feel the fingers of saints long since dead shaping my thoughts to the old prayers of faith. All the shadows cast by our kind of wisdom fade out and I seem to be aware of heavenly things, not to be spoken in mortal words—a presence which lightens me like the pinions of something that is not wind or wings, but myself exalted and lifted up.

Something Queer About This. When We are Old and Show Out as the Heroine of the Past, They Say "This is Due to Old Age," But When They Hear Young People Boast, They are Even More Tolerant and Say "This is Youth"

Sheet Lightning

THOSE who know me regard me as an almost ludicrously normal and sane human being. Never once have I been tricked into the folly of believing in spooks and spiritism. And yet I am aware of being in the shelter and safety of Almightiness. No evil can befall me. I am tremendously loved and blessed. This may be the very trance of conceit, but at least it is poetic, not rational. And since the whole of creation is cast in the measures of a measureless epic, it cannot be so foolish to fall in tune with it for a moment. We do not really know anything for certain except a few obvious facts and experiences defined by the physical senses, but over and above that every man's mind is a mirage that casts before and after him the shadows and shapes of his hopes and fears. Leave me then the dear enchantment faith casts of eternal life. It is more elevating than being reduced to the intellectual disgrace of thinking myself aimlessly back to a handful of dust.

For all these reasons I am still trying to be a good woman, but I miss the rewards we formerly received. Sometimes I am conscious of being regarded wittily as a sort of aged caricature in Pharisaism. One bright young columnist writes with condescending kindness of the author of Last Leaves. He says she is an "interesting example of the static mind of old age." Two things puzzle me: why so many elderly people deny their age and ape the mind and antics of youth; and why, on the other hand, everybody is so gladly credulous if you claim for purposes of art and distinction to be much older than you really are. You may not have a gray hair on your head and write with a rapier for a pen, but if you say you are eighty-five they believe that, in order to cast into the discard your opinions and convictions as the negligible vaporings of an ancient. I am not exactly peeved, but I will say that most young men when they write feel obliged to be bright—the sheet lightning of surface wit, no depth to their thinking. The fact that a sensible person does not indulge in the intellectual gewgaws of this period is proof enough that she has a durable rectangular mind, trained according to the

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PLAYING AT BRIDGE

By Shepard Barclay

ILLUSTRATED BY C. W. ANDERSON

IN THESE days of better bidding, the play would seem to be of minor importance. So it is in conversation, but, in fact, good play is more richly rewarded than ever before in the game's long history. And imperfect play is more severely punished.

Contract bridge has caused millions to make their first serious study of bidding. The flood of books, articles, lectures, broadcasts and lessons has taught them to gauge accurately the trick-taking power of a hand. Hence more and more hands in both auction and contract are being bid to the exact number of tricks possible by perfect play. This puts new burdens on declarers, who may be set if they allow even one available trick to slip away. The defense profits correspondingly from managing to squeeze out one more than the natural number of tricks by skillful resistance.

So the pendulum is about to swing from bidding to play as the thing most important to develop. Much of the better bidding is now going for naught because many of the best bidders still "play at bridge" and drop at least a trick to the average hand through violating some simple principle of play they have not had an opportunity to learn.

The most costly mistakes are generally on the defensive side, which cannot be efficient without teamwork. Against them is a declarer who is assured of perfect teamwork, for he plays both his own hand and dummy. He also knows just where his strength lies, and his weakness, whereas they comparatively grope in the dark. To help them overcome these advantages, conventions of play have been evolved through the years, constituting a sort of universally accepted code whereby one player can give his partner information about the cards he does or does not hold—thus indirectly telling him something about declarer's hand. If one of the defenders violates the conventions, he risks misguiding his partner and giving aid and comfort to the foe. Or if the partner doesn't know the conventions, every message is wasted on him. In either case, there can be no real teamwork.

Among experts, the partners begin to "talk to each other" with the lead of the very first card. No single play of the entire fifty-two is quite so important as that one. Without a knowledge of the leads good bridge is impossible for either the defenders or the declarer, who "listens in" on their conversation to gain whatever he can from it.

Importance of the First Lead

WHEN no suits have been bid by either side, the original leader's first problem is which suit to open. The conventional choice is his longest, whether strong or weak. If he has two of equal length, he opens the stronger. If they are equal in length and strength, he picks the higher ranking—as hearts in preference to diamonds. Partner, seeing the lead, knows he had no longer suit, no stronger one of like length, no higher-ranking one of equal length and strength.

His second problem is which card of the suit. If favored with the rare asset of an almost-set-up suit, such as A-K-Q-10-5 or A-K-J-10-2, the ace should be led. This is an absolute command to his partner to play his highest card so that the suit can be run.

If the partner failed to play the jack in the first instance or the queen in the second, he would deny possession of it. The ace should not be led from A-Q-J and others, unless there is a sure trick winner in some other suit to serve as a reëntry.

Lacking such an almost-set-up suit justifying an ace lead, the next best start is what is called an honor-combination lead. Such a combination is defined as "at least three of the six highest cards of the suit, at least two of which are touching." The A-Q-J is an honor combination, also the A-K-Q, A-K-J, K-J-10, A-10-9, Q-10-9, J-10-9, and so on. In all such cases the lead is the top of the touching honors unless the touchers include both ace and king, when the king is the lead. Partner gets extremely specific information from one of these leads. A jack lead tells him you have the ten and at least one other honor-combination card which is not the queen; otherwise you would have led the queen. He therefore knows it is either the ace, king or nine; if he holds the king and sees the nine in dummy, he knows you have the ace. The A-Q-10, A-J-9, A-Q-9 and K-J-9 are not honor combinations, because no two of the cards are in direct sequence.

Lacking an ace lead or honor-combination lead, the correct one is the fourth best, such as the 8 from A-Q-10-8-2, or 3 from K-9-7-3. When you see your partner's lead of a small card, you should immediately apply the "rule of eleven." By subtracting the number of the card from eleven, you know how many better cards are held by yourself, dummy and declarer combined. If he led an 8, eight from eleven leaves three; so if you hold the king and see the jack and 9 in dummy, all of the higher three not held by your partner are in sight and you know the declarer can't beat the 8. This eleven rule seems uncanny to some beginners, but is actually simple. The jack is really the 11, queen the 12, king the 13 and ace the 14; by deducting the number of any card from 14, you know how many higher ones are in the deck. Partner, by leading his fourth best, says he has three of them, so you short-cut by subtracting from three less than 14, or from 11.

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The Partners Begin to "Talk to Each Other" With the Lead of the Very First Card

THE POOR BOY

By COLONEL GIVENS

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

A GUY couldn't be decent if he wanted to, the Poor Boy told himself bitterly. Honesty didn't get a tumble any more. What a girl wanted nowadays was one of these perfumed babies with a big torch on each hip, and a quart of booze in his coat pocket. But he surely had thought Gladys Donovan would be different. She was so sort of sensible always, and she seemed to like decency in a guy.

But no! Hadn't he seen Skid Brumfield helping her out of a taxi just the night before? And ten minutes ago, hadn't he seen her and Skid coming down the street, arm in arm? And Gladys had had the nerve to wave gayly at him as he passed on the other side of the street, head down, kind of sulking.

The Poor Boy snorted. The next thing he knew, Gladys would be going to road houses, and maybe chasing around with that yellow-headed Fanny Risinger. She'd maybe be going to parties the boss racketeers gave to the liquor boys to keep them in line, and maybe some boss racketeer like Cheerio Horton or Titi Alseppio would single her out and ——

His teeth clenched. So help him, if he ever smelled liquor on her breath, if he caught Gladys with that yellow-headed Fanny Risinger, or if he heard of her going to a mob party, he'd try his fist on her jaw. And he'd see how she liked that.

Looking Out the Window at the Big Black Hoodlum Bus, He Wondered Idly Why Police Did Not Swoop Down on It and Arrest the Gunmen

He felt a little sick at the thought of trying his fist on Gladys' jaw. He doubled his right fist and held it up for minute inspection. It was hard and knotty. Mentally he could feel that hard fist crashing into the soft cheek of Gladys Donovan, and his sickness suddenly turned to acute nausea. He cursed softly. Yes, he guessed that would be just about his speed—trying his fist on some girl's jaw—poor little Gladys' jaw. He guessed maybe he was pretty yellow, not much of a man. Oh, well, he wouldn't try his fist on her jaw, he decided, but if he ever smelled liquor on her breath or if any of those other things he'd been thinking about happened, he sure would give her down the country. She'd be the sickest girl you ever saw after he got through with her, he told himself.

And then the Poor Boy started to argue with himself. He was trying to convince himself he wasn't downright yellow, wasn't a sneaking little coward. Sitting there in his room in Forty-second Street Place, with his feet cocked up on the window sill, he had it out with himself.

If, say, you lived on the Gold Coast and you took a decent girl to, say, a ritzy hotel in the Loop, and while you were there, in the ritzy ballroom, dancing, a gunman came up to you and threatened you—if this gunman called you back into the coat room and there, with two other gunmen, told you he was going to lay for you on your way home and, maybe, kill you and do harm to the decent girl you were with—if that happened, what ought a guy do?

The Poor Boy asked himself that at once. It was part of the argument with himself. And he answered it.

Why, if that happened, you'd immediately call a cop and put the finger on the gunman and his two pals, and the cop would give you and your girl protection. The cop would even go so far, maybe, as to call a special police car, and you and your girl would ride home to the Gold Coast in grand style. And, believe you, no gunman had better show his head either. Sure, that's what you'd do; that's what anybody with any brains at all would do.

Having figured out what the Gold Coast resident would do, the Poor Boy turned to his own problem. And thinking of it, he cursed the double standard that makes one rule for the rich guy and another and different one for a poor yap who's earning, say, sixty smackers a week, and who lives in a room in Forty-second Street Place, and whose girl is right now, maybe, chasing about with a lousy little gunman.

Well, the Poor Boy argued to himself, if that rule would apply to a resident of the Gold Coast attending a dance at one of the big, ritzy Loop hotels, then it ought to apply to everybody—ought to apply, say, to a guy who was taking his girl to a dance at the Olympia Dance Hall.

It ought to apply! Sure! But it didn't! Not by a barnful. A guy accosted by a gunman in a big Loop hotel could call on the law and nobody'd think anything of it. They'd think he was a sap if he didn't. But a guy dancing in the Olympia with his girl, and who felt it necessary to call on the law, was a lousy little rat, a heel; yellow to the marrow of his weak backbone.

Yellow! That was the name Gladys Donovan had called him. Yellow! And all because he had called on a cop for protection for her, after three gunmen had threatened him and her. Yellow! The Poor Boy cursed at the injustice of it all.

Briefly the Poor Boy reconstructed the Olympia scene in his mind. He had gone there with Gladys. It wasn't exactly the kind of place a guy ought to take a decent girl, but they'd been going there ever since they'd started dancing. It was a neighborhood place. A lot of mobsmen went there. But mobsmen went everywhere on the South Side. You couldn't go into a dance hall or a theater or a café—any place—without running into a mobsman of some kind.

He and Gladys knew a few of the South Side liquor crowd and quite a few of the slot-machine boys. They were neighborhood boys. He'd been to school with most of them, played and fought with them when he was a kid. Several times he'd been propositioned by old friends of his, but he wasn't tempted. In the first place, he wanted very badly to live. In the second place, he knew Gladys and her Old Man wouldn't stand for him quitting his job and going in for racketeering.

Many's the neighborhood boy he'd seen drift away from the old hangouts, to be identified later as a member of either Cheerio Horton's or Titi Alseppio's mobs. Skid Brumfield was one of them. He'd known Skid for years. The dapper little fellow, who limped a little, dragging his right foot ever so slightly, just enough to give him his moniker—Skid—had dropped out of sight two or three months before. The next time the Poor Boy had seen him he was all dressed up in a new flash front and was perfumed like a lady barber. Skid had whispered, confidentially, that he had joined up with Titi Alseppio. Skid had always been a tough little egg. He had always tried to be tougher than he actually was.

A mobsman with Titi Alseppio behind him could really be tough if he wanted to be. Skid had drifted into the Olympia that night with two of his little playmates. Hard eggs, those guys, the Poor Boy told himself. And right away Skid had singled out Gladys. He cut in. The Poor Boy didn't mind much. He didn't want Gladys to dance with a gunman, but what could a guy do?

But when Skid cut in again and again, and finally called the Poor Boy back to the coat room, calmly announcing that he intended taking Gladys home that night, the Poor Boy found himself up against it. Skid's two tough little playmates were with him, of course, and out of the corner of his eye the Poor Boy could see them thumbing guns in their coat pockets.

"I'm making your gal my gal, see?" Skid had announced calmly. The Poor Boy at first had started to lash out with his fists. But he was glad now he had used his head. He wouldn't have had a chance.

And then Danny Meloy had sauntered in. Danny was the neighborhood cop. And at that time Danny had seemed to be a solution of the problem. The Poor Boy groaned and buried his head in his hands as he thought of it. He had gone to Danny—as the guy from the Gold Coast in the ritzy Loop hotel would undoubtedly have done—and had appealed to Danny for protection.

So help him, he'd never forget the look of scorn in Gladys Donovan's eyes when he told her that Danny was going to walk home with them. She had seemed incredulous at first—absolutely wouldn't believe that the Poor Boy had called on a cop to protect him from Skid Brumfield. Gladys had known Skid all her life, too, you see. But finally it dawned on her that the Poor Boy was not kidding. And that look of scorn! So help him, he'd never forget it. So help him!

She had flounced out of the Olympia.

"You take Johnny home, Mr. Meloy," she had flung over her shoulder. "He probably needs a cop to take him home—or somewheres."

The Poor Boy groaned aloud. Here he was, an honest guy, with an honest job, trying to be decent, go straight, when the Lord knew there was plenty of money for a guy like him if he wanted to join up with the mobs. And just because he had acted like an honest guy—called in a cop when he had been threatened by a gunman—he had been put down in the book as a yellow little heel, and had lost his girl besides.

He looked out of the window. Down half a block a big black car was parked a few yards from Pat O'Leary's saloon. He wondered idly where the gray sedan had gone. He was used to seeing the gray sedan parked where the black car was now parked. The gray sedan was always filled with four or five of Cheerio Horton's men—men loaded with guns and placed there to protect Pat O'Leary from raids by Titi Alseppio's gangsters. Protection! What a laugh that was, the Poor Boy thought. Pat O'Leary would have been glad enough to have got rid of the protection the gangs afforded him. But he couldn't. The Poor Boy noticed the men in the black sedan were swarthy, dark fellows. Suddenly it hit him.

Titi Alseppio had muscled in on Pat O'Leary—muscled in and driven Cheerio Horton's hoodlums away. The Poor Boy laughed bitterly. That wop was sure doing a lot of muscling these days. Looked like maybe he was going to wipe Cheerio clean off the map, gobble up the whole South Side. Well, it didn't matter much to the Poor Boy what mob sold beer and booze to the saloons. He thanked his lucky stars he wasn't mixed up with the mobs, that he had an honest, regular job.

Mentally he pictured the muscling in at Pat O'Leary's. He knew the process. It seldom varied, except sometimes—very seldom, though—there was a little gunplay. He knew a kid whose daddy—a bartender—had been killed by a muscle man. The muscle man hadn't meant to do it, the Poor Boy guessed. He was just a big, strong guy and the bartender had been a little fellow, and weak. The muscle man had just got hold of his throat and held on too long. That was all there was to it.

A muscle man was just what the name implied. He was a part of a mob; a little cog in a big, smooth-running machine. Wonderful business, that mob business, the Poor Boy reflected. Everybody—the general public—thought a mob was just a gang of ignorant hoodlums bossed by another ignorant hoodlum; a gang of hoodlums who worked without rime or reason, each mobsman carrying a gun and using it every chance he got. When, as a matter of fact, the Poor Boy reflected, a big mob was one of the smoothest-running businesses on earth. A mob was a great, big, powerful machine made up of a thousand and one little cogs, each cog with a special duty to perform. Specialty men, these cogs were—highly skilled specialty men. No waste motion in a big mob, the Poor Boy reflected. Every cog—every specialty man—had a certain duty to perform. And at the head of it all, manipulating the levers to make the big, frictionless machine work, was a master brain; a man as highly skilled, as thoroughly businesslike as the head of any great, legitimate corporation. He laughed at the public's belief that Cheerio Horton and Titi Alseppio were really the heads of their mobs. They were mere figureheads, he knew; bigger brains were really running the mobs.

The Poor Boy laughed again as he thought of something he had read somewhere. It had been in a magazine or a book, and some writer guy had stated that a gangster was a hoodlum who had made his kill, implying that every gangster was a murderer; that he could not leave the hoodlum class—that is, the kid class—until he had done murder. The Poor Boy laughed uproariously at that. He thought of the harmless men, some of them highly paid, who were an important part of every gang; men who wouldn't kill a fly and yet were, undoubtedly, gangsters. He thought of the big muscle men of Titi Alseppio's mob; great, hulking men with muscles of iron who wouldn't carry a gun for any amount of money and who, some of them, wouldn't commit murder for a million dollars.

Muscle men! He mulled over the words. He felt of his muscles, which were hard and sinewy. He could be a muscle man if he wanted to, he told himself. He was big enough and strong enough. But no! He'd stick at an honest job. To the dickens with this mob business!

He wondered if Titi's muscle men had given Pat any trouble, and whether Cheerio's men in the gray sedan had offered resistance. He guessed not. He could picture the scene. The gray sedan with its gang of Horton hoodlums would be parked where it always had been parked, when two or three of Titi's hoodlum busses swooped down on it. Cheerio's men probably didn't know what it was all about until it was too late. Somebody in one of Titi's cars probably told the gray-sedan driver to shove off, and he'd shoved off without a word. Which was wise.

Then the black cars, loaded with machine guns and sawed-off shotguns, would park outside Pat's saloon and Titi's muscle men would go in. Perhaps only one muscle man would go in. He would be a great big guy with bulging muscles and a pan as tough as January weather.

Perhaps Titi Alseppio's kill would go along also, but he would keep out of it, unless it was absolutely necessary that he work. Titi's kill would be a little, narrow-shouldered guy with a fuzzy little mustache and the mildest blue eyes you ever saw. The Poor Boy knew him by sight; had seen him lots of times. He, too, formed a cog—an important cog—in the mob's machine. The kill also was just what the word implies. He was Titi's professional killer.

The kill would probably lag behind the muscle man. He'd sit down in a corner of the saloon and appear as inconspicuous as possible. Unless it became absolutely necessary, the kill would not operate. And generally when muscle men work, it is not necessary for the kill to do his stuff.

The muscle man would order a glass of beer from Pat O'Leary, who would be behind the bar. He'd take a sip of it and then throw it on the floor.

"Whose beer you using, O'Leary?" he'd demand. Perhaps O'Leary would tell him he was using Cheerio Horton's beer; perhaps O'Leary would be evasive.

"Well, it's no good," the muscle man would say.

Maybe, to show who he was, he'd casually throw a beer glass at a mirror, or maybe he'd pick up a chair and break it across the bar. Just casual-like, see? To throw the big scare into O'Leary. Because that's what muscle men are for, anyway—to throw the big scare into folks. They're generally big bruisers, good in a rough-and-tumble. But the Poor Boy knew there were muscle men who had operated for years and had never been in a fight. Just the big scare—that's all a muscle man is for anyway.

And then he'd turn to the customers: "Let's drink up this slop, guys, and maybe O'Leary will buy some that's fit to drink." He'd turn back to O'Leary. "Start drawing, O'Leary," he'd order.

And O'Leary, being nobody's fool, would know by this time he was being muscled, and he'd start drawing beer. If he didn't know, and objected, then the muscle man would start to work. He'd very effectively wreck the saloon and beat the stuffing out of O'Leary. And all the while the kill would be sitting inconspicuously in a corner, ready to murder O'Leary or anybody else at a moment's notice. But generally murder isn't necessary. As soon as a muscle man shows, bartenders start drawing beer.

If there happened to be plenty of customers in the saloon the muscle man would allow them to drink up the beer.

The mobs like to stand in with the general public—the drinking public—and nothing makes a crowd madder than to have a muscle man throw away good beer. But if the crowd happened to be small the muscle man would make Pat O'Leary open his spigots, allowing the beer to run to the floor.

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Before He Had Half a Chance to Look Surprised, the Poor Boy Had Him Collared. "Fade, Dirty-Face—Fade!" He Hissed Through His Clenched Teeth

1930—Being a Chapter From an Ancient History of the Year 25,000

By Thomas McMorrow

DECORATIONS BY HENRY J. SOULEN

SCIENCE teaches us that Man originated in the valley of the Mississippi; by the year 1930 he had attained the highest degree of material civilization that the world has seen, and had spread over the entire habitable globe. Until recent years, our acquaintance with that first civilization was by mere conjecture and surmise; little had come down to us but its system of chronology.

A great and immediate impetus to migration was given by the discovery of Europe, by Dædalus, or Linberg, of whom little else is known. Tradition, always entertaining, but rarely reliable, has it that he flew to Europe through the air. He was deified for his great feat; while he still lived, altars were raised to him. He is said to have been humane and to have protested against human sacrifice; the religion of early America had much that was noble and inspiring, but was all too commonly stained by these sanguinary rites. It centered in Mexico; Linberg, however, was not a Mexican but an Iroquois, one of a progressive people that dwelt in the city of New Ark on the northern seacoast, working in metals and carrying on a considerable commerce.

Men of science have given to us at last a clear and intelligible picture of the first civilization, showing us how men lived then and telling us that they were not unlike ourselves. The so-called Dark Ages, beginning between the years 2000 and 3000 and continuing in impenetrable night for nearly a hundred centuries, intervene between us and them; all honor to the bold and persevering men who, emulating Linberg of old, succeeded in crossing that gulf!

There is basis for the belief that the Dark Ages were preceded and even caused by an era of universal war; war is the result of homicidal mania, afflicting a community and not an individual. To understand its place in the ancient world, we must remember that madness is not disease to primitive man. We shall study war at length in a later chapter and need touch on it only briefly in this prefatory sketch. Our prehistoric forefathers, we shall learn, were a savage race, but we should not be ashamed of our kinship, for they were fertile of mind and had much of innate nobility and even heroism.

We shall acknowledge our savage ancestor the more freely when we appreciate the degree to which he was the creature and victim of his environment. Even the weather was not under his control; the winds blew where they would, and the rain fell indifferently on the springing crops and on the festal procession. Soothsayers predicted the weather from the flight of birds, and these predictions were gravely reported in the daily bulletins or newspapers. The weather and most other human affairs were in the keeping of Luck, to be invoked by tapping on wood; invocations were "Here's Luck" and "Good Luck." Luck was represented as a blind woman holding a sword and scales.

We shall find instruction in accompanying prehistoric man through a day of his life as it now stands minutely revealed to us by modern research.

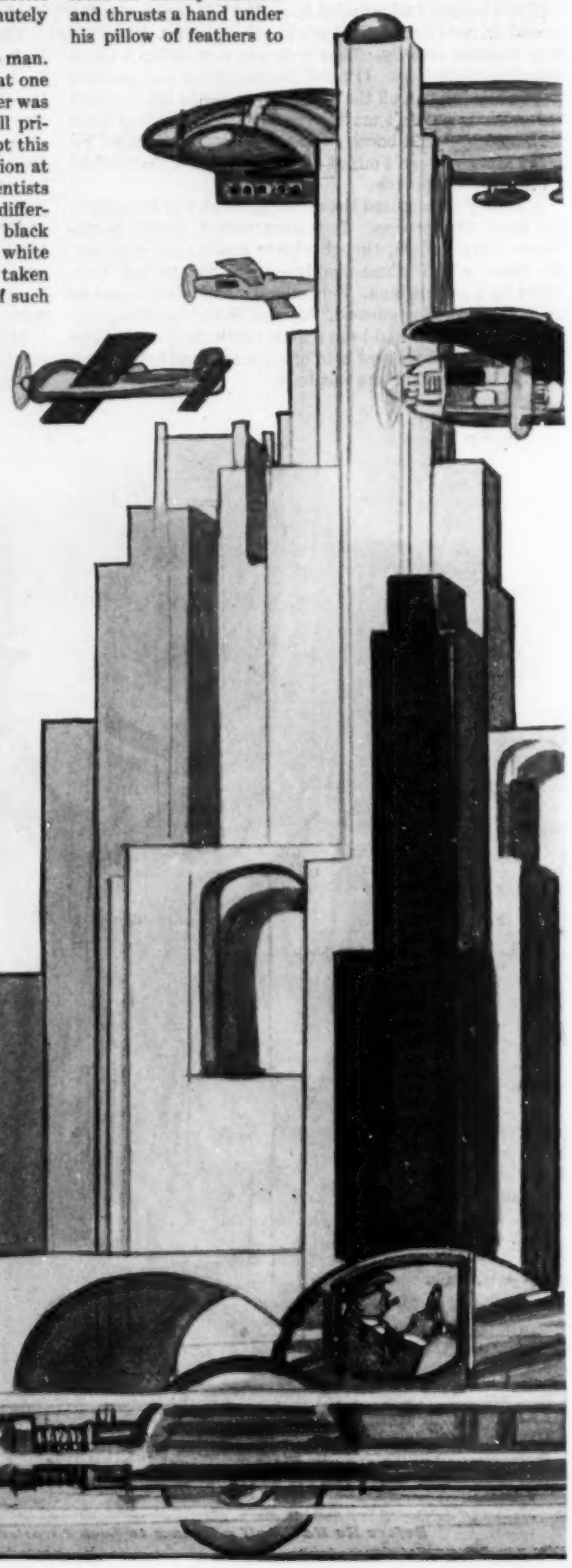
We avoid an initial difficulty by choosing a white man. In those days the tribes of men varied in hue, so that one was white as snow and another black as coal; another was all red and another yellow, and so they included all primary colors and several derivatives. We must accept this bizarre condition as a fact; until the recent excavation at the House of the Past in the city of New Ark, scientists were wont to think that the puzzling references to differences in color were poetical. Men were said to turn black with rage, green with envy, blue with sorrow and white with fear; such changes were clearly impossible if taken literally. But now we know that men were indeed of such colors—white and black and green and blue; the Iroquois women—strange anomaly—were mottled, being pink and white. This differentiation persisted almost into historic times; the mingling that made of man a single race is supposed to have occurred in the Dark Ages. When we cross that gulf we are in the very laboratory of Nature. And what an incredible world; how full of wonder and of terror!

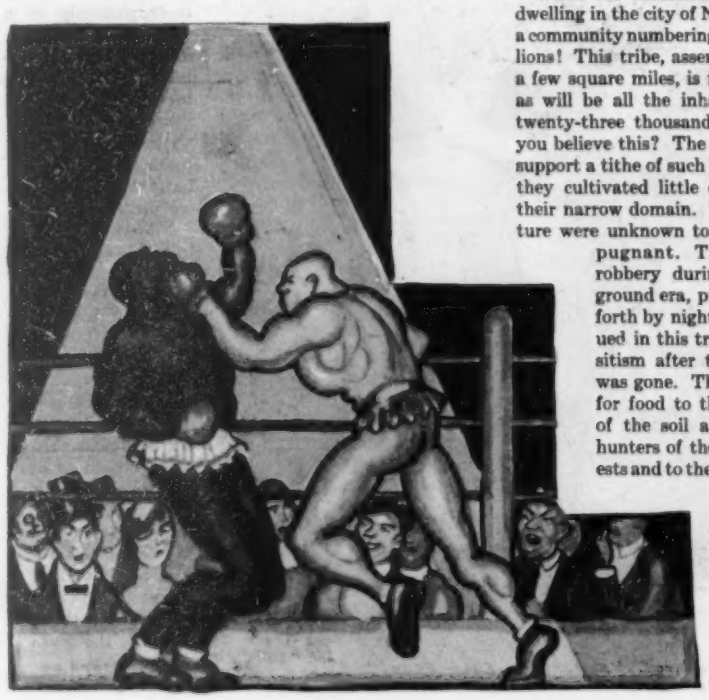
We choose, then, a milk-white man, child of the cave-dwelling tribe. His people issued, many generations before, from the vast and labyrinthine caverns of the river valley. Our subject is not only white of skin but shows by other tokens that his people were troglodytic; he has bleached hair and blue eyes! Yes, his eyes are as blue as the sky, without the pigmentation that is produced by sunlight. And yet, so adaptable is man, this unsunned creature is not degenerate or sickly; on the contrary, he is unusually tall and strong and vigorous. His people, issuing forth at last, have enslaved the black race of Mexico and have even compelled the respect of the aristocratic red race of the North, commonly called the noble red man, or the noble savage.

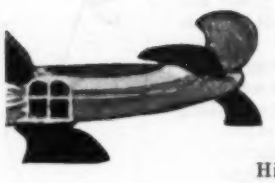
When our excursion begins, our white man is dwelling in the city of New Ark and is a member of a community numbering nearly three millions. Millions! This tribe, assembled within a territory of a few square miles, is nearly as numerous as will be all the inhabitants of Europe twenty-three thousand years later. Can you believe this? The territory could not support a tithe of such multitudes, and yet they cultivated little of the land within their narrow domain. The arts of agriculture were unknown to them; perhaps repugnant. They had lived by robbery during the underground era, probably issuing forth by night; they continued in this traditional parasitism after the need for it was gone. They still looked for food to the black tillers of the soil and to the red hunters of the primeval forests and to the obscure race—green or blue—that subsisted on fish and paid homage to Triton or Dagon.

Tradition was strong upon the New Arkers; in their city they reproduced with remarkable fidelity the conditions of their ancestral caverns, flooring the earth with stone until no living thing grew, tunneling endlessly, burrowing away from the sunlight. The colored races supplied them with food in exchange for the multifarious machines created in the city.

We see our white New Arker lying on a bed of skins as the light of morning creeps into his chamber; he starts from an uneasy slumber and thrusts a hand under his pillow of feathers to







grasp a weapon, while his weird blue eyes roll fearfully. What does he fear? What beast of prey could come upon him here in the heart of his city? This we shall learn. We shall learn the woeful price he pays for his marvelous civilization—he lives always in the shadow of retribution! The ancient world was not ruled by justice, as we use the term, nor even by expediency, but by stark fear.

His alarm subsides; the strong bolts and nets wherewith he secured his chamber before daring to fall asleep have not been forced. The traps that he set at door and windows have not been sprung. He arises, peeps from behind a curtain to see what weather good Luck has sent him, and proceeds to dress himself.

We shall go more fully into the subject of dress in another place; a few general observations will serve here. The ancients, we know, did not dress for comfort or for distinction of appearance but to induce a copious and constant perspiration; this because of the variety of poisons that they consumed and that had to be thrown off by the skin. They went heavily muffled at all times, even in the heat of summer and, giving a religious meaning to what was originally a rule of health, considered it wicked to show any part of the body but the head and hands; no matter how hot the day, a New Arker found abroad without clothing would be haled before a magistrate and punished as for a crime. So now our New Arker swathes himself in garments, layer on layer; he has underclothing and overclothing, coats and overcoats, shoes and overshoes; he examines them minutely to see that in none of them is there a rent or crevice. If so much as a toe or two peep from his shoes, he is disconsolate; he can't go out like that! This is an exaggeration, but a plausible one.

Our New Arker has on his last overcoat and hat; he now proceeds to equip his pockets with the necessities of that day. In one pocket he places a supply of gold. Nothing—not even food—may be had in New Ark, not by the worthiest citizen, unless gold is given for it; even the rulers receive a stipend of gold! It is a medium for exchanging services; the citizen gives his services to the community and receives their equivalent in gold. Popular demand, not always wise, fixes the ratio of exchange. The system has its obvious faults, but it marks an advance from living by robbery and trains men to live by service; when to live by service becomes instinctive, these quaint counters will disappear. That time is, in this year 1930, still remote, requiring a chastening of human nature.

In another pocket our New Arker bestows a weapon, ready to kill; in another he puts a flask of alcohol, used as a drink. He has also his chronometer, his pouch of tobacco, being the dried leaves of a cultivated plant, and his pipe for smoking opium. He crams into his mouth a handful of tobacco leaves, lights his opium pipe at a brazier and goes to the door. See how cautiously he retracts the bolts, how fearfully he peeps over the threshold! But he finds no foe lying in wait for him, and he goes forth.

His home is a cell in a giant building, called a hotel, wherein dwell thousands of adults; the family, as we will come to know it, does not exist among the ancients. He begins the weary descent of a succession of ladders; he is inured to fatigue and has legs of steel, but he makes a station at a new level now and then and drinks from his flask.

Yes, he drinks alcohol; his system is astoundingly tolerant of poisons. One of his contemporaries, Mithridates by name, can swallow without discomfort a heaping spoonful of any poison known. Our New Arker consumes not only alcohol with impunity but also caffeine, opium and nicotine; the condiments wherewith he sprinkles his food are boric acid, formaldehyde and oil of bitter almonds. His clothing and the exertion of ascending and descending in his topless buildings cause his skin to excrete poison rapidly.

Arriving at last in the street, he goes for his morning meal to a saloon—a shop for the sale of food and, hardly less, for the dispensing of poisons. At this place our hero doses himself with caffeine and refills his flask with alcohol. There has been as yet no attempt to stop the poison traffic. We bear in mind that these people lived until recently by robbery and made a long step forward when they reached the conception of living by interchange of services. Public opinion has become reconciled to peace—called the king's peace—but is not yet ready for the next interference with natural liberty.

Our white man sits at a board and devours his portion of grilled horse meat. The flesh of the horse—a huge animal that became extinct during the Dark Ages—is the chief article of food in this city; horses are bred in countless herds. [It was thought at one time that horses, which were larger than oxen and nimbler than goats, were used in traction, as oxen are with us, but we know now that the ancients had invented innumerable machines to do their work; one machine—an iron horse—bore its rider like the wind, and another could pull up a large tree!] He tosses the bones to the cats and dogs and hogs among the rushes, and opens his newspaper.

[To grasp the function of the newspaper in the ancient world, we must realize that man burned with primitive curiosity. In the natural order, curiosity

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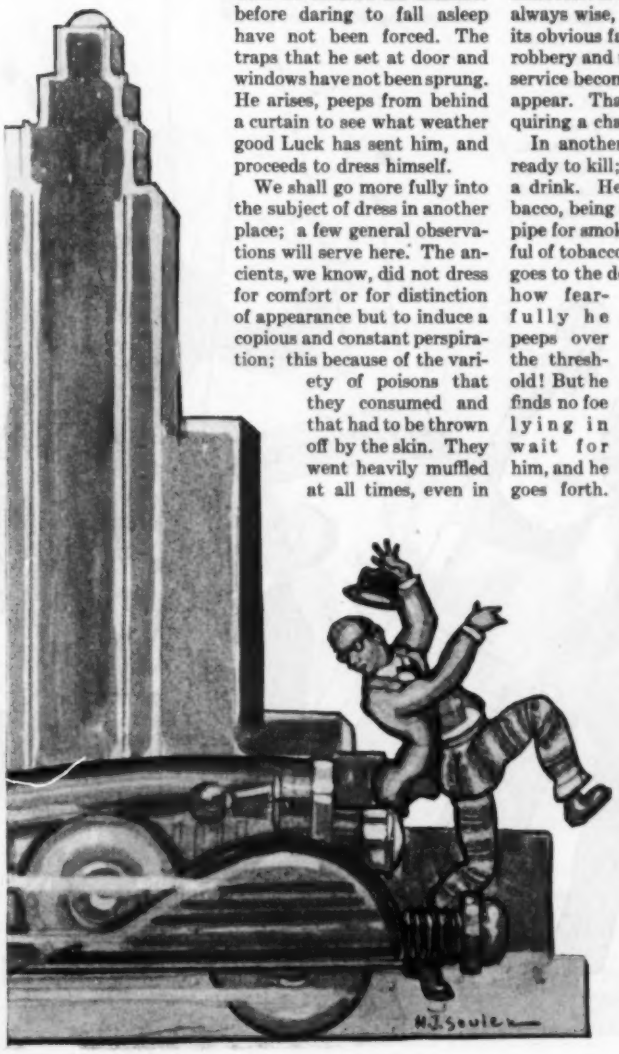


MANAGEMENT AND SIZE

By Henry Ford and Samuel Crowther

DECORATION BY WYNCIE KING

A FIXED and rigid system of management is not really a system of management at all; it is just a system. And anyone who attempts to manage according to rules will do well to inquire whether he is managing or is being managed. For the nice point in management is to discover whether one is directing affairs or whether one is being directed by them.

It is quite easy to sit in an office, read reports and know more or less about everything, after it has happened. But that is not management. Everything that happens or can happen in—that is, within, inside—a business ought to be the direct result of what the managers have specifically arranged. If these results are good it will be because the judgment of the managers has been good. The complete responsibility for success or for failure is with the management. But when I say the management I mean managers, men; I do not mean a system of precedents and by-laws.

The sea captain sails by his charts; he can do that because the sea route has been charted. But American business is now sailing over seas that have never been passed before. There are no management charts in the wheelhouse of progressive business; if there are, they are the charts of areas long past. What American business is depending on now is the man on the bridge—the living manager—whose only charts are his foresight and his insight and his sense of the new trade winds that are beginning to blow. To suggest that you can make a manager by stuffing him full of a system of management which worked fairly well ten or twenty years ago is to suggest that business is a ferryboat plying in familiar waters between two commonplace ports. But business today is an explorer's ship; it is always meeting new conditions. No system of management can guide it; it depends on the man on the bridge. If we can only get clearly in mind the difference between a system of management and a manager, then we shall have come a long step toward facing business problems from the angle of mastery.

An Anchor to Civilization

SOMETIMES we in our company meet men who have taken our books as their business Bibles and are trying to run their businesses as we ran ours ten years ago. They thought they had found in our books a complete system of management which only needed to be applied and it would automatically produce results. But what the books recorded was the result of substituting the vital manager mind for the dead management mind. If there was any value in this it was in the suggestion that the man and not the system should always dominate. Of what use was it, then, for any business man to take our results and create another system of management out of them? What we want him to do is to disregard all systems, get to the wheel of his own business and give himself to it. That is the only effective management today—the vital cord of connection between the man and the service he is trying to give society through his business.

Of course this is not a theory of management. It is a theory of business. And doubtless the old wrong theory of management has persisted so long because the old lazy and selfish theory of business has persisted so long. Business has been regarded as a pump which can be profitably used to supply the needs of the owners of the pump. If the pump could be made to operate automatically and thus relieve its owners from the labor of operating the pump handle, so much the better; it would be regarded as a great advance in business method. In reality it would be a great reverse. Systems of management are designed to relieve owners from running their own pumps. The owners desire to be thus relieved because they do not see that their pumps are necessary to social salvation—that is, they do not see business in other than a narrowly selfish light.

Now if the mutations of past business experience and the omens of the immediate future are saying anything to us, it is that business is more than a means of providing its owners with a living and luxuries, that business is national defense and social education and economic supply and racial destiny all rolled into one, that it is this day our one earthly anchor to all that civilization means, and that the business man is nothing more than a dollar-a-year man serving in a great cause.

We saw that during the war. Why is it that we do not see it in this greater present crisis? Without noise of machinery, without operation of political laws, even without the knowledge of the prophets and wise men of the selfish order or system, business is shifting its base—rather, is being shifted. The gap between what the traffic will bear and fair and equal exchange of goods and services grows wider. The system of what the traffic will bear is doomed, has heard its doom and is moving away into outer darkness. Nothing seemed so solid and stable as the edifice of selfish business; in reality it is this moment as a snow bank slowly settling under the April sun. It is disappearing in response to a law that Congress would not recognize, even if it walked right down the center aisle to the Speaker's desk.

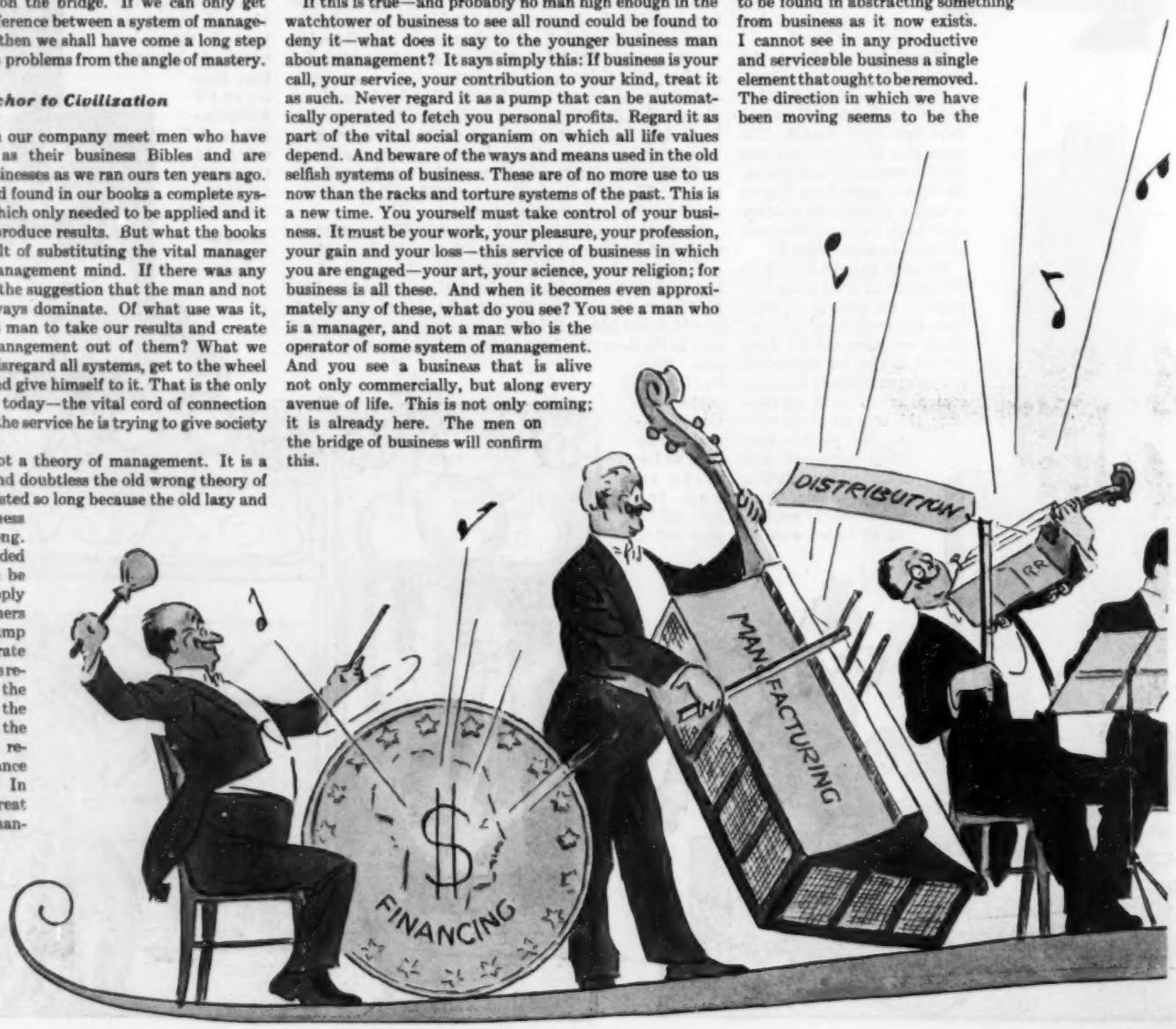
If this is true—and probably no man high enough in the watchtower of business to see all round could be found to deny it—what does it say to the younger business man about management? It says simply this: If business is your call, your service, your contribution to your kind, treat it as such. Never regard it as a pump that can be automatically operated to fetch you personal profits. Regard it as part of the vital social organism on which all life values depend. And beware of the ways and means used in the old selfish systems of business. These are of no more use to us now than the racks and torture systems of the past. This is a new time. You yourself must take control of your business. It must be your work, your pleasure, your profession, your gain and your loss—this service of business in which you are engaged—your art, your science, your religion; for business is all these. And when it becomes even approximately any of these, what do you see? You see a man who is a manager, and not a man who is the operator of some system of management. And you see a business that is alive not only commercially, but along every avenue of life. This is not only coming; it is already here. The men on the bridge of business will confirm this.

There is nothing that will contribute to making a proper conception of management so much as a proper conception of the function of business; and without a proper view of business, no management, however energetic and alert it may be, can achieve success. Business success is not measured by what owners may be able to gather for themselves but by what the business does to the country. By this standard of judgment, business has left us much to desire. It has not been wholly successful. Any activity that periodically lets down a nation, or that repeatedly commits the same error at the public expense, cannot be called successful. If the founders of our Government had so constructed it that at periods of five or ten years the governmental system should collapse, we would be quick to conclude that they had not been successful builders, that the design they built upon was wrong or that the managers were incapable.

Where Systems of Management Fail

SHALL we be less intelligently critical or outspoken regarding business? The degree to which business is intelligent and responsible may be determined by the degree of shame and better resolution with which it views its failure to function to the comfort and security of the whole people. Whatever breaks down shows wrong design or poor management. Business, however exalted by financial power and commercial prowess, cannot be made an exception to this rule.

And yet it would be wrong to conclude that the betterment we seek is to be found in abstracting something from business as it now exists. I cannot see in any productive and serviceable business a single element that ought to be removed. The direction in which we have been moving seems to be the

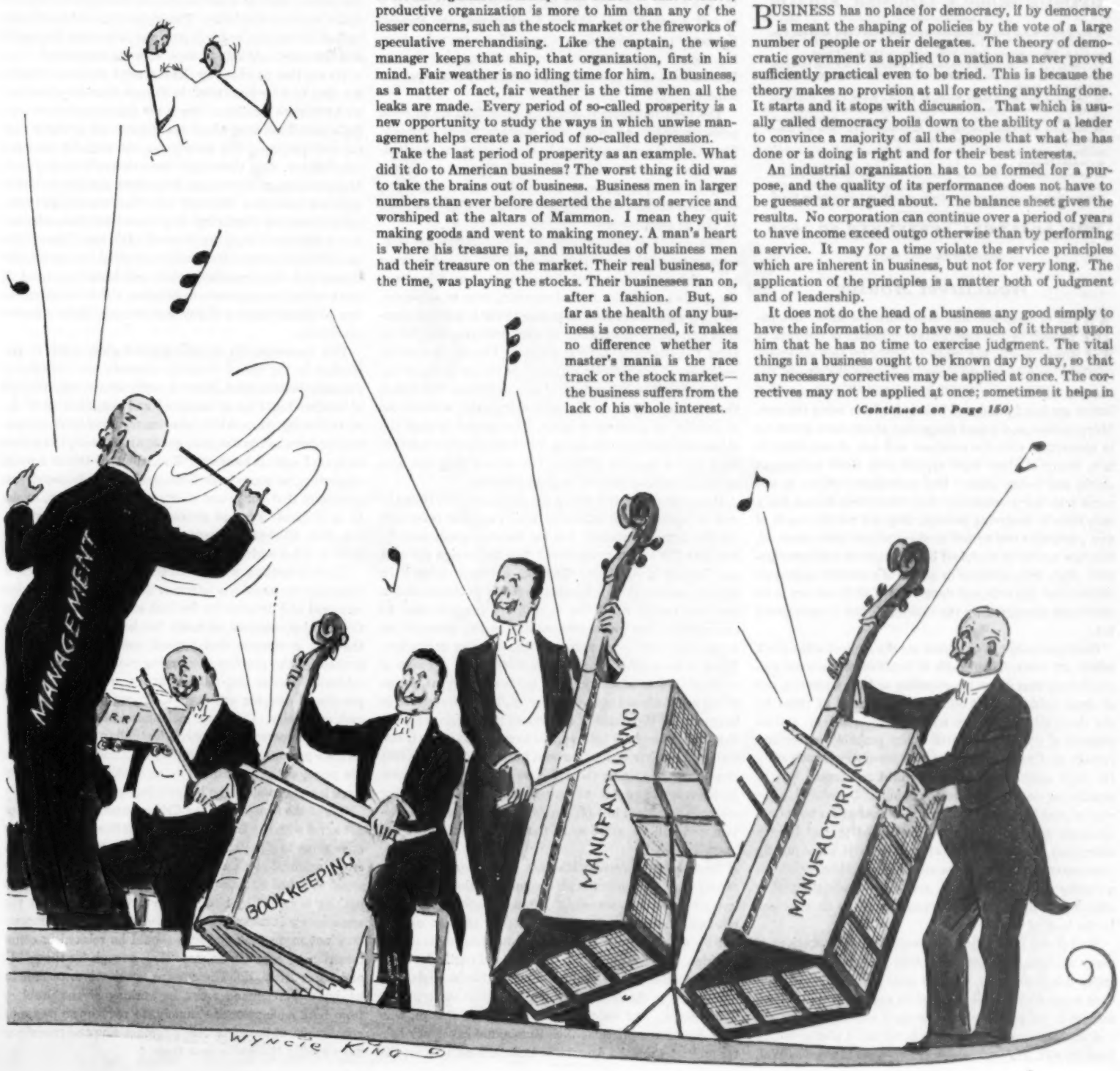


right one. What we have been doing seems to be necessary and useful. We are not confronted with the task of tearing down and throwing away what we have built.

What is needed is rather the addition of something which is now lacking, the addition of a new ingredient more representative of the human personality, which is, after all, the mainspring of business. The damage wrought by neatly carpentered systems of management is that they have permitted a divided personality. A man was a business man for the purpose of gaining enough money to permit him to be something else. Now, an artist is not an artist for the purpose of gaining enough means and leisure to become a brickmason, nor is a statesman devoted to statecraft for the purpose of finding means to raise horses. But business as a makeshift, and not as a career in the public service, has been quite widely practiced.

What Prosperity Did to Business

ALL systems of management are in the interests of those who would get as far away from their business as possible and run it by proxy. No man devoted to his science or art or other service runs it by proxy. Deprived of the whole personality, business has been crippled. It has developed such pathological slogans as "Business is business."



As a matter of fact, business is human. Nothing human is alien to it. That is the missing ingredient. When it is added the whole character of the mixture is changed.

It is during fair weather that management needs to be especially alert and wary. There is nothing so trying to the morale of a business organization as a run of success. The tendency then is to let the business run on and fill its orders while the leaders pleasantly contemplate their triumph. The danger is not apparent, but it is already present. It is the same danger that assails the football squad after the training and playing season is over—the organization goes soft. The wise manager will be oftener on his rounds in so-called good times because it is in good times that all the seeds of bad times are sown. That is a fact impressed upon the business community ceaselessly, but so far it has not been accepted.

In times of good business the wise manager will keep his organization in as strict training as when the outside going is harder. He will reduce the price, perhaps; not for the purpose of increasing sales—that is seldom the really important result—but for the purpose of keeping his organization keen on the quest of better methods. He will deliberately project into a satisfactory market an improved article, not because the public is demanding it—the public seldom does—but because he knows that he cannot afford to let his organization slump. The health of that creative, productive organization is more to him than any of the lesser concerns, such as the stock market or the fireworks of speculative merchandising. Like the captain, the wise manager keeps that ship, that organization, first in his mind. Fair weather is no idling time for him. In business, as a matter of fact, fair weather is the time when all the leaks are made. Every period of so-called prosperity is a new opportunity to study the ways in which unwise management helps create a period of so-called depression.

Take the last period of prosperity as an example. What did it do to American business? The worst thing it did was to take the brains out of business. Business men in larger numbers than ever before deserted the altars of service and worshiped at the altars of Mammon. I mean they quit making goods and went to making money. A man's heart is where his treasure is, and multitudes of business men had their treasure on the market. Their real business, for the time, was playing the stocks. Their businesses ran on, after a fashion. But, so far as the health of any business is concerned, it makes no difference whether its master's mania is the race track or the stock market—the business suffers from the lack of his whole interest.

Most of these men are back at work now, but some of them will never be as good workers again. The taste of speculative gain has weakened their creative fiber. Some, however, have learned a lesson, not only of value to themselves but of great value to the country; when next we have a period called prosperity these men, lanterns in hand, will be in every corner of the ship preventing the causes of reversal. One is very hopeful over American business when one sees the willingness of business men to learn their lesson. The business fabric of America, and by that I mean the intellectual and moral caliber of our business men, is far stronger today than it was two years ago. Business men have learned that there is no substitute for work and that there is no gain comparable to mastery of their craft.

The objective of every business must be the doing of a useful thing in the most economical manner. No business will run itself. No methods or formulas can be devised to substitute for human judgment and leadership. There can be no judgment without a complete knowledge of that which is to be judged. There can be no leadership if the leader does not know what he is leading. The leadership must be in one person, and, therefore, the final and decisive judgment must be in one person.

The Weakness in a Democracy

BUSINESS has no place for democracy, if by democracy is meant the shaping of policies by the vote of a large number of people or their delegates. The theory of democratic government as applied to a nation has never proved sufficiently practical even to be tried. This is because the theory makes no provision at all for getting anything done. It starts and it stops with discussion. That which is usually called democracy boils down to the ability of a leader to convince a majority of all the people that what he has done or is doing is right and for their best interests.

An industrial organization has to be formed for a purpose, and the quality of its performance does not have to be guessed at or argued about. The balance sheet gives the results. No corporation can continue over a period of years to have income exceed outgo otherwise than by performing a service. It may for a time violate the service principles which are inherent in business, but not for very long. The application of the principles is a matter both of judgment and of leadership.

It does not do the head of a business any good simply to have the information or to have so much of it thrust upon him that he has no time to exercise judgment. The vital things in a business ought to be known day by day, so that any necessary correctives may be applied at once. The correctives may not be applied at once; sometimes it helps in

(Continued on Page 150)

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 20, 1930

Wall-Street Abuses

MEN of judgment and experience are surely not impressed by the destructive outbreaks of criticism of Wall Street. We do not mean to imply by this statement that the various mechanisms, including the Stock Exchange, which center in what is loosely known as Wall Street are free from flaws. This is far from being the case. Many serious, and indeed dangerous, abuses have grown up in connection with the purchase and sale of securities; in fact, many of them have existed ever since dealings in stocks and bonds began. But such imperfections do not come into being suddenly; they have been known for a long time to observing persons; they are not the result of any particular rise or fall in share prices; and, above all, they are not to be exorcised by a Congressional investigation. Only little children or adults of a mental equivalent believe that the evils and dangers of Wall Street are to be cured and prevented by the shaking of the Congressional fist.

Outcries against Wall Street are the loudest when stock prices are weak. Then much is heard of professional manipulators, bear drives, short selling and the squeezing out of small holders. That stocks are depressed at times by the short selling of bears admits of no question, and an element of unwarranted artificiality probably enters into certain of these operations. But often the opportunity for such assaults has been provided previously by the equally unjustified excesses of the bulls. Overdoing in the way of pushing stocks too high is winked at far too often, although its scale is admitted to exceed that of bearish operations, and the harm which results is consequently more extensive. In any case such excesses either way, like a rapidly moving pendulum, are finally moderated; after wild swings upward and downward there is an approach to the level of values.

Wall Street is merely an expression of the operations of many millions of people throughout the country who originate, distribute, buy and sell securities. It is free and open to any person who wishes to engage in its business activities. Its personnel is made up of men from every section and state in the Union. It is recruited almost hourly from outside. The men who operate what is known as Wall Street were not born there; they come from Missouri, Illinois, Texas, Maine and every other state.

The fact that so much of the criticism of Wall Street is bosh, consisting of words and phrases strung together without meaning, has an unfortunate effect, in that the persons in authority in respect to the financial machinery would be more than human if they did not tend to discount all criticism leveled against the institutions with which they are connected. They have to withstand so much uninformed stricture that they cannot be expected to listen sufficiently to that which is informed. Wall Street is an exceedingly complicated piece of machinery, consisting of stock exchanges, banks, bankers, corporations, holding companies, investment trusts, and the like. For it to function free from abuse and danger is a tremendous task requiring hard, constructive work.

About Russian Exports

LENIN was once reported to have said that the less food there was in Russia, the more necessary it was to talk about war. More recent events have served to suggest that the less goods there are in Russia, the more necessary it is to talk about exports. Within the last year the Russian Government has exerted strenuous efforts toward enlarging the volume of export of commodities from Russia. Russia, more than most countries, needs exports to pay for imports.

The need to export is probably intensified by internal price conditions resulting from depreciation of currency. Since trade is not free, it is up to the government to stimulate exports in every way possible. It is the ways and means adopted to export Russian goods that have brought the subject of Russian exports to the attention of governments as well as competitors.

The materials especially under consideration are coal, manganese, timber and pulp wood. These materials have been sold at prices regarded as surprisingly low. Sometimes the goods are sold by formal contract prior to shipment. In other cases the materials appear in the importing countries quite after the fashion of open consignments, which exert the effects of distress cargoes. Protests voiced by producers of competitive materials in the countries of import are based on one or both of two objections. The first is that the materials are produced or transported with the use of convict or indentured labor. The second is that the shipments constitute dumping. The first objection resolves itself into a question of fact. The second objection also involves considerations of large importance.

Dumping represents selling for export for less than the cost of production, or selling for export at lower price than for the domestic market. Are the Russian goods sold for less than the cost of production? Are the foreign prices of the Russian goods lower than the domestic prices? In order to answer these questions, industry in Russia and in the countries to which the exports are directed must be comparable. But in the communistic society there are no production costs comparable to those under capitalism. There is no wage, no interest on investment. A group of workers conduct a factory. They, or the government, decide to sell goods abroad at a certain price. The sum received in payment for the goods is divided as may be found best; the workers accept what happens to come out of the transaction. Price is not based on cost, but on entirely different considerations. Under these circumstances, what the commodities would cost if computed according to accounting methods employed in a private industry can hardly be determined—all the more so as the Russian books are not open.

Whether these commodities are sold at lower price for export than for consumption at home is also difficult or impossible of demonstration, because trade in Russia is not free. The materials are sold, not on an open market but by adjustment or arrangement between different industries. Much has been said about the particular difficulty imposed on the United States in the determination of the facts in the case by our lack of diplomatic relations with Russia. But we question whether the British, who have diplomatic relations with Russia, are in a much better position than the Americans to determine whether the Russian exports constitute dumping. Doubtless the decision will be made in most countries on broader than technical grounds.

The controversy presents a good illustration of the lack of comparability of prices and values under communism and private trade. But it is certain that these Russian exports are produced under living and labor conditions that are far below anything that Americans would tolerate at home.

Banditry

THE recent findings of a committee of the National Crime Commission in favor of payment by check as a method of circumventing pay-roll bandits is in no sense novel, nor does it provide a panacea in the war against crime. But the recommendation is well worth making and deserves all the circulation and publicity which can be given to it. We say that payment by check is not a panacea. Even if the use of checks becomes far more widespread than at present, various types of holdups, banditry, and the like, will continue. Cash must be used in many small transactions, and this cash must concentrate at various points, such as small stores, service stations, theater ticket windows and banks. These places are constantly attacked by bandits, and will continue to be until the police and the courts are able to cope with the situation.

We say that payment by check is not a panacea. Checks are used to a far less extent in Europe than here, and yet we have more banditry. Nor is the suggestion a new one. Reformers have long urged the greater use of checks for pay-roll purposes, not merely for the sake of lessening crime either. But there have been obstacles in the way. Many workmen have been prejudiced against receiving their pay in checks. Not only have they experienced difficulty in cashing checks but they have been inexperienced in the matters of banking involved. But the Crime Commission reports that opposition to payment by check is declining and that organized labor, and labor in general, is quite willing to coöperate in bringing about the termination of the old system of payment in cash, under suitable conditions.

This statement fits in with general observation of the increase in the use of checking accounts and indicates a welcome development. There is every reason why the use of checks should be so improved and simplified as to remove the objections which laboring men and labor organizations have had in the past, not the least being the added safeguard against banditry. To argue that this is a weak suggestion, as some have done, and that it is merely an admission that police and courts have fallen down, seems to us illogical. Perhaps police and courts have been lax, but, if so, all the more reason exists for business to protect itself in other ways.

There is nothing weak or in the nature of surrender in removing the incentives to crime. If the bandit can be discouraged and deterred by the lack of profit, as the Crime Commission suggests, so much the better. It has stated that "it is obvious that pay-roll robberies are directly invited by the practice of carrying cash." But countless robberies besides pay-roll banditries are caused by the practice of carrying and even displaying large amounts of cash or jewelry. Criminals make mistakes now and then, and hold up persons with only a few dollars and no jewelry on their persons. But the proportion of robberies in which the prize, either in cash or its equivalent, is temptingly large is significant in the highest degree.

One of the members of the Crime Commission who does not agree with the findings of the committee says that "we have come to a pretty pass indeed, if, in order to prevent crime, we must hide our money continually." But we have come to a bad situation indeed in respect to crime, and nothing is gained by blinking the fact. To discourage the unnecessary transportation, use and display of cash money does not mean that vigilance should be relaxed in other directions. There will be more than enough for the police and the courts to do. There seems nothing inconsistent to us, but only common sense, in working at the problem from both ends at once—namely, to reduce the prizes of crime while, at the same time, apprehending and punishing more swiftly those who seek them.

Why Students Fail

By Christian Gauss

Dean of the College, Princeton University

A FEW years ago there was a great outcry in one of our Western states. At the middle of the year its university had dropped 600 young men and women in its freshman class and had sent them back to their homes as incompetent. Yet these young men and women were graduates of high schools, and only six short months previously, they had received their diplomas before applauding parents and friends. In their local schools they had successfully completed their courses. Now they were ignominiously turned away as failures. These 600 ex-students constituted about a quarter of their class, and though we may admit that this percentage was higher than in most institutions, some such process of elimination is taking place in them all. It was assumed by many that the professors at the university had ceased doing their job and had gone on a rampage. Yet some such, and indeed an even worse, slaughter of the innocents is taking place quite regularly even in higher institutions that prepare for the so-called learned professions. A record of the men who fail to complete their course at the Harvard Law School, for instance, would here prove interesting.

Many a restless man, dissatisfied with his own lot and humdrum tasks in life, envies, let us say, some successful engineer of his acquaintance. He imagines that the only difference between himself and this professional man is that the latter was financially able to enter college and that somehow college mercifully and magically did the rest. Yet the facts tell a sadder story. Out of every five men who matriculated in the same engineering school, at least four, in all probability, turned out to be relative failures. Of every three men who enter college and with high hopes start to prepare themselves for this career, two never finish. In exact terms, only 37½ per cent ever leave with a diploma.

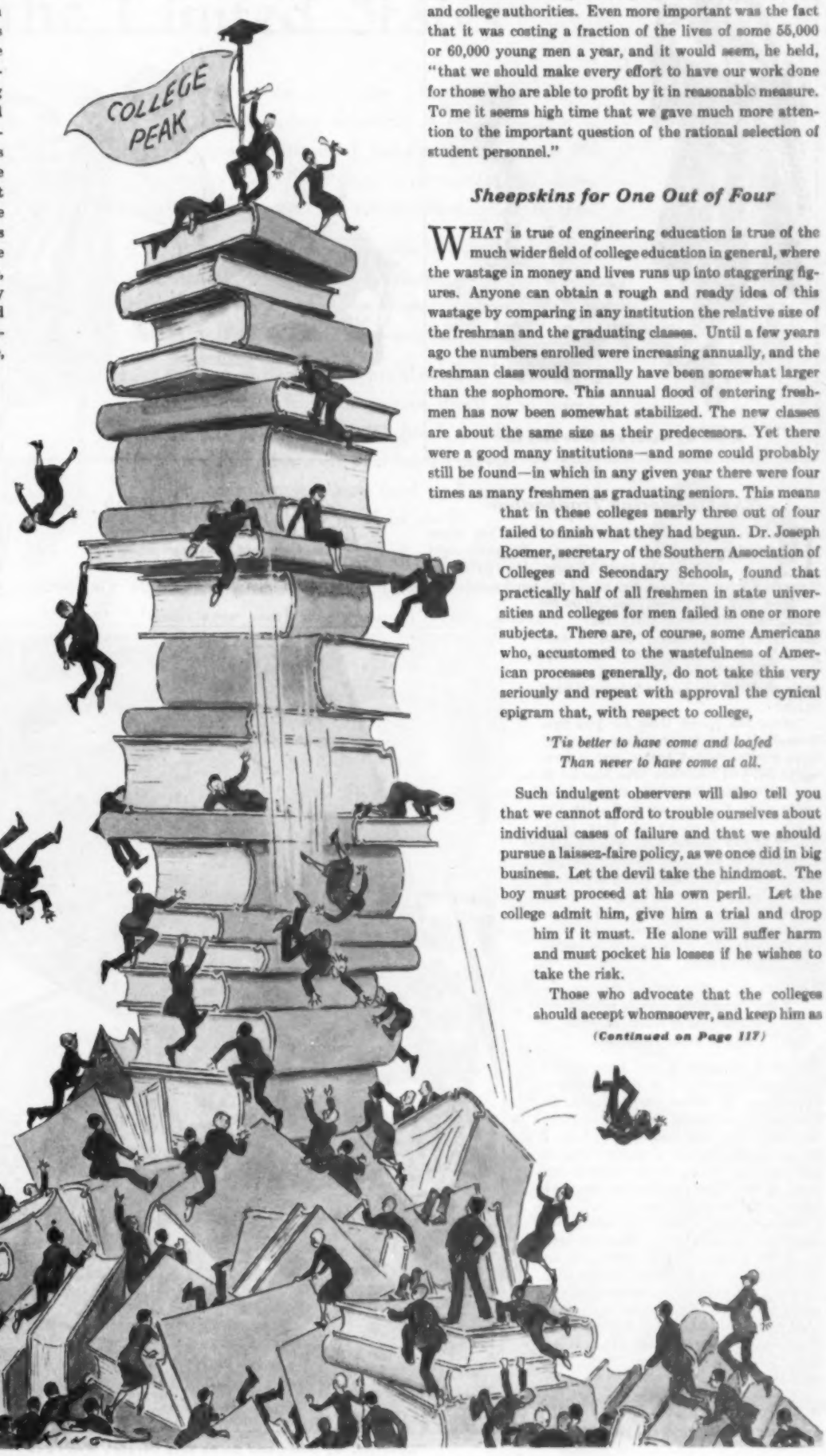
The High Cost of Engineers

THE Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education, aided by a grant of funds from the Carnegie Corporation, started some years ago to gather the materials for an exhaustive inquiry into the conditions in that field. Professor H. P. Hammond, who served as assistant director of the investigation, reported as follows:

"Of each 100 entering students, but sixty-two successfully complete the first year and proceed with their class, and but forty-two complete the first two years. The others drop out of college for one reason or another; the predominant reason being scholastic failure."

He held that engineering education was costing the people of this country in the neighborhood of $30,000,000 a year, and over and above this it was costing the efforts of a great body of conscientious teachers and college authorities. Even more important was the fact that it was costing a fraction of the lives of some 55,000 or 60,000 young men a year, and it would seem, he held, "that we should make every effort to have our work done for those who are able to profit by it in reasonable measure. To me it seems high time that we gave much more attention to the important question of the rational selection of student personnel."

DECORATION BY WYNCIE KING



Sheepskins for One Out of Four

WHAT is true of engineering education is true of the much wider field of college education in general, where the wastage in money and lives runs up into staggering figures. Anyone can obtain a rough and ready idea of this wastage by comparing in any institution the relative size of the freshman and the graduating classes. Until a few years ago the numbers enrolled were increasing annually, and the freshman class would normally have been somewhat larger than the sophomore. This annual flood of entering freshmen has now been somewhat stabilized. The new classes are about the same size as their predecessors. Yet there were a good many institutions—and some could probably still be found—in which in any given year there were four times as many freshmen as graduating seniors. This means that in these colleges nearly three out of four failed to finish what they had begun. Dr. Joseph Roemer, secretary of the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, found that practically half of all freshmen in state universities and colleges for men failed in one or more subjects. There are, of course, some Americans who, accustomed to the wastefulness of American processes generally, do not take this very seriously and repeat with approval the cynical epigram that, with respect to college,

'Tis better to have come and loafed
Than never to have come at all.

Such indulgent observers will also tell you that we cannot afford to trouble ourselves about individual cases of failure and that we should pursue a laissez-faire policy, as we once did in big business. Let the devil take the hindmost. The boy must proceed at his own peril. Let the college admit him, give him a trial and drop him if it must. He alone will suffer harm and must pocket his losses if he wishes to take the risk.

Those who advocate that the colleges should accept whomsoever, and keep him as

(Continued on Page 117)

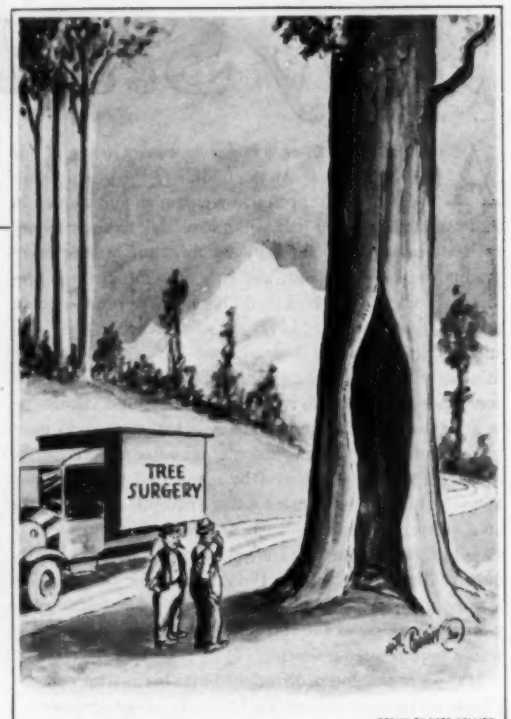
POST SCRIPTS

DRAWN BY C. W. ANDERSON

"Mark My Word, You'll be Very Ill"

DRAWN BY BO BROWN

"Have You Seen My Mop?"



DRAWN BY NATE COLLIER

"Perhaps We'd Better Use a Local Anæsthetic"

The Wandering Troubadour

EVENING, Mr. Munch! Where's that big blond daughter of yours? . . . Thanks, I'll ankle right in. . . . What? Oh, that's all right. I can go in even if she does have company. I'm an old pal, you know! . . .

"Well, well, girl friend, cheating on me again, hey? Who is the dirty dog? . . . Mr. Howe? First name "And," I suppose. . . . No? Too bad! Well, baby, this party's dying on its feet, and you just know that I'm the boysie to bring it back to life!

"Have the nicest treat for you two. Here she is, snuggled under my coat—my little golden-hearted banjo, just quivering to tell you folks how blue blue is! If you don't mind, Mr. Howe, that's my favorite chair. Can't do my stuff unless I'm comfy. . . . Thanks a lot. Now, folks, what'll it be? Name your tune. I play anything you can think of, and some you can't. . . . Oh, that's all right, girl friend, your mamma will love it. There's nothing better for a sick headache than a little blues music, when it's played by a big blues boy like me! Say, it'll fix any pain you've got. Listen to this:

"Carry me back to the land of cotton,
I don't care if the cotton's rotten,
For I'm kind of rotten, too-oo-oo,
Oh, I'm kinda rotten too!

"Going out on the porch? Swell idea! I can croon like a fool in the moonlight. Move over, Mr. Howe, let papa sit in the middle, so's we can all hear. Whoa! There went a string! But don't worry, folks, I fix. Just tie a knot in it and it'll play as good as ever. Vo-co, do-do, dum-de-um-dum! A little sour perhaps, but the show must go on. Now, we're set. . . .

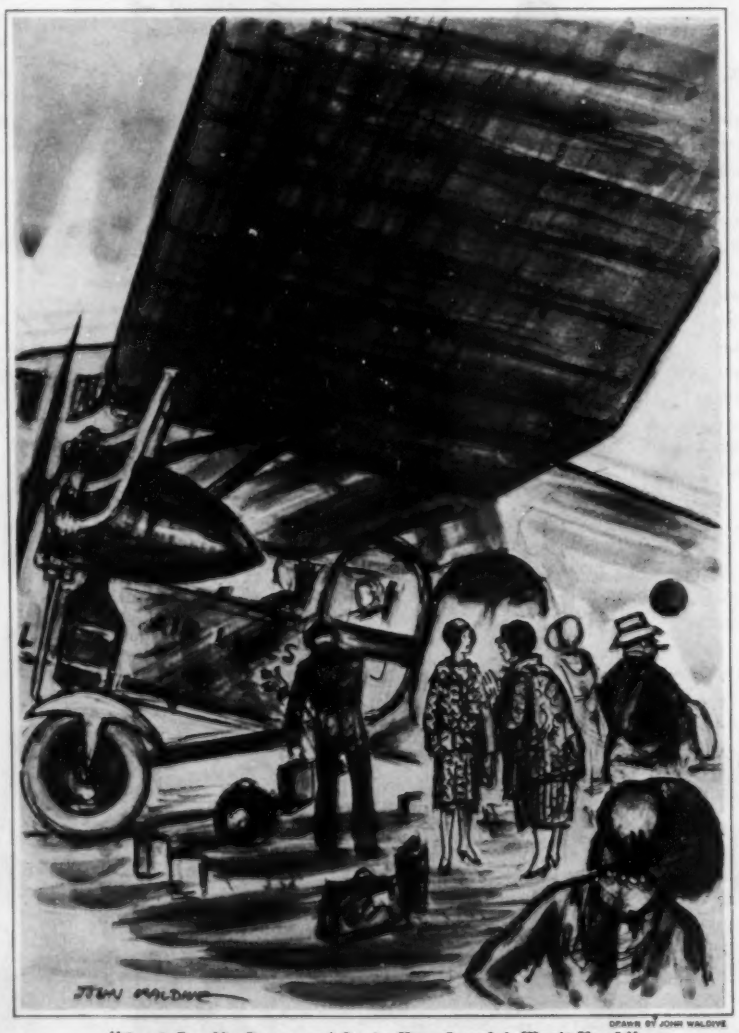
"What? What's that? No whispering behind papa's back! . . . Oh, sure! Let's all go for a ride. Just we three and my baby banjo. . . . Certainly, we can all fit in! I've been in tighter places than this. . . . Get a lap robe? Why, woman, I won't be needing a robe with you on my lap! Well, O. K., have it your own way. Where is this rug? Just a second, folks, I'll be right with you. . . .

"Hey there! Hey! Wait a minute! . . . Well! Of all the low-down dirty tricks! And I thought that girl was a pal of mine!"

—MARGE.

A Gourmand's Epitaph

BENEATH this marble slab interred
Lies Corpulent, who much preferred,
By doctors doomed to frugal life,
One crowded hour of glorious knife. —*Rex Keep.*



DRAWN BY JOHN WALDIVE

"Good-By, My Dear, and Do be Very Careful, Won't You?"

The Week-Ender's Nightmare

"I'M SORRY, Mrs. Winchmere, I thought your original two-spade bid meant that that's funny, I don't see how I ever could have forgotten to pack my shaving cream, and I'd be awfully obliged if you could oops! I thought I had it, partner. That makes another set for them. My serve, partner, now let's see if I can find that light switch in the upstairs hall. O-o-ow! My shin! What? Why, I'd love to help weed the garden.

"Dear, dear, I did get a sunburn, but I'm sure it will be all right if I can just putt a little farther to the right, I think, a little farther to the right in that clump of bushes. You sliced badly off the tee and your approach shot was the year after I got out, I think. Yes, I knew him as a freshman—Bill Nichol—no, that was Harry Nichol. Bill Nichol had light hair and used to play on the 8:04, the 8:13, the 8:34 and the 9:10 will get me to the office in time daylight saving or standard is one hour earlier than standard or which? Oh.

"How do you do, Miss Barry? Of course I remember you—oh, how stupid of me. Now I recall of course at the Warrens could borrow a bathing suit I'd be ever so much obliged because I left mine in the minor suit take-out with slam possibilities. Never. When I indicate the tops I mean that horse is a little nervous, isn't he, a little nervous, isn't he, a little nervous, isn't he? Don't you think that horse is a little nervous, and when we went over the second jump I was coming to that when George cut in. You do dance divinely.

"Ha-ha-ha-ha! So there have been eight smash-ups on this corner in the past two weeks, but I never worry when other people are driving these trousers were old anyhow, no, really, that grease won't hurt them at all when we come about if we don't capsize in this squall and I think it's the greatest play of the winter, Mrs. Vinson, you do? So do I.

"No, I haven't got around to reading it yet and I think he's charming backhand when that ball would have been out ten feet it's all my fault.

"Yes. No. Really? I'd love to. Fine! Wonderful! Delightful! Perhaps. Yes, yes. I don't think so. Indeed? Yes—yes—yes—yes. What? Of course. No. Splendid. Yes. Yes. Yes." —PARKE CUMMINGS.

(Continued on Page 139)

This soup is one of the most popular luncheons in the United States!

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

How often do you want a luncheon that is on your table in a few minutes? A luncheon that is tempting and substantial, but not too elaborate and heavy? A luncheon that is contained in the one dish, and so leaves little work to be done afterwards?

Many and many a day this is exactly the kind of midday meal the vast majority of women want. As proved by the enormous popularity of Campbell's Vegetable Soup as a luncheon or supper.

Fifteen different vegetables! Every spoonful heavily laden with them, whole, diced or in puree. Hearty cereals. Invigorating broth. Herbs and seasonings that give zest and added flavor. A soup which contains so much food and tastes so good that it's a delightful meal in itself!

And remember always that Campbell's make 21 different and fascinating soups to aid you and lessen your work every day. 12 cents a can.

Your choice . . .

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Bean	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Beef	Julienne	Printanier
Bouillon	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Celery	Mulligatawny	Vegetable
Chicken	Mutton	Vegetable-Beef
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

My hunger's a lion,
All set for the game,
But when it has Campbell's
It's easy to tame!

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

RIVER TO THE SEA

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

VII

WHICH is more cruel—to hatch a chick under a duck, or a duckling under a hen? A chick under a duck, decided Le May—much more cruel to the duck. Put yourself in the hen's place; she brings forth something a little odd as to looks, but so clever and daring as to defy the element of water. She has the pride of having produced a miracle, while the mother duck with a chick has no such solace; her freak offspring appears as a mental, moral and physical defective. The conclusion was inescapable—he would rather be a hen than a duck.

They were sitting in his sister's sitting-room studio, with its broad and high window facing to the north. The room took the full width of the little house and was so arranged as to give more than an illusion of space. By permitting nothing superfluous to enter it, Mrs. Darling had secured for each chair, each table, and even for the piano, that minimum of freedom necessary to invest any object with dignity. There were flowers, but not too many, since she wished to avoid so much as the suggestion of a crowded bowl. There were books, but it was a live library, not a mausoleum for volumes which would never be read a second time. Finally the general neatness, too careless to be hard, must have struck Lorry as the most decided of all novelties.

Mrs. Darling herself was part and parcel of the place. She said she was forty and looked thirty in spite of a gray streak which banded her hair on one side. Without being vivid, she still asserted her personality.

Low-voiced, slow in her movements to the verge of languor and invariably calm in her attitude, she yet gave the impression of a being thoroughly alive. Without subjecting Lorry to open scrutiny, she managed to observe her by indirection and found herself at a loss. She turned puzzled eyes on her brother.

"Well, Ken, how are you these days?"

"Fine, Edie," said Le May absently. "Couldn't be better."

He also was puzzled by Lorry. Was she going to turn out a chick instead of a miraculous duckling? Sitting primly in a straight chair with her knees close together and her hands clasped in her lap, she presented a figure so demure as to make him a liar in all he had said of her to his sister and in all he himself had believed. There was nothing in her appearance to differentiate her in any way from some debutante engaged in a duty call.

He could read what was going on in his sister's mind. She was relieved to find so little of the unusual in the protégée thrust on her hands, and at the same time vaguely disappointed.

"How long are you going to stay?" she asked him, still with the puzzled look.

"Oh, I must be getting back."

"Not today!" she protested.

"No, I suppose not. I'll put up at the club and come around to take you both out to dinner, if you like."

"That would be very nice," murmured Mrs. Darling.

The speech seemed to put a period to even such desultory conversation. As the pause lengthened he grew desperate. "Lorry," he cried, "for heaven's sake pull off that hat and muss your hair."

Lorry jumped as if a firecracker had snapped at her feet. The color rushed into her cheeks and out again; then, recovering herself, she raised her hands, took off the hat, tossed it aside and deliberately mussed her hair. She did it gravely. To Le May her procedure was exasperating in the extreme, but not so to his sister. Mrs. Darling recognized at once the person she had been led to expect; her lips twitched into a smile and a twinkle dawned in her eyes.

"You'd better go, Ken; we'll expect you about seven."

The little house was simply arranged. The dining room and kitchen were below, while above were the studio, a fairly large bedroom and one very small one which had been intended for a servant. But since Mrs. Darling's maid invariably slept out, it had been fixed up tastefully for the accommodation of an occasional friend. It was to this room she conducted Lorry.

"Could you be comfortable here for a night or two?"

"It's lovely—much better than what I have at home."

"Would you like me to help you unpack your things, or would you rather do it alone?"

"I'd rather do it alone, because they're not very nice."

Mrs. Darling suppressed an inner gasp. "All right, my dear. That door leads to the bath, and if there's anything you need, just call me; I'll wait for you in the studio. You haven't had your lunch, have you?"

"No," said Lorry.

"You must be hungry; it will be ready in ten minutes."

Seated at table, she soon gave up any effort toward conversation, but to her own surprise there was nothing embarrassing in Lorry's silence either to the girl herself or to others. It had a companionable quality, difficult to define, vaguely sensed at first, but gradually spreading like an invisible aura. It was far more comforting than her speech, for instance, for she had been ready enough in replies of yes and no—perhaps too ready. By the end of the meal Mrs. Darling felt she could permit herself to regard her guest directly, assured that she would be giving no offense.

"I'm glad to have you here, Lorry," she said, "though it came about so suddenly, and I hope you're glad to be here. Neither of us knows how long it will last and we don't have to think about that yet. You may not like it, and possibly I might need your room, but in either case I know half a dozen clubs for girls situated as you are. Some of them aren't so good and some are very nice indeed; generally it all hangs on the personality of one woman. Now let's think about the immediate present. What would you like to do this afternoon?"

"Nothing," said Lorry promptly.

"Wouldn't you like to do some shopping—buy a thing or two?"

"No, not yet. I don't know what I'd want, because I would want everything."

Mrs. Darling thought for an instant and then laughed outright. "That's exactly the truth," she explained. "It's the way I would feel in your place, only I wouldn't have had the brains to say it. Suppose we go to our rooms for a nap; that's what I'd like to do."

Lorry agreed.

Two hours later Mrs. Darling had been up for some time, sitting in the studio and trying to read. But the thought of the strange girl in the little bedroom bothered her mind like a mosquito buzzing near one's ear. She tried to brush it aside, but it persisted. She reasoned with herself, recognizing the well-known awkward period which invariably accompanies the arrival of an unaccustomed guest. There was no denying that Lorry's presence was a dead weight, hanging heavily on each tick of the clock and on every action. But that would pass—it was bound to pass—and if it didn't, there were always the girls' clubs.

She arose, went quietly to Lorry's door and opened it very softly lest she awaken her. The first thing she saw was the bed, untouched; the next was Lorry, sitting on the edge of a chair, crumpled over, her head buried in her hands and her shoulders moving to irregular spasms. Mrs. Darling felt a sharp contraction of the heart. She crossed the room in two strides, touched her warningly, and the next moment had gathered her in her arms. "You poor child! Have you been sitting like this for two hours? You mustn't! Please don't!"

For an instant only Lorry's body yielded with a pliant pressure as enveloping as flowing water; then it stiffened and she drew back.

"I'm a fool," she said rapidly. "I'm really not afraid of anything. Please, would you mind if I played your piano? It's the only thing to put me really right again."

"Of course not. Come on."

They passed separately into the other room, Lorry in the lead. Without hesitation, she went as straight to the piano as an addict to his drug. Soon there was no city left, no strange house or unfamiliar walls. Under her fingers were the keys, stepping-stones into an unfailing realm of escape. She poured herself out, floated away on a self-created torrent of magic sound.

Mrs. Darling, who had resumed her book as a gesture of accommodation, laid it aside. Here was no reason for the faintest hypocrisy. She was overwhelmed by the conviction that the player—divinely immersed—was not performing, and with an ineffable feeling of release she leaned back in her chair and in a moment was herself floating

(Continued on Page 32)

She Moved Toward Him Swiftly, Slipped Her Arms Around His Neck and Kissed Him

✷

Just measure the amount you want

Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard comes in cartons printed with the wonderful self-measuring device. Such a help and time-saver! All you do is to score the amount you need, and then cut right from the package. No more bothersome packing and washing of spoon or cup.

"Best to buy for bake or fry"

More women use it than any other packaged lard on the market—Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard. Of course lots of them do it out of sheer habit—because their mothers and their aunts and their neighbors and their friends use "Silverleaf." It's the name that pops into their heads when they think of lard. But, being sensible creatures about their buying, too, a surprisingly large number know just *why* they ask for "Silverleaf." After all, a shortening deserves care in the selection. It goes into the very food your family eats. It should be as fresh as the eggs you buy, as sweet and pure as the milk. "Silverleaf" is exceptionally sweet and pure. Every pound has the United States Government's stamp of approval. There is never the slightest variation. You *know* when you use it that the element of chance has vanished from your cooking, so far as that important ingredient, the shortening, is concerned. Ask for "Silverleaf" today. It comes in the half, one and two pound cartons, with the self-measuring device, and in the 2, 4 and 8 pound pails.

Swift & Company

Swift's "Silverleaf" BRAND PURE LARD

(Continued from Page 30)

upon the flood. Finally silence, and then an opening chord like a clarion, bidding her awake. She drew erect to its command and opened her eyes on Lorry, standing beside the piano with her arms uplifted and swaying in the air.

Her voice caught the key of the lingering resonance and leaped into song:

"I'm gone away, away, away!
Down river! Down river!
Down river to the sea.
Standing rock and standing tree,
Farewell to you, farewell to me!
Where once I was, there am I still,
Though here the sea and there the rill.
I'm gone away, away, away!
Down river! Down river!
Down river to the sea."

Mrs. Darling slipped to the telephone downstairs, and presently was talking to her brother. "Is that you, Ken?"

"Yes; what's the matter, Edie?"

"Nothing. I couldn't wait any longer to tell you you didn't say half enough. Not only her music; she herself is forever welcome to anything I've got."

"Thank heaven she can swim!" he exclaimed, relieved.

"Swim?"

He explained to her all about chick and duckling, duck and hen. "It's turned out great, Edie, and since you feel like that, I don't see why I need hang around any longer."

There was a slight pause before Mrs. Darling spoke again. "Do you mean that, Ken—honestly?"

"Of course. Why so impressive? Why shouldn't I mean it?"

"Give me a minute. I've never thought of you as a fool before, and I have to get accustomed to it."

"Now, Edie, don't fly off like that. Remember, I'm lucky enough to be a hen, so why stretch it? A hen doesn't follow her prodigy into the water; her place is on the bank with wonder and admiration in her startled eyes."

"So you won't take us to dinner?"

"I don't refuse, but really I'd rather not, if it's only to persuade you I'm in dead earnest. Besides, there's something else I ought to do before I go back tomorrow."

"What will I say to her?"

"Explain it any way you like; she won't mind."

"All right; but it would never do for you to go away without saying good-by, Ken."

"I suppose not. Well, I'll drop in tomorrow morning about ten."

Lorry took the news of Le May's defection with apparent calm. During the afternoon she permitted Mrs. Darling to go through her wardrobe and make out a list of necessities. They planned to shop for them in the morning and were dressed and hatted to go out when Le May was announced. Say what you like, raiment has its profound effect. Lorry, hatted and in her mother's well-made clothes, was again a colorless debutante. She listened impassively while he and his sister discussed tentative plans for her future, but when he arose to go a sudden change came over her. She moved toward him swiftly, slipped her arms around his neck and kissed him.

"Like Dora," she murmured close to his ear, and returned to her seat.

For an instant he was puzzled. He left the room, frowning, conscious of his sister's quizzical gaze boring into his back. Lorry's kiss, so lightly given, lingered on his lips; on the other hand, his frown cleared as soon as he had linked her mischievous words to the moment when he had used the same thought. He could hear himself saying, "You're nothing but a kid, Lorry; it's almost as if I were holding Dora." Somehow she hadn't seemed such a kid today, but clothes could account for that. In its own way, the kiss lightly tied the future to the present, giving him a key to deportment, but immediately the look he had caught in his sister's eyes fell like the shears of fate to sever the present from the past. He shook himself and clung to his asseveration of no sentimental interest. As far as he was concerned, Lorry's voice simply had to be everything and herself nothing, or where was he? He had seen the thing clearly enough at the start, and a single kiss, however unexpected and disturbing, wasn't going to jounce him from the bank into deep water. Let Edie's eyes jeer their fill, his answer could await the proof of time.

"She Was Happy, Ken; I've Never Known Anybody Who Could be Happy So Easily or With So Little"

Before he had reached Becker Hill on the following day he was pleased to find that even that inconsequent distance was already descending like a transparent curtain between him and the whole brief period of his acquaintance with Lorry. Without blinding him to the past, the veil gave their friendship a sort of conclusion, so that it became something he could look back upon with the detachment of an onlooker—almost as one remembers a pleasant, mildly exciting play. For three days he busied himself happily with chores around the place, but on the fourth Bostick appeared.

"Never mind your old junk," said the dealer without preamble. "I've come for the Clayton Beales. Got 'em?"

"Three," said Le May, and went to a closet from which he extracted the package, still wrapped. "Want to look them over?"

"Sure I do; there's a limit to trusting."

Le May undid the package and ranged the pictures along the wall. "They don't quite measure up to the first one," he said.

"Oh, yes, they do," replied Bostick, his eyes twinkling. "Two of them are bigger. I'll take the lot at the same price."

Le May had not consciously avoided Yellow Mountain, but with the payment for the pictures in his pocket, there could be no question; he was in duty bound to visit Beale at once. As he approached Log House he became aware of an odd phenomenon within himself. He had scarcely thought of Mrs. Steele since the ride to town with Lorry, but now the memory of her as she had entered from the kitchen door to cross with unseeing eyes to the piano assailed him with such force that he let his motor knock and stall. It came over him abruptly that though he felt sure he could do without Lorry by an effort, he would give a great deal to reincarnate the vision of her mother.

This sudden aspiration lent importance to his entrance, but his hopes were promptly dashed. The familiar room opened before him if possible more disordered than ever. And it seemed empty, though Dora, Maddie and Molly sat in a triangle on the floor, each armed with a pair of scissors and surrounded by a sea of paper scraps. They were engaged in cutting out illustrations from ancient magazines and newspapers, some of them already yellowing at the edges. Beale also was at his easel as usual, but still the room seemed empty, for there was no sign of his daughter—no sign that she had ever sat at the vacant piano or would return.

Beale took the money without remark and deducted three hundred dollars, which he handed back.

"I'll take it this time," said Le May, "because I'm going to send it down to my sister to spend on Lorry. You don't mind, do you?"

"Not in the least," said Beale with an amiable smile. "Somebody will have to spend money on her from now on, and it might as well be you."

By itself the speech would have carried a clear enough implication, but in combination with the smile it remained enigmatic. Le May frowned and presently went on to give a brief account of the trip to New York. Beale appeared to listen but showed little interest. He looked down at the roll of money in his hand before tossing it to join the chaos on the open desk.

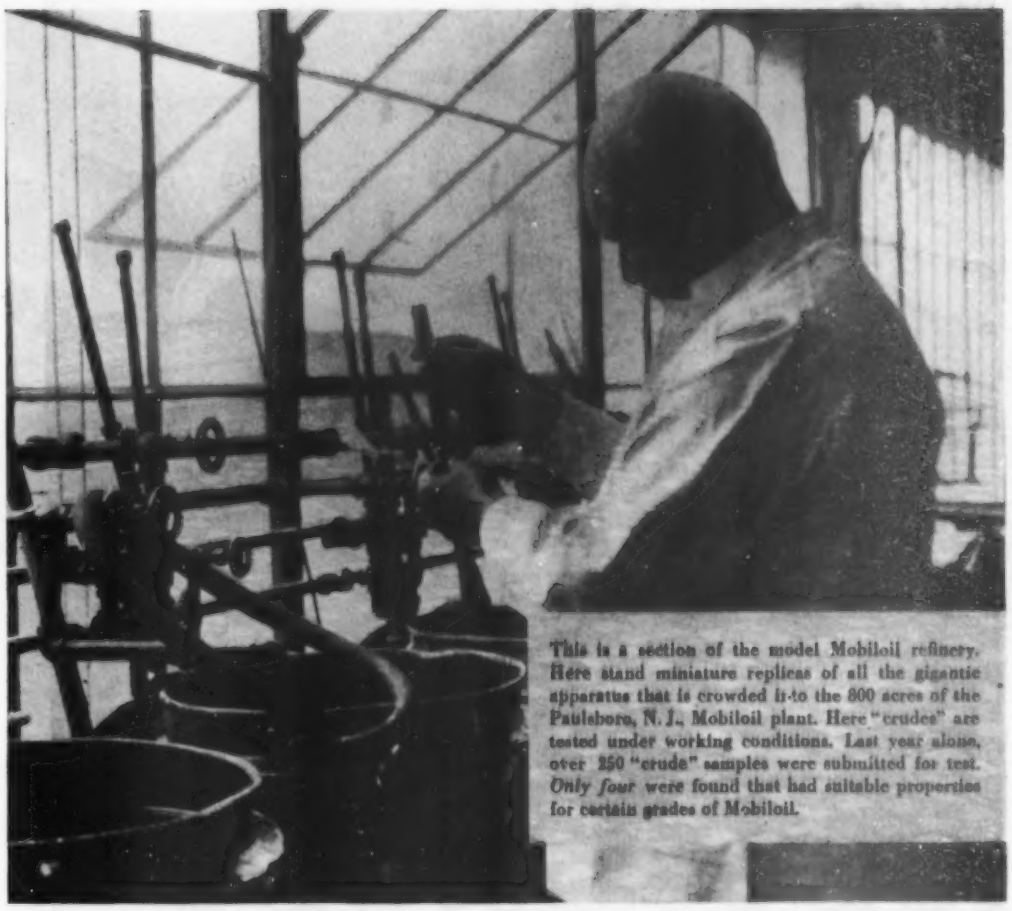
"You don't have to wait for a thousand-dollar excuse to come here, you know," he muttered.

Le May caught the meaning behind the face value of the words; they were next door to an apology and carried the assurance that the speaker held no ill will against him

(Continued on Page 101)

These men said "Yes" only four times last year!

Come and see how they exploded the good-looks of 246 samples of crude oils.



This is a section of the model Mobiloil refinery. Here stand miniature replicas of all the gigantic apparatus that is crowded into the 800 acres of the Paulsboro, N. J., Mobiloil plant. Here "crudes" are tested under working conditions. Last year alone, over 250 "crude" samples were submitted for test. *Only four* were found that had suitable properties for certain grades of Mobiloil.

LAST year 250 samples of crude oils from all over the country applied for a job in making Mobiloil. Most of them *looked* good. Do you want to see why 246 of them had to find a job somewhere else?

While most oil-making begins at the crude oil well, the making of Mobiloil begins with your engine. The men in charge of the Mobiloil model refinery where crudes are tested have in mind specifications for a finished lubricant. These specifications have been developed from a thorough study of the needs of your engine. On their work in this model refinery depends the selection to make that oil.

Not a single important crude oil field comes into production anywhere in the world without a sample being sent to the makers of Mobiloil. In 1929 alone, 250 "crude" samples were received at the Paulsboro, N. J., laboratory for test and analysis.

But after careful study of these "crudes" under working conditions, the Mobiloil technical staff last year found only four "crudes" which qualified for use even in a limited way!

What became of the 246 "crude" samples that were rejected?

Someone is buying them—buying them in quantity. If you are not using Mobiloil, you may be getting an oil made from one of them.

Why Mobiloil fits your engine

In their 64 years of refining experience, the makers of Mobiloil have data on thousands of "crudes." When you ask for the grade of Mobiloil recommended for your car, you can rest assured about the quality of the "crude" it was made from. But more important to your engine, you can be sure of the suitability of the finished oil and of the process it was made by.

If you want to keep down hard carbon deposits in your engine—if you want your oil to *last* under fast driving, if you want your valves to be free from sticking or gumming, and if you want to reduce engine wear—choose the lubricant made to *fit your engine* by the world's leaders in scientific lubrication. Choose Mobiloil.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Mobiloil is always easy to get. It has wider distribution *than any other oil*, in America and throughout the World . . . Your Mobiloil dealer has the famous Mobiloil Chart which shows the grade of Mobiloil recommended for your car.

Motor oil is *made* . . . not found!

Mobiloil

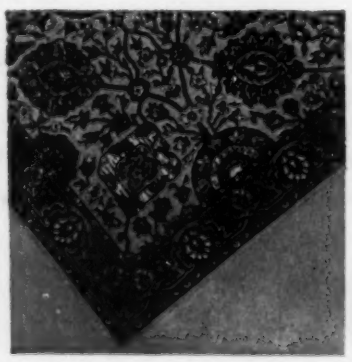
The famous Mobiloil Concerts are broadcast each Wednesday evening at 8:30, D. S. T., from . . . WEAF and 29 associated N. B. C. stations.

"OLYMPIA"—A classic inspiration in ivory and Aegean green marble—a distinctive blend of beauty and color. *Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 623.*

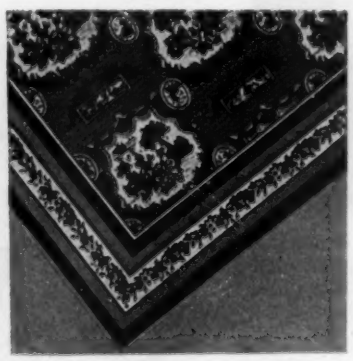
GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM RUGS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Substitutes may look something like Congoleum—they may even have a name ending in "oleum" too, but *this* Gold Seal Guarantee they never can have.



"TARAK"—The red and blue on a taupe background is copied directly from the original Soruk rug which inspired this pattern. *Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 622.*



"ARCADIA"—A color harmony based upon Dresden China Blue. A most distinctive rug for dining room, bedroom or kitchen. *Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 618.*

"MECCA"—The soft Oriental hues that give this rug its distinctive beauty make it appropriate for use in almost any room. *Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 615.*

YOU'LL BE PROUD TO SHOW VISITORS THIS KITCHEN . . .

All about you, there's a kitchen cheerily reflecting the beauty of your Gold Seal Congoleum Rug. Within you, there's a bit of the carefree—a lilt that makes the day's work easier. For beauty, like laughter, is infectious.

Now it's a room to be proud of. To be sure it cost a little time to select just the most appropriate pattern. There were certainly plenty to choose from, such lovely ones that it was delightfully hard to decide. And that time will be paid back—manyfold—in the hours of labor your Congoleum Rug will save you, and the hours of pleasure you get, just seeing it.

It cost a little money, too—but *very* little. And that money also will be paid back—manyfold—in the long service you will get.

Extra long, because this rug is the original, *genuine* Gold Seal Congoleum. Much imitated because it is so good, but never duplicated. (Imitations *don't* do that sort of thing.) But it's easy to avoid imitations. All genuine Gold Seal Congoleum—whether rugs or all-over floor-covering—has the Gold Seal pasted on the pattern. (Imitations *can't* do that sort of thing.)

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC., KEARNY, NEW JERSEY
In Canada — Congoleum Canada Limited, Montreal

Leaves From the Lipton Logs

By SIR THOMAS J. LIPTON, BART.

In Association With William Blackwood

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY LONDON ELECTROTYPE AGENCY

Sir Harry Lauder Bowling at Ostdge. Behind Him is Sir Thomas Lipton and Looking On is the Late Lord Dewar

AFTER the sale of my property at South Omaha, I returned to Chicago, and here I leased temporary premises to tide me over against the day when I could establish another factory big enough for my still increasing trade. The opportunity came along in a few weeks, when I casually learned that an extensive building named the Meyer Packing House was for sale. On making a personal inspection of it, I made up my mind that it was just the place I required. But though I certainly was keen to get it, I decided to move with circumspection. Because if it became known that I was after the property, some of my competitors would be sure to chip in with bids and so run the price up against me. As a matter of fact, I did not know exactly what would be a fair price, so I consulted my old friend Mr. John Craig Hateley, my adviser in such matters.

Mr. Hateley's methods as go-between at the conference prior to the sale were both original and effective. It was arranged between us beforehand that when, in the course of our bargaining, the other side suggested a price beyond what I need pay, Mr. Hateley should blow his nose. So, each time he flourished his handkerchief and applied it to his nose, I turned down the offer, and the suggestions, nose blowings and counter offers went on merrily until we at last agreed upon terms. When everything was settled between the parties, the agents for the venders warmly complimented me on my knowledge of actual values in the real-estate market of Chicago. I heard later that I had secured the property at the rock-bottom price at which they were prepared to sell.

Mr. Hateley thoroughly enjoyed this incident. Often in after years we laughed over it together. John Craig Hateley was a staunch friend, a shrewd man of business—keen, always a worker and always on the level.

Borrowing a Carriage and Pair

MY PURCHASE of the Meyer plant proved to be a sound investment. It covered four and a half acres of ground, and very soon I was killing 2000 to 4000 hogs a day. I established a fleet of express refrigerator cars with the one word Lipton painted on them from end to end, and these cars traveled all over the American continent carrying my products and advertising my name wherever they went.

Meanwhile, I was fortunate in as much as the barometer of my commercial prosperity at home continued to rise even while I was devoting so much time and attention to the United States and Canadian ends of my organization. On my return from New York, I experienced a curious dual sensation of elation and misgiving. I could not, on the one hand, but be overjoyed to find great strides still being made by the business all over Britain, but my satisfaction on this score was sadly tempered by the gradually failing health of my father and mother. They were both now more than eighty years of age. I had set up a comfortable home for them and for myself at Cambuslang. They had everything they wanted, even down to the carriage and pair for my mother which, as a wee boy, I had confidently promised she would ride in some day. My mother enjoyed thoroughly the sensation of driving behind two spanking horses, but I think she enjoyed even more the little pleasantry which always obtained between us when, as sometimes happened, I wanted to please her by humbly asking if I could have the use of her carriage for an hour or two.

"Mother," I would say of a morning, "will you lend me your carriage so that I can drive to the office?"

"Only on one condition, Tom," she would reply, her face lighting up with a smile: "That is that you keep the carriage to drive you all day long and bring you home in the evening."

Sir Thomas Reading Telegrams From All Parts of the World on His Seventy-Fifth Birthday

Alone

LOOKING back on these days, I recall how, only two years ago, while resting in my hotel in New York, an old gentleman called to see me and told me that he knew my parents and myself in Scotland, and he reminded me of an incident which I had entirely forgotten. It seemed that one morning I had a little tiff with my mother just as I was about to set out for my day's work; so we did not part on our usual affectionate terms. But during the six miles' drive to my office I felt very unhappy about this and found it quite impossible to start work. At first, I thought of telegraphing to make my peace, but then decided that I must go right back home and put matters right between us.

When I arrived at the house, I pretended at first to be in as much of a tantrum as ever. But it was no use. My mother was not deceived and said, "I know well enough what you've come back for, Tom," and there was no more to be said. I returned to my work at peace with myself and everybody else, because I had left my mother happy.

When she died, I lost my best friend and trustiest counselor. Without her unfaltering love, her constant encouragement, her amazing shrewdness and foresight, I could never have fought the business battles I did or achieved one tithe of the success that came my way. A few months later my father slipped quietly away to join the wife he loved, leaving me a sad and very lonely man. I am lonely today, for I have not one living relative in the world.

Soon after the death of my parents I had to face a pretty serious problem. The constant growth of my business both at home and abroad called still more and more for my attendance in London. Moreover, my shops in England had multiplied so largely that my interests across the border were imperatively demanding a headquarters organization much nearer than Glasgow. In other words, London was gradually becoming the real hub of the Lipton outfit. I found myself spending half my life in railway trains between Glasgow and the metropolis and vice versa, while my principal colleagues were doing the same thing. For the money which the firm was spending in railway fares it could have hired a series of special Lipton trains, with constant steam up on the engines.

But for sentimental reasons I delayed taking the obvious step for several months. Glasgow was my birthplace. I had started my career as a merchant there.

(Continued on Page 37)

FISHER is widely credited with the dominant influence in making the body the determining factor in motor car choice today. Through a quarter-century of jealous guardianship of every high ideal in the art of body-building, Fisher has sought to bring about this regard for the body. Sought it by constantly building better bodies, by devoting vaster resources to advanced design and finer body engineering, by producing for quality cars in every price field bodies that have more attractive style, provide more conveniences and luxuries in motoring, last through a longer and more serviceable life and offer greater value. It is because Body by Fisher represents in the highest degree these body qualities and values which are most sought for today, that increasing numbers of people choose General Motors cars—the *only* cars with Body by Fisher.

BODY by FISHER

LOOK TO THE BODY!

In thousands of families all over the United States, ambitious boys are members of the Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild, competing for valuable awards. Encourage your boy to enroll today at a General Motors dealer's showroom.

CADILLAC · LA SALLE · BUICK · VIKING · OAKLAND
OLDSMOBILE · PONTIAC · CHEVROLET
GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 35)

To uproot my office and factory organization would be a task of some magnitude. Hundreds of people would have to be transplanted to a new soil and, to a great extent, new conditions. I pondered over these problems for quite a long time. At last I made up my mind. London was the place. Taking up the telephone in my private room at Lancefield Street, I got through on the trunk line to my London manager. I had a suite of offices, a small factory and a considerable strip of ground in Bath Street, City Road, practically in the heart of London, but I was not sure myself whether sufficiently large premises could be erected here to house my entire headquarters staff. So I set myself to find out by asking a question. When I got the call through I said to my London manager:

"How long will it take you to make the necessary arrangements for accommodating the whole of the Lancefield Street staff in London, and do you think it can be done at Bath Street?"

The London manager paused for a few moments, and then promptly replied, "Six weeks."

"Very good," I remarked. "We all start in London at nine o'clock in the morning six weeks from today."

And we did—almost to the minute arranged.

The coming of the Lipton army to London was of the nature of a small invasion. Scots are constantly arriving in London, just as they are always stepping off the gangplanks at New York, but it is seldom that a thousand of them arrive together en masse, as the Lipton clan did. However, they all settled down very quickly and happily in London, proving once again the astonishing adaptability of their race. Give a Scot plenty of work, good wages and a glance at an occasional Glasgow newspaper, and he'll be happy and contented in Hankow or Guatemala or Spitzbergen! And happiest of all in London! He'll tell you, with a twinkle in his eyes, that the competition there isn't so keen as in his own land!

London in Mourning

WRITING about this sudden transference of my headquarters staff to England reminds me of an amusing talk I had one morning with my mother's old coachman. This worthy man had insisted on coming to London as one of my personal servants and he was a member of my household when I established myself in a nice but unpretentious villa in Muswell Hill. London, and the ways of Londoners, interested him tremendously. At first he seldom went far from the vicinity of the pleasant suburb in which my villa was situated, but one day he seemed to have wandered into the confines of the city itself and to have been vastly impressed with, among other things, the London business men's custom of wearing glossy silk hats. When I got home he asked me if I would mind telling him "what great man was dead."

Puzzled at the strange question, I replied that I could not. "How do you know that a great man is dead?" I asked him.

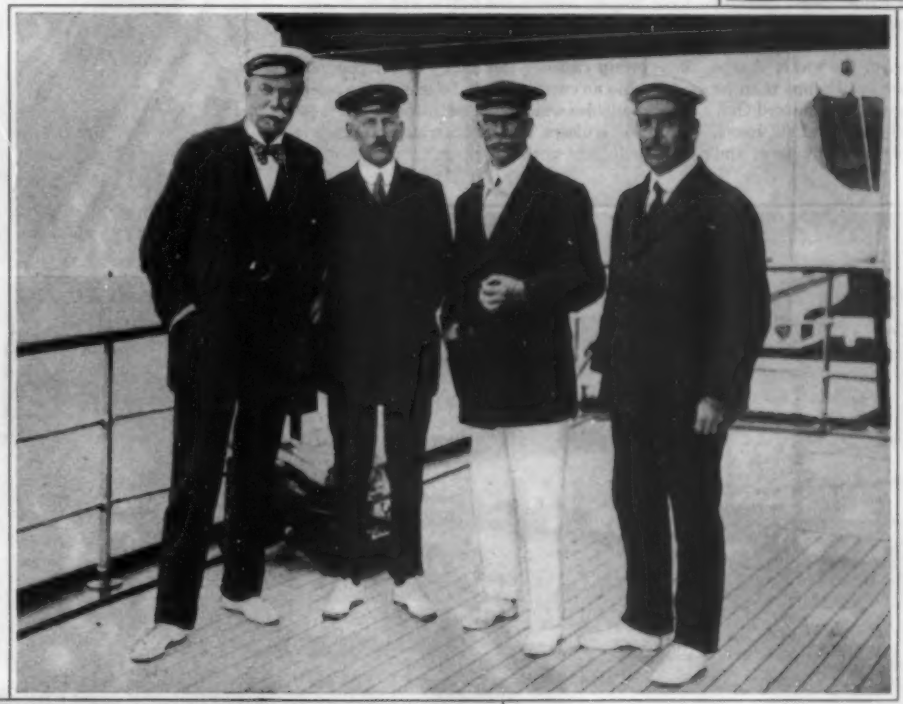
"Oh, sir," he replied, "there's been the biggest funeral in London today ye ever saw in yer life. The departed must have been a royal personage, or a prime meenister, or a general, or somebody verra famous!"

"That's strange," I remarked. "I heard nothing about it, and there's certainly nothing in the papers tonight about any great man dying. Are you sure?"

"Oh, quite sure, sir," persisted the good fellow, "because I saw thoosands an' thoosands o' men, and ilka ane o' them was wearin' a lum-hat an' black claes!"

To show what the departure of Lipton's from Glasgow meant to the trade of that city, I might mention that it was calculated my flitting to London caused an immediate loss to the Scottish postal authorities of nearly a thousand pounds a week in stamps and telegraphic and cable fees. I did not work out the amount myself, but it was figured up by a Glasgow journalist. Apropos, the local newspapers regretted my going, but wished me and the firm every success in England. One of them published an amusing "obituary" notice as follows:

The Late Captain Edward Sycamore at the Wheel of the "Shamrock II," Which Came Nearer to Winning the America's Cup Than Any Other Challenger



A Quartet of Yachting Enthusiasts—Sir Thomas Lipton, Mr. C. Nicholson, Sir William P. Burton and Colonel Duncan F. Neill. Colonel Neill Has Been Intimately Associated With Sir Thomas in His America Challenges

At Left—A Group Photograph Taken at the Launching of the "Shamrock V," Including the Earl of Shaftesbury, Mrs. C. Nicholson and the Countess of Shaftesbury

PHOTO. SUPPLIED BY LONDON ELECTROTYPE AGENCY

> Mr. Thomas Lipton has lived among us so long as one of the Commissariat Department of our community that Glasgow without him will not be the same place at all. He piles the mountainous cheeses, Alps upon Alps, and girdles the globe with his sausages. He brings his tea from the Orient and collects his spices from Araby with as much certainty as if they grew in a back garden in Sauchiehall Street. His ambassadors are everywhere, so that doom is writ on the ox of the American plains or the pig that roams the bog of Connemara. When Lipton invades a town, every citizen knows it. His name is in their mouths. He adds shop to shop and story to story, and his servants swell to the proportions of an army for the routing of the giant Hunger. And now, alas, the great Lipton is evacuating our city!

But though this tribute was obviously too flattering, not to say fulsome, the citizens of Glasgow were not slow to realize that at least a very progressive business had been established among them. It meant employment to several thousands and, even more to the point, cheap and good food for the masses. As an example of the up-to-date manner in which we worked, I may recall here that we were one of the first business houses in Britain to install typewriting machines. Which reminds me of the day when an English traveler called at my headquarters and happened to see two girls clicking away at their typewriters. Turning to me with a mystified air, he remarked:

"I know, Mr. Lipton, that you are in the butter, cheese, ham and egg trade, but it's news to me that you have started to make shirts!" He actually thought the typewriters were sewing machines.

Expanding the Business

THE years immediately succeeding the arrival of Lipton's in London probably marked the greatest advance in the history of the firm. Still feeling very much the deaths of my mother and father, and a sense of utter loneliness taking possession of me, I threw myself more strenuously than ever into the maelstrom of business. Headquarters were enlarged again and again, until they occupied many acres at City Road. New shops were acquired in every likely corner of the kingdom. Metropolitan and provincial factories were set up. Jam was added to the commodities I sold, and fruit farms had to be purchased to make certain

(Continued on Page 125)

SEA GUNS—1930

By PAUL SCHUBERT

IN THE twelve years since the Armistice, naval gunnery, once a struggle of men and metal, has become a science of machinery and instruments. Aided by the same laboratories which have improved our automobiles and radio sets, it has made sensational progress in all the fleets of the world; its accuracy, today, is close to perfection.

Fighting at sea has become a far more deadly and ruthless prospect than confronted the mariners of a decade ago. Let any hostile object come within range of a battleship's guns, from sea or sky, crawling along or flying in at two hundred knots, and it enters an area where death is sudden and merciless as the thunderbolt, and the stoutest armor is a doubtful defense.

Yet as recently as the end of the World War the effectiveness of sea gunnery was largely a matter of luck, for it depended upon the limited accuracy of human gunners on swaying, rolling gun platforms.

Bill Harrison—that's not his real name—used to be in the Navy. During the war he stood watches on a big Yankee battleship attached to the British Grand Fleet, and wore an ensign's stripe on his sleeve. He was in charge of the anti-aircraft battery, saw more battleships than he had ever dreamed existed—including the surrendered German fleet—and came home feeling salty as John Paul Jones.

He's president of a big lithograph company now, and plays golf three times a week to keep his weight down. But he's never lost interest in men-of-war and naval guns. Recently he visited one of the new naval aircraft carriers, a huge hybrid ship with a two-acre landing field atop her superstructure.

A Deadly Aviary

SHE was full of planes—eighty of them. They looked tremendously efficient and impressive to Bill. The pilots told him they attacked in formations of eighteen or thirty-six at a time, screaming out of the clouds at 200 miles an hour, all carrying bombs. He couldn't help feeling that the old day of the surface fighting ship was past.

"Can anything in the world stand up against an air attack?" he asked. "Why do navies hang on to their battleships? Where would they be if they lost command of the air?"

"The battleships," said an officer, "have anti-aircraft guns."

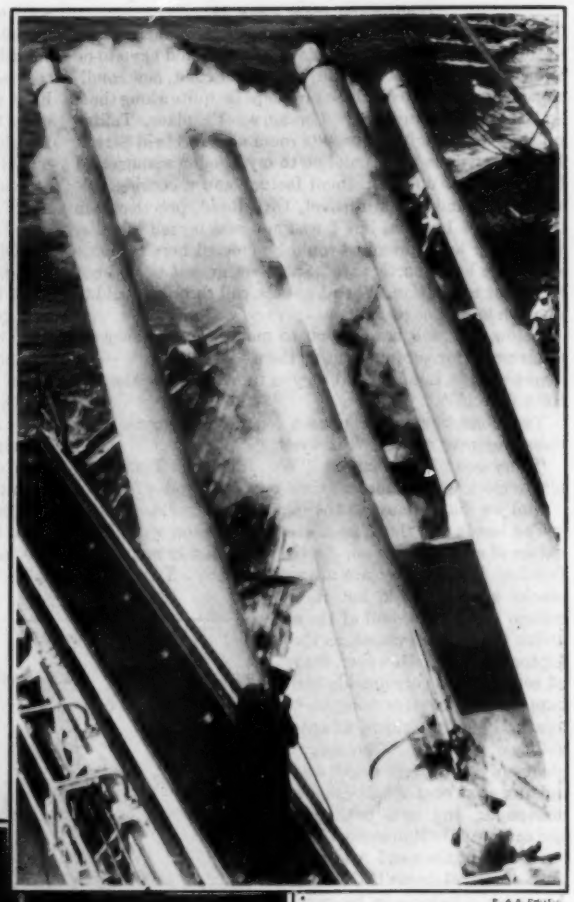
Bill laughed. "I know those things," said he. "Funny, I used to shoot them myself. We fired target practice at kites and never got a hit."

"They get hits now," said the aviator. "They can shoot with amazing accuracy. They have five-inch high-angle guns, fired by director fire."

"Can they actually bring down airplanes in full flight?"

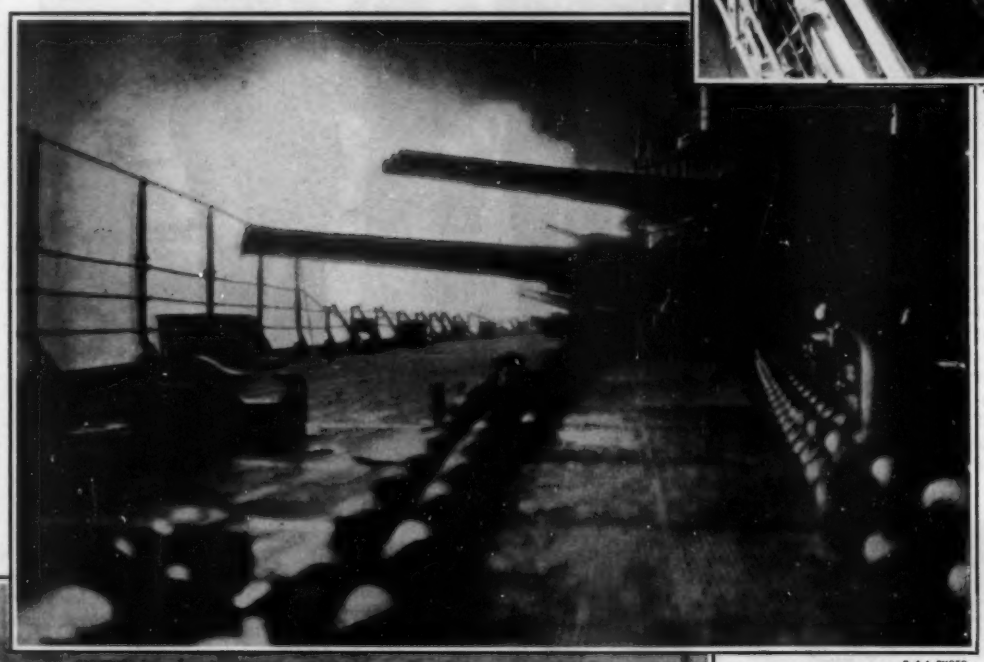
"A battleship can put up one hundred and sixty well-aimed shots of five-inch shrapnel every minute," said the officer. "And I mean it's well-aimed. Nothing like the old days. Believe me, we respect the battle wagons."

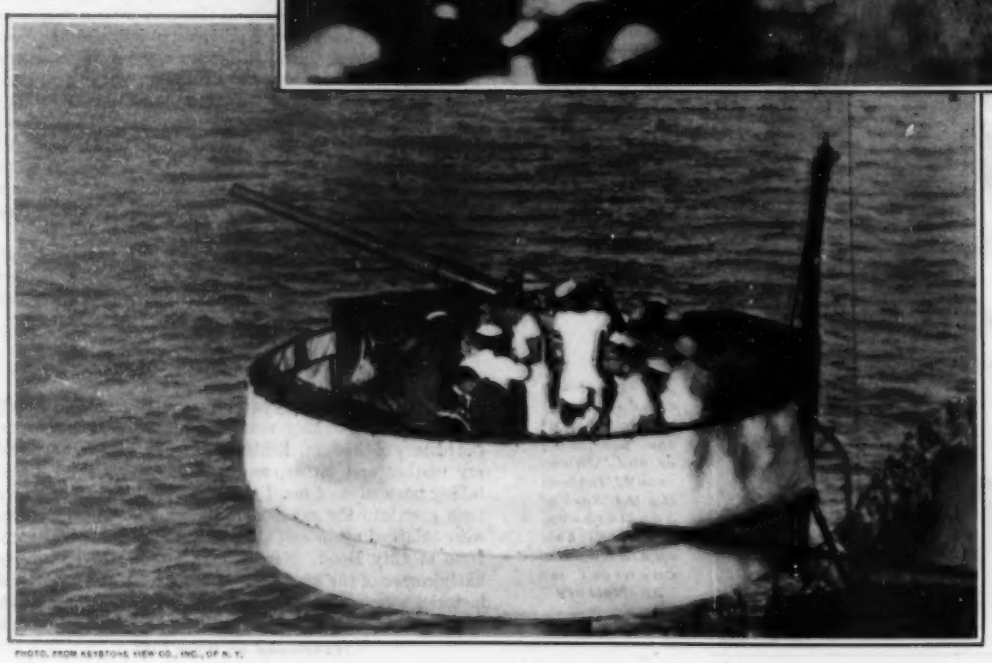
The same deadly hitting ability marks the shooting of the two other batteries which every heavy ship carries—the heavy turret guns, for assaulting an enemy of equal size, and the rapid-fire broadsides which beat off torpedo craft, destroyers, cruisers and submarines. There's a million dollars' worth of apparatus in each mast,



P. & A. Photo.

Big Guns of the U. S. S. "California," Caught by the Camera From the Deck of the Battleship. On the Left Can be Seen a Plane Catapult





P. & A. PHOTO.

Star Shells Fired to Illuminate Distant Targets During Night Practice. At Left—An Anti-aircraft Gun Firing at a Sleeve Target 12,000 Feet Away

PHOTO. FROM KEYSTONE VIEW CO., INC., OF N. Y.

all to guide shell from gun to designated target. One, two, three fire-control stations may be shot away, and still there are others to retain control.

Blind Firing

THE battleship, which was in a fair way to pass out of the picture at the end of the war, has staged a tremendous comeback. She's resumed her place as queen of the seas. In 1918 she needed a whole cordon of light craft to protect her from torpedoes. They said she needed squadrons of aircraft to protect her from bombs. She had to be nursed like a pampered old lady because she was weak under water, very delicate from aloft, and had no punch in the infighting.

Watch her in action today. Squat, broad, newly armored, with futuristic tripod masts and angular control stations, she plows along with every man at general quarters, her turret guns swung out and menacingly paralleled. Suddenly she belches flame and smoke, and sends away eight sixteen-inch shells—eight tons of metal—to fly through the sky at 900 miles an hour.

The enemy is twenty sea miles distant—out of sight over the horizon. Planes are up, observing him. In a spotless plotting room, three decks down, men are grouped around intricate calculating machines which tell where the guns must be aimed. Switchboards and indicating instruments line the room. A glance tells what every turret is doing.

"Up 600," says a talker, repeating a message from a plane. "Left 3. Straddle; two hits." The machines are reset.

At the top of the foremast, three sailors stare with tense concentration into the eyepieces of a gun director. Its

(Continued on Page 40)

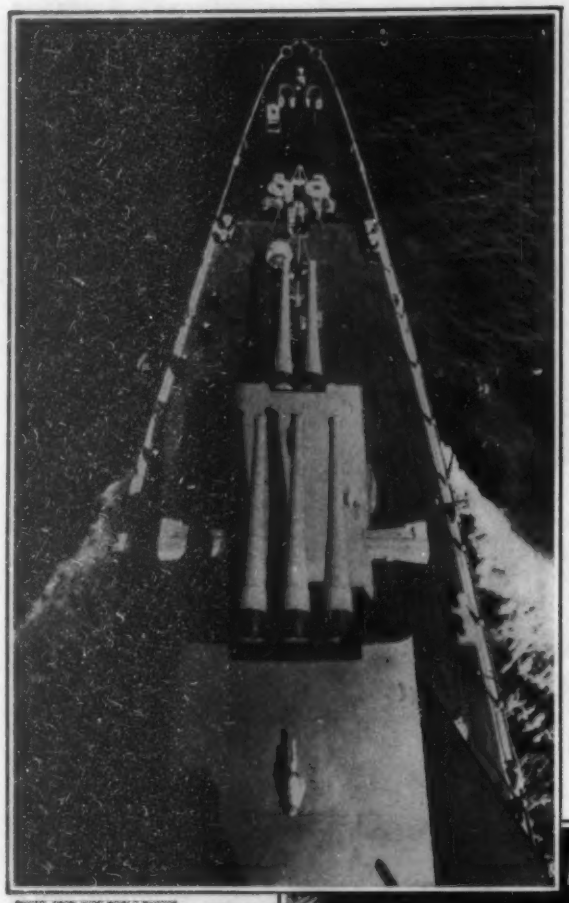
GOOD LOOKS – FINE QUALITY THRILLING PERFORMANCE

It is easy to see why the finer De Soto Six and the new De Soto Straight Eight are so universally and increasingly popular. Both of these splendid cars definitely, and by a wide margin, excel in the four things most sought for in motoring — smart design, fine quality, outstanding performance and low price. ¶ The power range of both cars is extraordinary—great power coupled with flashing speed and serene smoothness—a Six and an Eight both distinguished for amazing ability on the road. ¶ Make a close-up study of De Soto beauty. Look at De Soto luxury. Step inside either the Six or the Eight and sense its roomy, restful comfort. Drive one and see how easily it handles. A few minutes at the wheel of a De Soto and the truth will be impressed on you that De Soto is today's great value-giver in both the six-cylinder and eight-cylinder fields.

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

DE SOTO

THE DE SOTO STRAIGHT EIGHT - - THE FINER DE SOTO SIX



PHOTO, FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

The "Salt Lake City," the First of the 10,000-Ton Cruisers, Passes Her Tests as a Full-Fledged Man-of-War

(Continued from Page 38)

gyroscopic stabilizer hums. Turret-ready lights gleam on; down below they're loaded for the next salvo. A man closes a firing key. The guns roar again with one voice; all other sound is puny beside it.

Like an echo, enemy shells arrive, throwing up huge geysers as they strike, ricocheting away, tumbling, slatting. They crash into the armor; fragments whistle into the air, dealing death in the mast. Five hundred thousand dollars' worth of gun directors is suddenly junk, with bleeding men flung into corners of the shattered control station.

"Foremast shot away."

Instantly switches are thrown in the plotting room, giving control to other stand-by directors. It's a long-range slugging contest between invisible antagonists.

Now come the speed attacks that used to be so dangerous—infighting of naval battle. Off to the north there is a smoke screen that indicates the presence of destroyers. Twelve of the slender craft dart through in echelon, charging at thirty-five knots to launch torpedoes.

Gunnery Runs Up the Costs

THE battleship will beat them off before they reach torpedo range. She counters with her five-inch guns, meeting speed with speed. Bark, bark, bark—the salvos crack with staccato regularity, aimed by gyro devices. Splashes rise about the destroyers, all about them, smothering them. The metal is hitting.

Now comes a third menace, bombers out of the sky in a suicide squadron. They are sighted at a great height, and the crash of anti-aircraft guns breaks forth. The ship is a deafening madness of gun rhythms. Shrapnel in the air. It bursts far from the planes, moves toward them quickly, pursuing them remorselessly. Twenty grouped bursts a minute. You can feel it ripping through flimsy wings; it blasts them out of the air, down in flames. Three pull their sticks and zoom out of it. Only two get through and drop their eggs; one direct hit takes an anti-aircraft gun out of the ship, but the air attack is a failure.

This battleship of 1930 has walloping steel fists, guns aimed and loaded by machinery as intricate and accurate as laboratories and science can devise. Her new all-round punch has been achieved, not by any simple process of training seamen but by the expenditure of cash in large unadulterated chunks by all the naval nations—the United States, Great Britain, Japan, France and Italy.

We've all been buying these scientific shooting instruments. That's why navies cost so much. A modern battleship is worth ten fortunes—something like six times as much as a ship the same size twenty years ago.

The U. S. S. Texas, still going strong, was completed in 1914 for what seemed the very respectable sum of $11,179,185. The U. S. S. West Virginia, youngest dreadnought in the Fleet, came to sea ten years after the Texas, showing a price tag of $35,000,000. Her sisters, the Colorado and the Maryland, boast the same rich blood.

When you stop and think about it, $35,000,000 is really a staggering amount of cash. This costliness is not confined to dreadnoughts. The 10,000-ton cruiser of the present day has jumped to the cost of a 30,000-ton battleship of fourteen years ago. Ships of all classes cost better than $1000 a ton. The Pensacola, the Salt Lake City, the Chester, the Northampton and the Houston, 10,000-tonners put into commission this year, represent bills of from $10,500,000 to $11,500,000 apiece.

Abroad, the British Nelson and Rodney set the taxpayers back $35,989,600 and $36,393,000, respectively. They are 35,000-ton dreadnoughts, each mounting sixteen-inch guns. The Japanese Nagato and her sister, the Mutsu, aces of the navy of Nippon, are $40,000,000 twins.

In the halcyon days $200 a ton was high going. Gunnery accounts for the difference. Guns and fire controls, and the armor to protect them, are responsible for just about half a fighting ship's cost; lighter ships use speed instead of armor. The maze of electric wiring incased in lead and woven armor, and its complex switchboards, is one item alone that approaches the million mark. That's the contribution of the Peace Decade, the big laboratory and manufacturing era, to the seven seas.

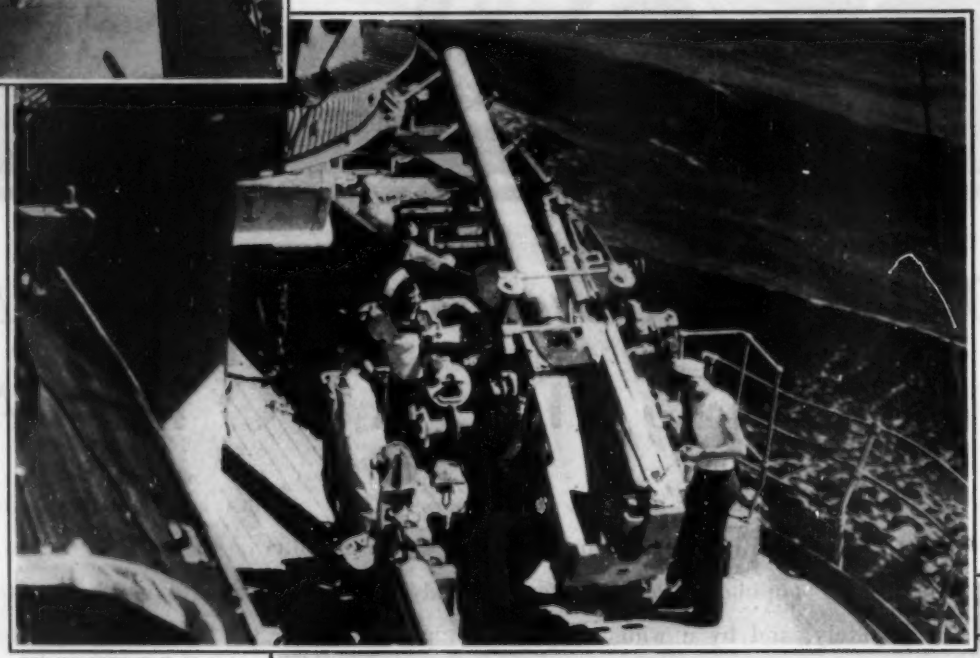
Handicaps of Naval Gunners

SEA gunnery, with or without the help of science, is not a simple art. It is easy to fire a gun, but an achievement to get a hit. The first drawback is the deep-water motion of the ship. She rolls from side to side, she pitches fore and aft, she tosses up and down. Once every forty seconds the turrets of the main battery must aim, so that they can be fired in a salvo. The secondary battery must be on the target ten times a minute. The anti-aircraft must point constantly, for they fire so fast that the slightest wavering means wasted metal. Quite a stunt, on a restless gun platform.

The old solution of the aiming problem was to put a pair of sailor gun pointers at each gun; they looked through telescopes and turned the elevating and training hand wheels to keep the gun on the target. When the sea got rough, or one of a number of targets had to be picked at long range, the best gun pointer in the world was inaccurate.

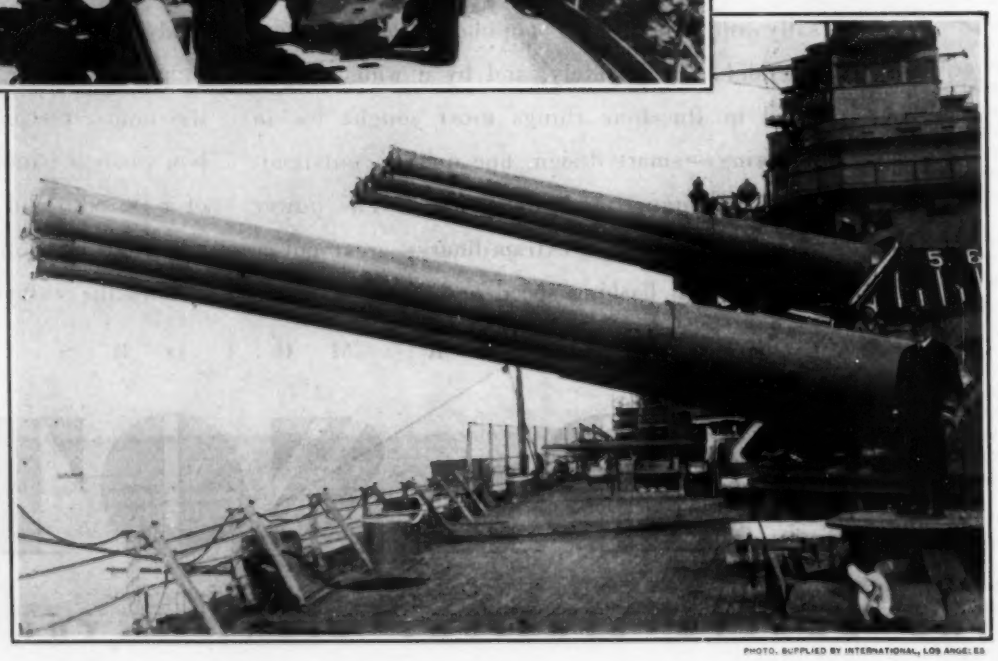
American battleships, joining the British Grand Fleet at Scapa Flow in 1918, found gun pointers replaced by electric aiming systems in all the British battleships. The aiming device was a sensitive but rugged master sight, called a director, high in the mast. Through the medium of electric indicators, the director told each gun what position to assume for each shot. The loaded guns were brought to position quickly

(Continued on Page 161)



PHOTO, FROM KEYSTONE VIEW CO., INC., N. Y. C.

Gunner's Mates at Work on the Five-Inch Anti-Aircraft Battery on Board the U. S. S. "California." Right—Six of Her Twelve Fourteen-Inch Guns



PHOTO, SUPPLIED BY INTERNATIONAL, LOS ANGELES

A new *kind* of motoring

It is very difficult to describe the exclusive advantages of the Cord without appearing to exaggerate. Everyone concedes however that nothing less than a totally new *kind* of motoring could make possible the successful invasion of the Cord into the fine car field. People accustomed to only the highest priced cars naturally assume they are enjoying the very utmost in transportation luxury. Some of them have told us about the cars they were driving: "It is difficult to conceive how my car could be improved;" "I am sure that nothing better could be built;" "I would not want anything finer."

Then they drove a Cord!

The more prejudiced they are, the more surprised they are when they learn the great difference in comfort, safety and driving ease that the Cord introduces.

Their former standards of comparison are immediately obsoleted. The contrast is so great that thousands of owners now tell us that their Cord cars spoil them for other cars. Once they have experienced the effortless handling, the different roadability, the sense of security, and the absence of fatigue, they are intolerant of anything less efficient and commodious.

It is self evident that the exclusive advantages resulting from front-drive construction are obtainable in no other way. Particularly is this true of its maneuverability, the way it holds the road, and the relaxation possible in the rear seat. If you have never ridden in the rear seat of a Cord we promise you a revelation. Select a route with which you are familiar, one over which you have ridden many times, and ride in the rear seat of a Cord over this route. We leave the verdict entirely to you. After such an experience you will be eager to learn more about this car, why it performs differently, why it "feels" different and why it gives you a renewed zest in motoring.

It is a matter of record that no new car was ever built with greater care, and with more extreme measures to insure its quality than were taken by the builders of the Cord. But our vigilance did not end with the Cord's introduction. Since then owners have been regularly canvassed for their opinions. A continuously improved car is the result.

Today the Cord is an even more efficient, an even more quiet, and an even more refined car than the ultra standard that it inaugurated.

SEDAN $3095 . . BROUGHAM $3095 . . CABRIOLET $3295 . . PHAETON $3295 Prices F. O. B. Auburn, Indiana. *Equipment other than standard, extra*

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY · AUBURN, INDIANA

CORD FRONT DRIVE

THE SMILE OF KWAN YIN

Soon Yet Was Released in Time to Participate in the Funeral Celebrations Held for Song Sam

By Hugh Wiley

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. SOULEN

IT IS hard to enter the Palace of Truth. The guides along Grant Avenue point out Soon Yet's great store to tourists. "The Chink that owns that layout is a millionaire," the guides will tell you. "He started on a shoestring a long time back. Nickels and dimes." San Francisco people who know Soon Yet believe that his fortune grew from nickels and dimes.

Here may be discovered the date of the first smile that Kwan Yin bestowed upon the Chinese millionaire.

Soon Yet was born in the shadow of Fortune Hill in a house which had a tile courtyard. Soon Yet's baby name had been Tiger. When he was three years old he endeavored to burrow out of the courtyard of his father's house. Forthwith he became Chen, in honor of the great turtle which digs underground, save when he bears the weight of earth upon his shell. "A more fitting title would be The Mole," a neighbor suggested. "He squirms like a blind mole."

As a casual verification of the neighbor's opinion, Soon Yet's first work in San Francisco was a job digging a second cellar under the house of Song Sam on Grant Avenue. Song Sam was king of the shrimp fishermen around the bay. He maintained his residence in San Francisco. A side line of smuggling brought prosperity to Soon Yet's employer, and, to avoid paying rent on adjoining property, Song Sam employed his new man in digging an addition to the lower basement of his Grant Avenue house. Soon Yet, The Mole, delved and burrowed until he had dug a room out of the damp ground large enough to afford a hiding place for twenty more of his countrymen.

"You have done good work," Song Sam said to his digger. "Keep at it. Dig another room to the left of this."

When the second room was half completed, Soon Yet, tunneling northward, broke through into a cavern of clay and encountered another digger, engaged in a similar project.

"I am a Song Sam man," Soon Yet announced. "This ground belongs to Song Sam."

"My name is Bow Lin. This is Yip Gee territory."

After a brief verbal argument, the pair abandoned words in favor of more tangible weapons. Soon Yet employed a dull hatchet in the contest, and it brought him victory. He dragged his trophy upward to street level.

"Here is a rat named Bow Lin, who was trespassing on your ground," he reported to his master.

Song Sam, anticipating subsequent developments of the feud, smiled a grim smile. "Life remains in him?" he asked.

"This delving rat is not badly hurt," Soon Yet answered. "I merely stunned him. The hatchet was dull."

For a moment Song Sam debated his problem, and then, with mercy, but knowing well the quality of error in his decision, "Assist him to the street," he ordered. "Stay. Launch him back to life with a draft of wine."

In spite of the kindness to the Yip Gee man, out of this incident bad blood brewed between the Song Sam crew and the Yip Gee tong.

Enlarging upon the truth, the Yip Gee man claimed that Soon Yet had employed everything from daggers to an unfair influence with the Gods of Earth's Caverns in the underground combat. Witnesses, hearing the first version of his story, rallied at the subsequent telling of the tale. Out of the resulting crusade poured the blood of a Yip Gee man. The killing got five lines in a morning edition of a San Francisco newspaper and hardly more publicity than this in the Chinese colony.

It at once became necessary for the Song Sam partisans to purchase virtue at the current quotation on that commodity.

"One man, one thousand dollars," the Yip Gee man announced, and then, marking the middle path: "A bully does not owe debts."

The king of the shrimp fishermen sent a brief message to Soon Yet. "Your encounter with Bow Lin will cost you one thousand dollars, or your life," Song Sam announced to his workman. "A grain of sand can hide a mountain."

This seemed to be warped justice. Soon Yet devoted all his intellect and one hour of his time to an attempt to discover an essence of equity in his master's mandate. Then, "An intelligent man recognizes the will of Heaven," he reflected in surrender.

Lacking a thousand dollars, and having no hope of obtaining that sum, Soon Yet sought an exit from the predicament which would enable him to continue to include his life among his assets.

Enjoying again a brief smile from Kwan Yin at the midnight of his distress, he read a vermilion poster on a Jackson Street dead wall, wherein, set forth in formal text, one of his countrymen who had tangled with the white man's laws offered to pay for a substitute who would serve a three-year term in San Quentin. "Here at hand is the purchase price of life," Soon Yet decided. Driving a bad bargain an hour later, he agreed to serve the other man's prison sentence for a thousand dollars. Soon Yet added one conditional clause to his contract, and that was that the money should be paid forthwith to the Yip Gee tong.

En route to the prison, facing its unknown terrors, "Man is a small Heaven within himself," Soon Yet reflected. "A wick is no substitute for a walking stick." To comfort himself: "Time is an arrow." Presently: "I shall soon be free. Three years; three years is but a grain of sand in the desert of time."

At San Quentin, Soon Yet served his first year in the jute mill. From this work he was transferred to a nest of whirring machinery out of which coarse shoes were hatched. The monotony of his work enabled him after a while to forget the element of time. Each day dredged from the gulf of the hours flowed in the stream of other days.

Soon Yet, keeping rough account of the time by moons—and these were moons that he never saw—felt after a while that the end of his three years' servitude was near.

"How long have I been here?" he asked another Chinese prisoner.

"As the white men count time, you have been here nearly four years," the man answered. "Almost fifty moons as we count it."

Soon Yet said, "Three years of time was my debt."

"It has been paid with usury," his companion suggested.

Investigating the problem of time, Soon Yet discovered that his three-year sentence, expressed in the iron phrases of the law, was written "Ten to fifty years at hard labor."

"I enjoy a double portion of prosperity. Here is comfort, shelter, food. Who am I, to question the will of Heaven?"

After he had been an inmate of the prison for twenty-two years, Soon Yet, enjoying the official frowns of the pardon board, was expelled from his Castle of Contentment. He was released in time to participate in the funeral celebrations held for Song Sam. He established his claim to a place in the funeral banquet.

On the fourth day of the Ceremony of Sorrow, an aged servant in Song Sam's house addressed Soon Yet. "You are The Mole who dug the second cellar under this house long years ago?" the servant asked.

"I am that man," Soon Yet affirmed.

"Born in the shadow of Fortune Hill where the road is a crescent, east of Yuangan?"

"Even so. There, at the crescent turn in the shadow of Fortune Hill, stood the house of my fathers."

The servant bowed low before Soon Yet. Following the obeisance, "By the terms of our dead master's will, this house is yours," the old servant said. "This I know. I heard him express his desires to the white lawyer. His other properties go to other men. He had no sons. Well do I remember the day that he purchased escape from the burden of remorse that his heart had borne through all the years of your imprisonment. He stopped the blood of conscience with this gift to you."

(Continued on Page 44)

GRAHAM SIXES AND EIGHTS—ALWAYS FAR IN ADVANCE

Without all these value-features no car can be worth *as much as* GRAHAM

Graham Standard Six Four-door Town Sedan

$845

Price at factory

Shatter-proof glass throughout at the lowest extra cost ever placed on such equipment.

HOLDING fast to their conviction that quality is the best policy, the Grahams have driven steadily toward lower prices, with values so outstanding that they would largely advertise themselves.

They point today to their newest products as the fulfillment of their price-and-value purposes—and ask every man and woman who still wants comfort, size and superlative performance to study these cars and prices, in contrast with anything on the market.

There are numerous good cars at moderate prices; but if you will measure them by the Graham Standard Six Town Sedan at $845, there can be only one outcome.

Before equality with the Graham at this price can be established by any car, it must give you for your investment:

A 66 h. p. engine with 207 cu. in. piston displacement as against the usual 55 to 62 h. p. in this price class.

A seven-bearing crankshaft with 81.4 sq. in. of main-bearing area as against the usual four or five bearings.

Silent-chain drive for generator and water pump as against a fan-belt drive.

Big, positive 12-inch internal hydraulic brakes, for maximum braking certainty.

A Graham body, built in Graham's own plants to highest quality standards.

Adjustable seats and foot pedals, with a treadle-type accelerator, for greater comfort.

115-inch wheelbase as against a lesser wheelbase, insuring easier riding.

Four wide doors instead of two, and roomy comfort as against cramping and discomfort.

And finally, shatter-proof safety plate glass throughout at the lowest additional cost ever placed on such equipment.

GRAHAM

QUALITY IS THE BEST POLICY

Graham cars give you value and performance—reasons in plenty for preferring them. Their crowning appeal is the safety of the shatter-proof plate glass doors, windows and windshields—protection for yourself and your family from the hazards of broken glass. Complete equipment of shatter-proof plate glass at the lowest extra cost ever placed on such equipment in any car

Graham Standard Six, Four-door Town Sedan, $845. Universal Six-window Sedan, $895. Standard and Special Sizes, $845 up. Standard and Special Eights, $1445 up. Prices at factory. Special Sizes and Special Eights equipped with Graham time-proved four-speed transmission

GRAHAM-PAIGE MOTORS CORPORATION, DETROIT

(Continued from Page 42)

"What blood? How had he injured me?" Soon Yet inquired.

The servant smiled. "A felon's exile, imprisonment, hard labor without reward through endless years. Have you not resented the injuries you suffered at Song Sam's hands?"

Here was a question of personal definition. Practicing right conduct, "In truth I have been deeply wronged at Song Sam's hands," Soon Yet agreed. "What of this legacy that you mention?"

"White lawyers handled my master's business after he had gained great wealth," the servant said. "These men alone knew of his affairs. At times, trusting me, he honored me with secrets of his life. Our local world has changed since you have been away. Life has become more difficult. Other merchants have invaded our business world. The fisheries that my master owned, for one thing, passed long since to other ownership. Years ago, sensing disaster, he abandoned his interest in the company that gained much wealth in traffic of the black gum of sleep. He thought of you through all these years. He tried more than once to effect your release from your prison. Failing in this, his last effort of atonement was to give you this establishment which represents a quarter of his estate. The white lawyers will know of this. I am sure that your name must be written in the documents of reward that my master signed."

Here at hand was a rich payment for having carried the burden of life. Soon Yet set about the job of reaping his harvest. The problem of obtaining title to his legacy developed difficulties that at once seemed insurmountable. The gift from Song Sam meant nothing more than an idle dream of wealth. Seeking advice, "Consult a white man versed in the law," one of Soon Yet's countrymen suggested.

"Tell him to dig up five thousand dollars, and I will look it over," an attorney enjoying the confidence of the Chinese clientele answered, when an intermediary disclosed the news of Soon Yet's requirements.

Relaying this information to Soon Yet, "Pay the white man five thousand dollars now," the message bearer advised. "After a while, when he gets around to it, he will investigate your claim."

Indulging himself in a lengthy recital of examples of other impossible problems, Soon Yet smiled a thin smile and abandoned the business of trying to get rich quick. "A wise man understands a nod," he concluded. "I was not born for wealth. My heritage from Song Sam is the privilege of working hard each day to earn my rice."

Taking definite form, Soon Yet's privilege of working hard for his rice came in a letter from a Reno member of the Soon family who kept a restaurant. "That is a good town," a man advised Soon Yet.

"How many days must one travel to get there?"

"It is half a day's journey on the railroad."

On the strength of his new job, Soon Yet borrowed railroad fare. He had never been on a train. He was escorted to the train by three of his countrymen. "The man commanding the train will tell you when to alight," one advised.

Soon Yet began his journey from San Francisco to Reno huddled in a chair in the club car of the train. He wore a large pair of black shoes, an old green suit that had once been black, and a rusty, black, felt hat whose flopping brim was gray with age. For refreshment, he had with him six ounces of rice and a bottle of tea. In a twisted corner of a red bandanna he had a silver dollar and three cigarettes. His railroad ticket hung by a string from the left lapel of his ragged coat. He was frightened at first by the train noises. The whistle of the locomotive three cars ahead could have been endured more easily with the aid of a pellet or two of good black opium.

When the daylight faded, the brilliant lights in the car hurt his eyes. He let his gaze range downward so that his eyes might rest. After a while, he became engaged in a study of the shoes worn by the other occupants of the car. A dozen travelers across the aisle, he discovered, wore twelve varieties of footwear. He realized that his prison education had included only the elements of the subject of shoes. He feasted his eyes upon a pair of white buckskin shoes, strapped with black patent leather. He began an inventory of the travelers' shoes, ranging from the head end of the car back to the last chair, wherein sat an energetic young gentleman in a blue uniform with bright nickel buttons. This young man's shoes were large and solid. They were black and thick-soled, and were neat from a recent polishing.

Next to this young man sat Mr. Morris Gold, the president of Gold Feature Pictures. Mr. Gold's shoes were of black patent leather. They had gray cloth tops. They were buttoned shoes.

In the next two chairs were two Stanford men, headed for the hills, where they hoped to make better than expenses during their vacation. The Stanford men wore low shoes of dark brown leather; socks guiltless of garters concealed the upper part of the low shoes.

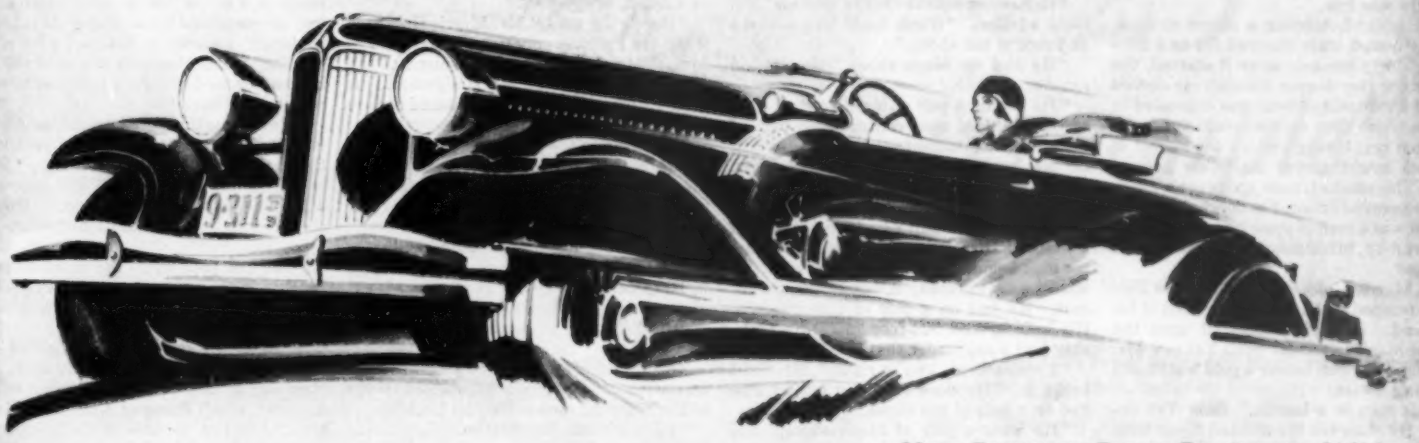
A Fresno raisin grower, going to Reno to renew happy memories, wore a pair of yellow, box-toed, laced shoes. The uppers were not big enough to go round his ankles, but the laces were so long that they went round three times before they ended in a square knot. The yellow shoes were new. Four slits had been cut to free a caged bunion on the Fresno man's left foot.

Soon Yet's inventory ranged forward until it ended with the shoes worn by the Negro waiter who ran the buffet. This black man, Soon Yet decided, had common sense in the matter of shoes. When he bought shoes, he bought lots

(Continued on Page 46)

He Read a Vermilion Poster on a Jackson Street Dead Wall, Wherein, Set Forth in Formal Text, One of His Countrymen Who Had Tangled With the White Man's Laws Offered to Pay for a Substitute Who Would Serve a Three-Year Term in San Quentin

CHRYSLER
NEW STRAIGHT
EIGHTS



NEW CHRYSLER EIGHT ROADSTER, $1495
(wire wheels extra)

STYLE — PARIS FOR GOWNS; CHRYSLER FOR CARS

Again the country is Chrysler-wild. Chrysler, with its two new Straight Eights, again has captivated all America with a new style as distinctive and as charming among cars as the newest creations of Paquin or Worth are among Paris gowns.

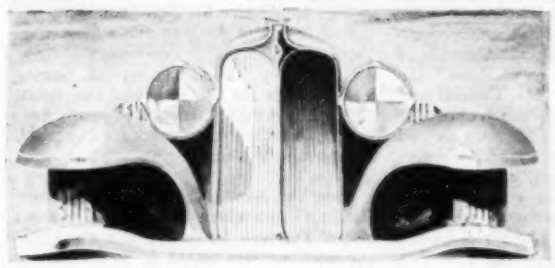
Never before has Chrysler, always famous for beauty and smartness, created anything so pleasing and refreshing as the new Chrysler Eight and Chrysler Imperial Eight.

In these magnificent new cars Chrysler combines the very latest in eight-cylinder design and practice with striking new lines—enhanced by an extremely low center of gravity that not only produces ultra-smart appearance, but contributes immeasurably to riding ease and safety.

So low-swung are the bodies of these new Eights that all sideway is eliminated and you can round curves safely at high speeds.

With Chrysler's greatest beauty is linked Chrysler's greatest performance. Both Eights are equipped with the Chrysler 4-speed Multi-Range transmission which gives you a quick, quiet gear shift and dual high gears—one gear for city traffic or hill climbing and the other for the open road.

With this remarkable transmission of exclusive Chrysler design joined to an eight-cylinder engine as Chrysler engineers and builds it, these beautiful new Chrysler Eights achieve a smooth alertness and fleetness so easy to handle that to drive a Chrysler Eight is motoring's most fascinating, most thrilling sensation.



CHRYSLER EIGHT — Standard Models — Roadster $1495; Coupe $1495; Sedan $1525—Special Coupe $1535; Special Sedan $1565; Special Convertible Coupe $1665; Sport Roadster (six wire wheels and trunk rack) $1595. All prices f. o. b. factory.

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL EIGHT—Five-Passenger Sedan $2495; Close-Coupled Sedan $2595; Seven-Passenger Sedan $2695; Sedan-Limousine $2895. All prices f. o. b. factory. All Imperial prices include choice of six wire or demountable wood wheels, fender wells, trunk rack, bumpers and specially-painted fenders.

Chrysler Eight and Chrysler Imperial Eight closed cars are factory-wired for immediate installation of Transitone, the pioneer automobile radio. Other models will be equipped on order.

(Continued from Page 44)

of them. Soon Yet looked down at his own ample footwear. There was nothing like getting your money's worth when you bought shoes. The black man at the end of the car understood this. Soon Yet felt a quick sympathy for the Negro. Of all the occupants of the car, he was the first one to be trusted.

Mr. Morris Gold, who wore the patent-leather shoes, summoned the black waiter. The waiter disappeared into his culinary department, to pop out some moments later bearing a tray whereon sat two triangular sandwiches and a bottle of beer. Soon Yet decided that Mr. Morris Gold was a personage.

An epidemic of eating followed. Some of the occupants of the car went back to the diner. Others depended on the black waiter to supply their needs. The aroma of frying ham came to Soon Yet's nostrils, and it made him hungry. He ate half of his six-ounce ration of rice, and was pleased to discover that drinking water of glacial temperature was free.

At Highland, topping a minor summit, the eastbound train stopped for two minutes. Thirty seconds after it started, the lock on the rear door of the club car clicked behind a man whose head was concealed in a clean white flour sack wherein two holes had been cut, through which the wearer of the sack might survey his fellow passengers. The masked man spoke one quick harsh command. Soon Yet decided that the speaker was a man of some importance. He saw a stubby, black automatic in the man's left hand.

Mr. Morris Gold, of Gold Feature Pictures, dropped half a glass of beer out of his left hand. Part of it splashed upon the masked man's left shoe. Soon Yet saw Mr. Gold hand the gun bearer a gold watch and a bulging wallet.

"This man is a bandit," Soon Yet decided. He observed the masked figure with increasing interest.

The foam of the spilled beer had left a dark area in the red dust that covered the bandit's black shoes. Soon Yet had some difficulty with the appraisal of these shoes. They were not cheap shoes, nor were they new. In the outer welt of the right shoe, two stitches had frayed, and the raveled fibers brought memories of a prison inspector's curses to Soon Yet's mind. In the prison he had spoiled shoes now and then before he had mastered the ingenious mechanism of the shoe machinery that replaced a hundred human hands.

From the two Stanford men the bandit got a sympathetic smile and twelve dollars. The Fresno raisin grower, scowling, contributed a Reno whoopee roll of more than a thousand dollars. The Fresno man parted with this money with great reluctance, in spite of the fact that it was, in equity, the property of a bank that had covered the failure of his last year's raisin crop.

A tractor salesman, heavy with expense money, and loyal to his firm, offered the first resistance that the bandit had encountered. A quick wallop with the stubby gun back of the ear brought an end to the tractor salesman's resistance and a deeper calm to the submissive group.

The next man in line was a well-known author, journeying to the California Sierras, searching for color for a Western adventure story. The author's quick imagination painted six alternatives at this point in the holdup. He adopted the simple one of handing over his bank roll and a battered wrist watch without verbal comment. Then, for a reason not yet clear in his own mind, he forthwith forgot practically all the sequence and details of the subsequent events.

The bandit flattered Soon Yet with the second command he had spoken since he had entered the car. "Come across, Chink," he said.

Soon Yet unrolled his red bandanna purse and handed the bandit the lone dollar which he possessed. The bandit took it. Thereafter, for three fleeting minutes of the holdup, he devoted himself to a study of the bandit's methods and manners. Men like this had been around him through the long years which he had spent in prison. The bandit's cleverness made him homesick. "Those were untroubled days," he reflected with some regret. "Alas, that there can be no returning to the lost tranquillity of those thick stone walls."

Ending his reverie, he noted suddenly that the face of the black man at the end of the car had turned gray. The black man contributed an ornate gold watch to the bandit, and this ended the harvest. The bandit walked rapidly back along the aisle of the car. The door opened, clicked as it closed, and then a chorus of testimony swelled above the noises of the train.

"Somebody get the conductor," demanded the head of Gold Feature Pictures.

The young flagman with the neat black shoes entered the car carrying his lantern. "Get the conductor. We've been held up," Mr. Gold called to him.

The flagman departed in search of moral support.

"Remember how the fellow looked," Mr. Gold advised. "Black coat, blue overalls and sort of tan shoes."

"He had on black shoes," the Fresno rancher said.

"He had on a pair of black pants." One of the Stanford men contradicted part of Mr. Gold's statement.

"No, he didn't. They were gray pants, and he wore sort of a blue canvas jumper."

The tractor salesman contributed his memory of the bandit's costume. "He had a white flour sack over his head," the tractor man began. "He wore a dark coat. It wasn't a canvas coat; it was a dark, woolly coat. He had on a pair of blue overalls. His head looked two feet long. He probably had a cap under that flour sack."

"I remember! You're right," Mr. Gold broke in. "He wore what you say, and he had on a pair of tan shoes."

"He wore a pair of black shoes," the tractor salesman insisted.

At this point Soon Yet, shedding light, confirmed the tractor man's statement. "Ketchum black shoes," Soon Yet said. "I savvy shoes." With another deep drag at the half-consumed cigarette, "Long time makum shoes. Allee time look see what fashion shoes eprybody have got."

The tractor man nodded pleasantly at Soon Yet, and then to his audience: "You bet your life he had on black shoes. I saw that much before he hit me with the gun. I sized him up. There's a lot of stuff a man can't ——" The tractor man was interrupted by the Pullman conductor, the train conductor, a flagman and a brakeman.

"What's the layout?" the train conductor asked quickly.

Speaking for the group around him, Mr. Gold explained the layout. "First of all a gold watch and chain and all the money I had with me, the robber took it."

"What robber?" the Pullman conductor asked, holding out a car diagram and lead pencil.

"What robbers you got?" said Mr. Gold. "I should know what robber. The robber what robbed us took from me a pocketbook and a watch. From everybody else, all they had," Mr. Gold replied.

The robber's height varied according to testimony from five feet ten to twelve feet. "He looked twelve feet high. He may have been only half that tall," the Stanford man testified.

"How was he dressed?"

"Never mind how he was dressed. Where is he? He's still on the train here some place," the Fresno rancher said. "We haven't stopped any place since he cleaned up."

The train conductor smiled in a superior way. "We pulled out of Highland under a ten-mile order. Bridge gang fixing the culvert slowed us up. He could have dropped off easy enough. We ease down this hill to Ridgefield at a thirty-mile rate. He could get off any place along here. Did he do any shootin'? Anybody hurt?"

"I got a wallop back of my ear. No one was hurt," the tractor man answered.

The Pullman conductor said, "Please calm down. Let me have a definite statement as to what property each one lost. Let me have your names and how much money you lost."

At the subject of names, the Fresno rancher frowned. His frown lightened presently after he had thought of a good name to assume for publicity purposes. In the reports the Fresno rancher became John Smith, of Beloit, Wisconsin. That was the first town he could think of, because he had a cousin in Beloit.

"Soon Yet my name. Bad man ketchum one dollah my money."

"Here's my card," Mr. Morris Gold said when the Pullman conductor got around to him. "Mr. Morris Gold, president of the Gold Feature Pictures, Hollywood. A gold watch and about one thousand dollars in my wallet."

According to the passengers' statements, the total amount of cash lost was slightly more than three times the amount that the robber actually got away with. It is hard to enter the Palace of Truth.

"That's all, folks," the train conductor said finally. "I'll file a report of this down in Ridgefield. We're due there now. We'll pick up some of the railway detectives up ahead, and they'll get on the job right away."

"A fine lot of good they can do getting on the job now," Mr. Gold remarked to one of the Stanford men seated on his left.

"I don't know. These sleuths sometimes do fast work."

"They don't have to work fast. They are on the pay roll. Anybody else picks up a bandit, he gets a reward. Railroad dicks don't get nothing but wages."

"How big a reward for catching a train robber?" the second Stanford man asked.

Here, knowing his stuff, the Fresno rancher spoke up. "Five thousand dollars. If he touches the U. S. mail the Government chips in."

Visions of what he could do with five thousand dollars brought a light of anticipation to the Stanford man's mind, and then the realization of how long it would take him to earn it put out that light.

The train, swinging around the long arc of Rock River Canyon, halted finally at Ridgefield. A dozen local passengers got aboard while the train conductor and the Pullman man made their way to the station agent's office to file a report of the holdup.

Leaving Ridgefield, the train was eight minutes late. Broadcasting the official announcement in the club car, "A couple of special agents will meet us at Reno," the conductor announced. "Mr. Connell and somebody else. I would be much obliged if some of you folks would stay up so you could tell Mr. Connell and the other detective all about the holdup. They're at work on it now."

A couple of the passengers who had boarded the train at Ridgefield looked around at their fellows in the club car. "What holdup is the conductor talking about?" one of them asked. "Was this train held up?"

Forthwith there ensued another session of general chatter, with a rehearsal of the more lurid details of the holdup by the tractor man, Mr. Gold and the two Stanford men.

During all this play, which was stage-managed by the train conductor, Soon Yet sat silent.

At the conclusion of Mr. Morris Gold's last recital of his personal reactions, "What became of the robber?" one of the new arrivals asked.

"How should I know?" Mr. Gold replied. "That's what everybody would like to know. It's too bad somebody didn't have a gun to shoot him with."

There was a moment's silence. Each man thought of the nerve required to enable him to shoot a train bandit in the back.

The silence was broken by a high-pitched cackle from Soon Yet's throat. Soon Yet pointed to a man across the aisle from him, and made a quick announcement: "Him allee same lobbar! Allee same man ketchum eprybody money."

Here was action! The man across the aisle from Soon Yet leaped to his feet and made a dive for his accuser. His action was accompanied by an elaborate splash of profanity, wherein he outlined a lot of unpleasant deaths that were due to be suffered by the qualified son of a slant-eyed monkey who had accused him.

When the attack had ended, and while half a dozen merciful men had postponed the moment of Soon Yet's death, "What the devil do you mean?" the conductor asked the quivering Chinaman. "How do you get that way—talking about white men being robbers?"

Soon Yet pointed to the shoes worn by the man in the gray suit. "Allee same shoe," he gasped through his bruised throat. "I savvy shoes number one good."

There was a dark area in the red dust that lay on the newcomer's left shoe. The stain might have been made by the splashing beer which dropped from Mr. Morris Gold's hand at the time of the holdup. In the outer welt of the right shoe, two stitches had frayed, and the raveled fibers showed gray against their background.

"Moh betteh you look see him shoe," Soon Yet continued. "Look see beer on shoe. Look see stling bloke."

"Damn if that Chink don't sound plausible to me," the Fresno rancher broke in. Then, to the stranger, who had begun a new struggle to free himself so that the assault upon Soon Yet might be continued, "You don't mind, partner, if we look you over some?" the Fresno rancher asked with a threat in his voice.

Mr. Gold's bulging wallet was the first trophy of the search. His watch came next. The Fresno man's whoopee roll, folded once, appeared to be intact.

"How much you lose, Chink?" the conductor asked, near the end of the property distribution.

"One dollah," Soon Yet answered.

The conductor handed Soon Yet one dollar. "You're going to make a lot more than one dollar out of this night's play."

"No savvy," Soon Yet replied, bowing his gratitude for the return of the dollar.

"You'll savvy when the company gets through handing you a check for five grand for spotting this bird."

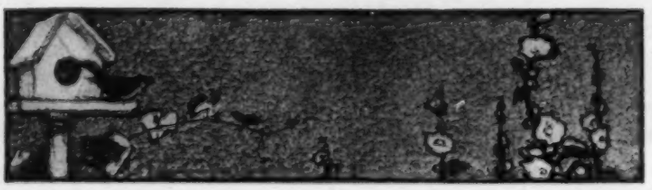
Soon Yet, born in the shadow of Fortune Hill in a house where the road is a crescent east of Yuangan, believes that a white lawyer won the rich estate of Song Sam for him, but the records of the probate court contradict this.

Tourists along Grant Avenue believe that Soon Yet's fortune was built up out of nickels and dimes and patient labor.

"A Chink by the name of Soon Yet owns that big layout," the guides will tell you. "He started on a shoestring thirty years ago, and built it up out of nickels and dimes."

It is hard to enter the Palace of Truth.

Ruling his own small kingdom of commerce, enjoying the continued radiance of Kwan Yin's smile, "An ape may sit on a throne," Soon Yet reflects with some humility, "but who am I to question the will of Heaven?"



"I've quit paying fancy prices for tooth paste 25¢ *is ample"*

Millions practice this intelligent economy

"I PAID from 35 to 60 cents for tooth paste for years—thought I had to in order to have nice teeth.

"But I don't pay that much now—not by a long shot! I've had a small but worth-while lesson in economy.

"My dentist and I got to talking one day and we agreed that all tooth pastes are pretty much alike in the results they accomplish. If that was so, what was the use of paying fancy prices? That led me to Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ which I had seen advertised. Now the whole family—and there's eight of us—uses it, and we figure we save about $12 a year. 48 tubes at 25¢ instead of 50¢ or more.

"What's more, my teeth look cleaner and whiter than ever and my mouth feels simply great! Mildred and the kids report the same thing."

Intelligent economy—Beautiful results

That's the way a lot of men and women talk. Actually, more than a million people have rejected costly dentifrices for this modern one made by the makers of Listerine which sells for 25¢, the large tube.

While the price has been a consideration, of course, the deciding factor in their selection was the outstanding quality of this tooth paste and the remarkable results achieved by it. In every way it is worthy of the Listerine name.

Swift cleansing—Absolute safety

If you aren't already using Listerine Tooth Paste, do so at the first opportunity. Note how swiftly but how gently it erases discolorations and tartar. And how lustrous it leaves the teeth.

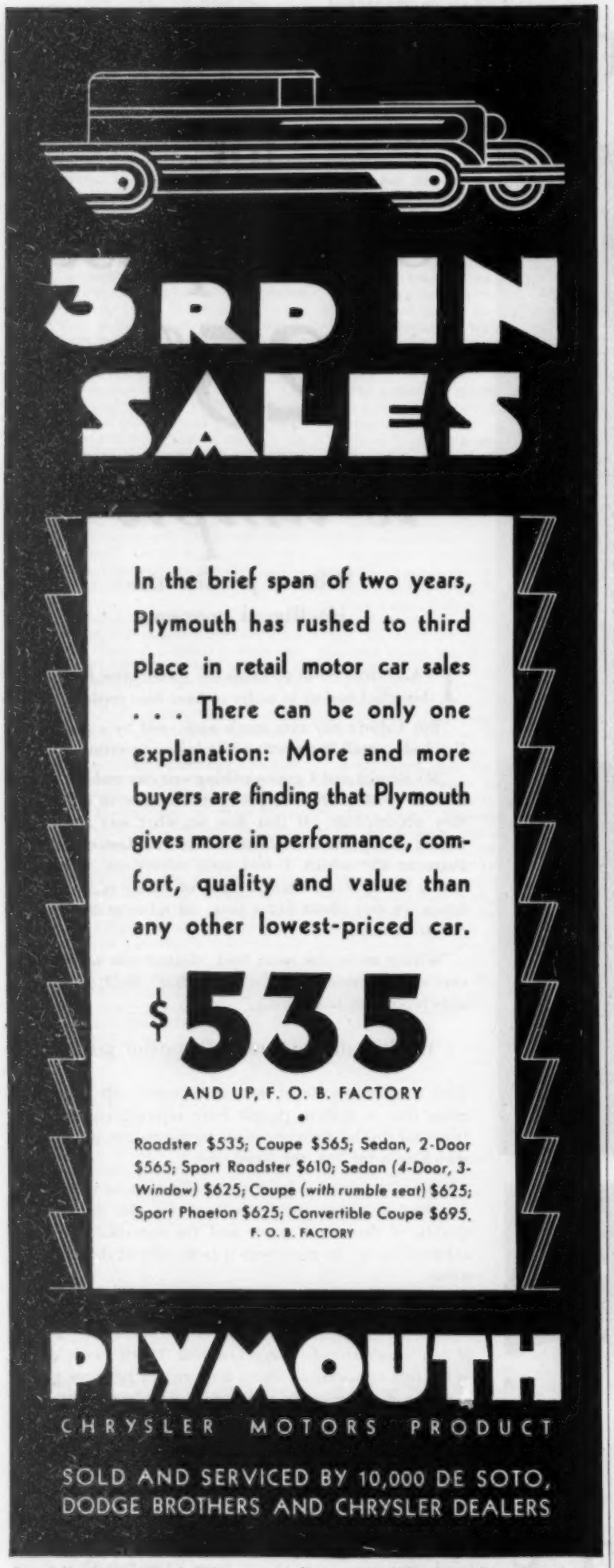
Contained in it are new polishing and cleansing agents. They are harder than tartar and so remove it. But they are softer than enamel and consequently do not harm it.

We are willing to wager that once you try Listerine Tooth Paste you will not return to higher-priced dentifrices which accomplish no more. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Let this tooth paste buy you a new hat

There are so many things you can buy with that $3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class. A hat is merely a suggestion.

Listerine TOOTH PASTE


3RD IN SALES
In the brief span of two years, Plymouth has rushed to third place in retail motor car sales . . . There can be only one explanation: More and more buyers are finding that Plymouth gives more in performance, comfort, quality and value than any other lowest-priced car.
$535
AND UP, F. O. B. FACTORY
Roadster $535; Coupe $565; Sedan, 2-Door $565; Sport Roadster $610; Sedan (4-Door, 3-Window) $625; Coupe (with rumble seat) $625; Sport Phaeton $625; Convertible Coupe $695.
F. O. B. FACTORY
PLYMOUTH
CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT
SOLD AND SERVICED BY 10,000 DE SOTO, DODGE BROTHERS AND CHRYSLER DEALERS
On order, Plymouth closed cars are factory-wired for immediate installation of Transitone, the pioneer automobile radio. Ask for a demonstration.

THE AMERICAN "EMPIRE"

(Continued from Page 13)

The fundamental economic problem in Porto Rico seems to be the land. Governor Roosevelt says: "Far too much of our land has passed into the hands of a few large owners." These large owners are dominantly aliens from continental United States. In Samoa our naval government forbids Samoans to sell their land to aliens. In Porto Rico we have a Homestead Commission, which Governor Roosevelt is now pressing forward in its work of buying land from large owners and reselling it in small parcels and on easy terms to little owners.

The precise political destiny of Porto Rico remains obscure. Administratively the government of Porto Rico—along with the government of the Philippine Islands and the customs receivership of the Dominican Republic—heads up into the Bureau of Insular Affairs, General Francis LeJau Parker in charge, in our War Department. Politically the governors of Porto Rico are chosen by the President from civil life; and there is in Porto Rico no North American military—or naval—rule. The Porto Ricans send to the lower house of the Congress at Washington a Resident Commissioner who has a voice there but no vote. The acts of the Porto Rican legislature can be overridden temporarily by the governor and definitively by the President.

Many Porto Ricans assert that they want independence. Others, quite contrariwise, would like to see Porto Rico become a sovereign state in our Union. Certain it is that the Porto Ricans not only willingly accepted but emphatically demanded the American citizenship which now they have. Many of them request that they at least be allowed to elect their own governor. Their complicated state of mind and of utterance is natural to their complicated situation. They numerously regard themselves as a nation without a complete national home. They might wish to enter fully into our house or fully to set up a house of their own. Their present political habitat is a sort of portable tent. They are not disloyal, but they are restive. The safest prophecy would be that in our days the architecture of the tent will change and the flag above it will not.

Uncle Sam as a Policeman

From Porto Rico, continuing westward, we come presently to the island which contains in the eastern part of it the Dominican Republic and in the western part the Republic of Haiti. Here we possess no sovereignty. Here, nevertheless, we possess certain rights or obligations sanctified by treaties which our critics contend were extorted solely by force and which we must admit to have been gained at least in accompaniment with force or the threat of force.

The disorders of this island constituted for many decades a knotty international problem. In the Dominican Republic they were so continuous and so destructive that they drew from President Roosevelt his historic pronouncement to the effect that in extreme cases of anarchy in the neighborhood of our shores we would assume to ourselves the duty of acting as an international police force. There followed the installation of Mr. William E. Pulliam at Santo Domingo, which is the capital of the Dominican Republic, to collect the Dominican duties on imports in the Dominican customs houses and to partition the proceeds between the paying of the interest on the Dominican national debt and the meeting of the administrative expenses of the Dominican Government.

This was accomplished by President Roosevelt without bloodshed. Mr. Pulliam is General Receiver of Dominican Customs today under appointment by President Hoover. Our responsibilities with regard to the Dominican customs revenues and with regard to the Dominican debt services remain our only responsibilities in the Dominican Republic. The military occupation of the republic achieved amid gunfire by President Wilson was totally terminated by President Harding and President Coolidge. The Dominicans recently performed an armed revolution in their government without eliciting any corrective action from us. The scene of the oldest of our true "interventions" in the internal affairs of nearby sovereign countries, the Dominican Republic is also prophetic of their impermanence. We physically occupied the country in 1916; we physically disoccupied it in 1924; and there is not the slightest doubt that our financial customs receivership there, founded upon a treaty of 1907 and buttressed anew by a treaty signed in 1924, will fall to the ground when a solid structure of secure Dominican national finance has been reared beside and above it.

Teaching Haiti to Go It Alone

The Dominican Republic is Spanish American. Haiti—our instant next stop in our pilgrimage—is African American.

Haiti long exhibited a turbulence surpassing even that of the Dominican Republic. It incurred thereupon—in 1915—a military occupation by President Wilson. The Dominican Republic and Haiti have provided us with the only two instances in our whole history in which in foreign sovereign countries we have ever substantially actually displaced the local governments with military governments of our own. In the instance of Haiti we soon imposed upon the local authorities a treaty which recognized a local government held in tutelage to us in certain primary matters by a General Receiver of Customs and a Financial Adviser and other supervisory officials nominated by our President.

This treaty tutelage will end in 1936. Little if any of it will then—by present prospect—be renewed. The mood of the age seems to be in motion against it.

President Hoover's late commission to Haiti, headed by W. Cameron Forbes, former governor general of the Philippines, and including in its membership Henry Prather Fletcher, former ambassador to Chile and to Mexico and to Belgium and to Italy and former under-secretary of state, was far from being dominantly theoretical or sentimental. Yet it brought to abolishment in Haiti the system whereby our aid to Haiti was controlled on the spot by a Marine Corps officer, Brig. Gen. John Henry Russell, acting as a High Commissioner; and, in the name of local progress toward self-government, it substituted for a military high commissioner a civilian diplomatic minister. That new minister, Mr. Dana G. Munro, one of our youngest but one of our most learned and capable diplomats of career, will be expected most especially to encourage the development of talents among the Haitians for ruling their own political lives. As Mr. Fletcher has more or less sadly but thoroughly realistically remarked, "The native Demos has routed—or is routing—the imported idols of efficiency."

We have made the Haitians go in for many material physical improvements with us. We are now embarked upon trying to teach them to get along politically without us.

Sailing northwestwardly some 200 miles from Port-au-Prince, the capital of Haiti, we arrive at Guantánamo on the southern shore of the island of Cuba.

We have three principal relationships with the Cuban Government. One is a United States lease upon an area of land and water at Guantánamo for naval-station purposes at an annual rental of $2000. The second is an interchange of reciprocal tariff-duty concessions, the most momentous of which politically internationally has turned out to be the admission of Cuban sugar into the United States at a

(Continued on Page 50)

of

DODGE BROTHERS

Fine Cars in all Showrooms During September

Brilliant new colorings . . . graceful touches of luxury . . . body styles with smartness and distinction. Advanced design and construction give new thrills in performance, and enhance the dependability, stamina and economy for which Dodge cars have always been famous. A value-showing quite as much as a style-showing . . . for in price as in quality, the Dodge Six and Eight are Dodge Brothers proudest achievements.

WHEN YOU KNOW

WHAT... BUT NOT WHERE

To find where to buy Sherwin-Williams paints and varnishes, look for the Sherwin-Williams paint headquarters under SHERWIN-WILLIAMS in your classified telephone directory.

TO THOUSANDS of families, the first of October means moving day . . . strange surroundings . . . new neighbors . . . many unaccustomed living problems. Classified telephone directories are performing a valuable service by helping people adjust themselves to new marketing conditions.

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And when you want a specific product—for instance, Sherwin-Williams paints and varnishes—you can find in a minute the names, addresses and telephone numbers of local stores handling this brand by looking in your classified directory for the heading SHERWIN-WILLIAMS. Other advertised articles are similarly listed under their own brand names.

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Find where to buy it in your classified telephone directory

BELL SYSTEM

(Continued from Page 48)

reduction of 20 per cent from the duty imposed upon sugar from all other foreign countries. The third is the insertion into the Cuban constitution, and the subsequent insertion into the 1903 treaty between Cuba and the United States, of the so-called Platt Amendment, the crucial sentence of which is as follows:

"The Government of Cuba consents that the United States may exercise the right to intervene for the preservation of Cuban independence [and for] the maintenance of a government adequate for the protection of life, property and individual liberty."

The lease of land and water at Guantánamo to the United States was part of the consideration paid by Cuba in return for the right assumed by the United States to preserve Cuban independence. Guantánamo has become a basic base for the annual maneuvers of the United States fleet and for calculations of United States naval strategy.

Islands You Never Heard Of

The concession to Cuban sugar in the United States customs houses has had an unintended and unexpected consequence. It vastly stimulated Cuban sugar production. Excess production then precipitated a financial collapse among Cuban sugar-grinding companies. New York banks which had lent them money were then obliged in numerous instances to protect their own funds by going more deeply into Cuban sugar-production management. The invasion of the Cuban sugar industry by American capital came to its present proportions precisely through the benevolent sugar-tariff concession to Cuba which President Roosevelt masterfully extorted from a reluctant United States Congress.

The United States' right to intervene in Cuba on behalf of "life, property and individual liberty" put us into Cuba in 1906 and kept us there till 1909 and has continued to be one of the dominant forces in Cuban daily politics. Every Cuban Government—as, for instance, the one now headed by the able and forceful Gen. Gerardo Machado—confidently expects the United States Government to stand by it against the disorders of revolutions. On the other hand, every Cuban proscribed political opposition party—as, for instance, the one now headed by the distinguished civilian statesman, Dr. Carlos Mendieta y Montefur—clamors to have the United States Government interest itself in the restoration of the liberty of public assemblage and of political expression. This appeal to Washington is as vivid at this moment as it ever was; and our ambassador to Cuba, Mr. Harry F. Guggenheim, is obliged at Havana to endeavor to be a conciliator as well as an ambassador.

We will now go exploring a bit among islands which are not known to most of us even by name, but which are nevertheless under our national control.

A hundred miles south of Guantánamo, in between Haiti and the British island of Jamaica, we come upon an islet called Navassa. We acquired it long ago through its occupation by our searchers for guano. We use it today for facilitating international navigation by means of a lighthouse.

Some 370 miles west of Jamaica we come upon two more United States islets—Great Swan and Little Swan—not far from the Honduran coast. We have crowned the Great one with a public lighthouse and a private radio station. Honduras has put forth a claim to both the Great and the Little one, but the claim is quiescent.

Some 350 miles in a southeasterly direction from the Swan islets we come to some islet groups called Quita Sueño Bank and Serrana Bank and Roncador Cay. The country to which they are closest is Nicaragua. They are claimed, however, by Colombia. Colombia nevertheless does not really press this claim. The islets in question were all of them declared to be United States territory by presidential proclamation of Woodrow Wilson in 1919. Their value in practice seems to be solely as aids to navigation by means of lighthouses.

On a southeasterly line from Quita Sueño Bank to the Nicaraguan coastal town of San Juan del Norte are the islets called Great Corn and Little Corn. Colombia claimed them, but has relinquished them to Nicaragua. Nicaragua in 1916 leased them to us for ninety-nine years and for a further optional period of another ninety-nine years, thus possibly necessitating their return by us to Nicaragua in the year 2114. The presumable value of Great and Little Corn is in connection with the proposed interoceanic canal which will traverse Nicaragua and which will start on its westward course from the town of San Juan del Norte. For the canal rights—"exclusive" and "proprietary"—we paid Nicaragua, by treaty, in 1916, $3,000,000. Great and Little Corn were thrown in. Something may be done for their naval utilization when the Nicaraguan Canal is built. At present they lie wholly navally unused.

The Nicaraguan interoceanic-canal route—which is now being surveyed by a detachment of our army engineers—is our main physical reason for a certain special interest in the whole of Central America, which was at one time one country and which has almost continuously aspired toward being again one country, but which has nevertheless long consisted of the five countries of Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, El Salvador and Costa Rica. Our basic present special diplomatic policy toward all five of these countries grows out of the treaty which all five of them jointly signed under our requested auspices at Washington in 1923.

By this treaty the five Central American governments agreed: "The governments of the contracting parties will not recognize any other government which may come into power in any of the five republics through a coup d'état or a revolution against a recognized government."

This rule, though legally it binds only the five republics which signed it, is thought morally to bind also the United States, which did not sign it but which more or less presided over its coming into existence. Out of a literal application of this rule, and out of a denial of recognition thereupon in Nicaragua to Gen. Emiliano Chamorro, arose the whole of our recent special Nicaraguan intervention, culminating in a United States supervision of a Nicaraguan presidential election and in the induction into office in 1929 of a Nicaraguan president—Gen. José Moncada—who had in arms opposed our policy in Nicaragua but who was elected president fairly and clearly.

Our Central-American Policy

The Central-American treaty of 1923 establishes a certain deep diplomatic legal distinction between our policy in Central America and our policy elsewhere south of the Rio Grande and south of the Florida keys. In the Dominican Republic we have no moral or legal obligation to refrain from recognizing revolutionary governments; and, as has been intimated, we have just recently recognized such a government there. In Haiti our present military occupation prevents revolutions; but, with its disappearance, there will remain upon us no treaty duty whatsoever to continue to prevent Haitian revolutions or to refrain from recognizing their results. In Cuba our right to intervene is a right at our option and not a duty irrespective of our desire. In Mexico, though we have favored constituted governments, we have done so through preference and not through binding previous engagements. In South America we concern ourselves virtually not at all with the constitutionality or legality of governments, and we recognize the consequences of coups d'état freely. In Central America alone we consider ourselves genuinely bound to withhold from revolutionary governments the recognition which might encourage further counter-revolutions.

(Continued on Page 52)

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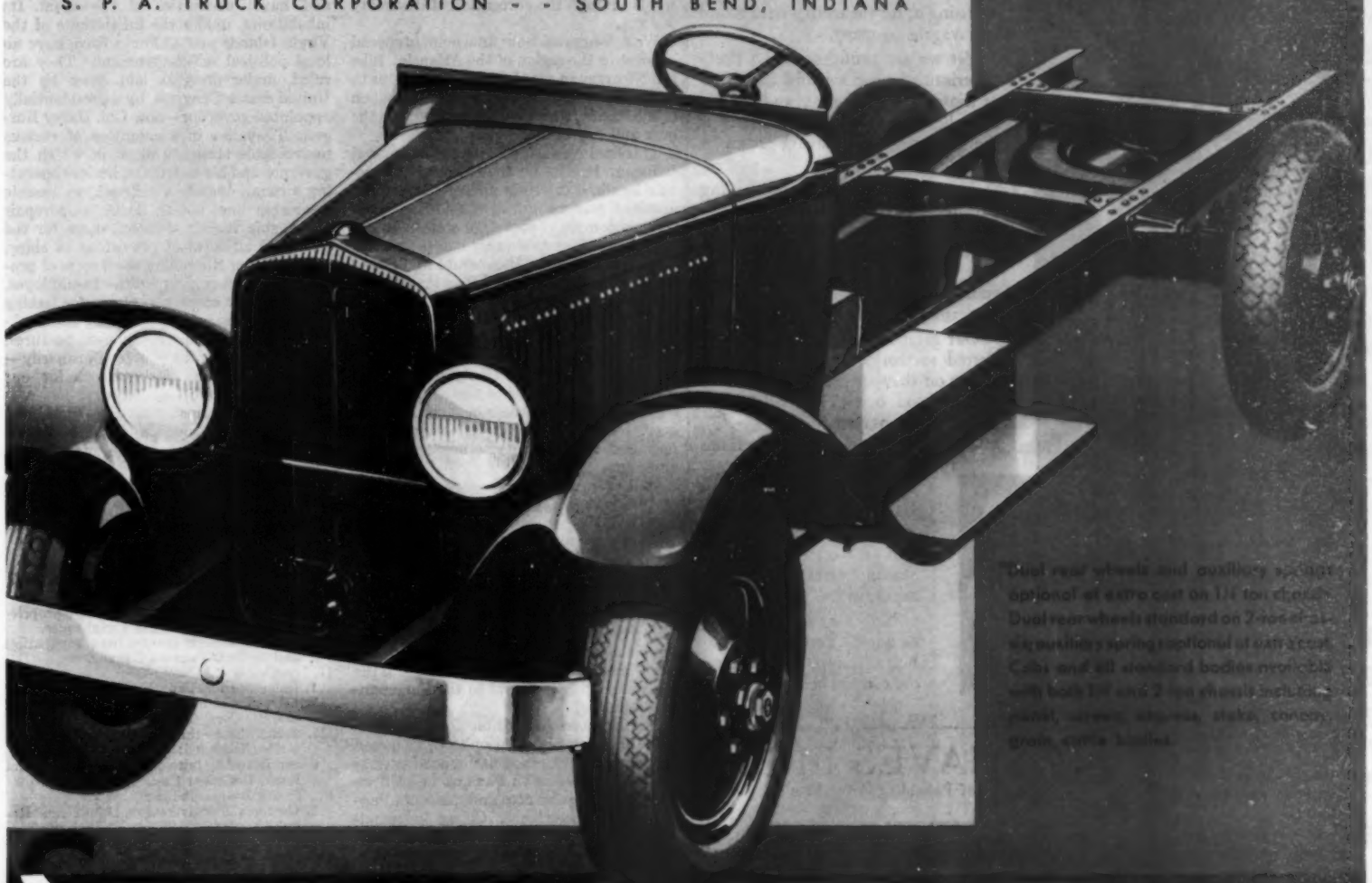

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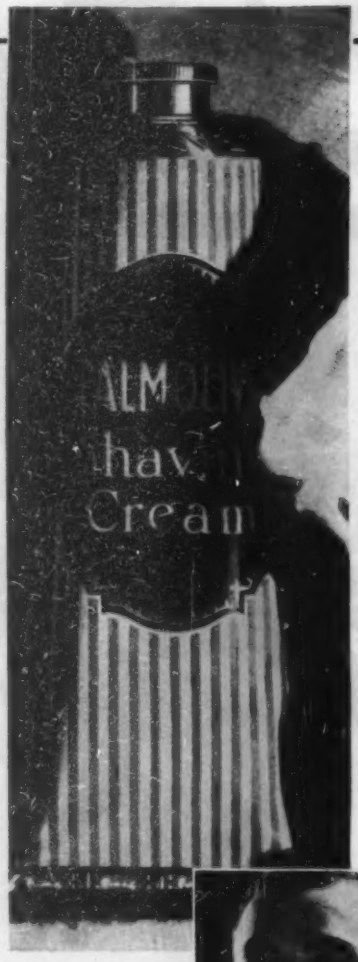

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GENTLEMEN: We have a product that you will want to know about. But we find difficulty in advertising it, for the truth would sound extravagant to many.

Yet we are confident of its many superiorities. For we find that 86% of those who try it use it and discard all other ways. They have made it the largest selling shaving cream in the world.

This product is Palmolive Shaving Cream, different in action and effect from any you have ever known. To introduce it, we offer a free 7-day test. *We* take the risk of convincing you. Fair-minded men by the million have tried it at our invitation.

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Now we ask the courtesy of a test. You risk nothing but a stamp. Please mail the coupon below.

These 5 unique features

1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
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(Continued from Page 50)

Central America accordingly can properly be regarded as being peculiarly the scene of a unique effort on our part to effect constitutional stabilization by means of the weapon of nonrecognition. It does not follow that we assume to ourselves any duty or any right of going beyond the requirement of constitutionality into any meddling with the internal affairs of any Central-American country. Our diplomats are today exigently instructed to take no sides in Central-American constitutional political struggles. We maintain marines in Nicaragua and are about to use them in the supervising of an approaching Nicaraguan congressional election, but we do so only at the request both of the Nicaraguan Government and of the major Nicaraguan opposition party. In Nicaragua—again only at the request of the Nicaraguan Government—we give our informal official approval to the nomination by the Nicaraguan Government of a United States citizen for the supervision of the collecting of Nicaraguan customs duties. Elsewhere in Central America—quite contrary to a widely current supposition—we have no armed forces and no official financial supervisory agents, direct or indirect, whatsoever. A Central-American country which selects its president through constitutional processes, which leaves foreign property physically unmolested, and which does not itself request American physical or financial supervisory assistance, can be—and is—as free of action from Washington as is Denmark or Afghanistan.

It can be incidentally but most pertinently remarked that the special basis for our most drastic attitude toward Central-American governments—nonrecognition for unconstitutionality—can be removed by the Central-American governments themselves through the abrogation of the treaty of 1923.

We now approach our final point of special interest in the region of the Atlantic. Like the Nicaraguan canal route, it carries us to a consideration of our interests in the region of the Pacific, which we shall traverse in the next and concluding article.

This final Atlantic point is the Isthmus of Panama. It is by far the oldest of our specific localized interests and of our definite assumed responsibilities outside our contiguous domain of sovereign states. In the year 1846—fifty-two years before our war with Spain gave us the repute of being a world power—we fastened upon the Isthmus of Panama as being the key to our world future. In that year—now eighty-four years gone by—we signed with New Granada, now called Colombia, the then possessor of the Isthmus, a treaty whereby we became the guarantor of the neutrality of the Isthmus and of free transit across it forever. No prouder proof exists for us of the foresight and of the resoluteness of our ancestors.

Pledges to Panama

An equal resoluteness was shown by President Theodore Roosevelt in 1903 when he gave to the rebellious province of Panama the backing which achieved its independence of Colombia. From Roosevelt's audacity issued the most internationally beneficial waterway ever constructed and our immediate national relationships to the Panama Canal Zone and to the Panamanian Republic.

Having been responsible for the emergence of Panama into nationhood, we bound ourselves to make that nationhood permanent. By treaty with Panama in 1903 we undertook to guarantee and maintain Panamanian independence. Cuban independence we have by treaty with Cuba the right to maintain. Panamanian independence we have the absolute obligation to maintain. It is our solitary treaty pledge to guard against all peril the nationhood of a foreign nation. It evidences our estimate of the importance to us of the Isthmus.

It is an error, nevertheless, to regard Panama as a vassal state. It conducts its own internal politics as it pleases. It has a United States citizen for financial adviser—but of its own selection and without any suggestion or sanction by us. It has its own elections, which we have recently refused even to try to supervise. It has its own foreign policies. It joins the League of Nations, when we do not join. It recently flatly refused to ratify a treaty which its diplomats had signed with our State Department. Our only recourse has been to try to negotiate a treaty more satisfactory to the Panamanian congress and people.

The questions arising between us and Panama and needing further regularization by treaty are questions arising principally from the geographical location of the Panama Canal Zone, which drives from sea to sea right through the middle of the Panamanian Republic and which thereupon furnishes large problems both of transit for Panamanian goods across the zone and of international commercial development for the cities of Colon and of Panama at the two oceanic ends of the zone. These questions are now, it is hoped, in process of solution.

Use, Occupation and Control

The zone is of a standard width of five miles on each side of the Canal. We possibly technically have no sovereignty over it; but, by treaty of 1903 with Panama, we have the "use, occupation and control" of it in perpetuity and are granted over it all "the power and authority which the United States would exercise if it were the sovereign." For arriving at this ultimate situation we have paid Colombia $25,000,000 and Panama $10,000,000, and now pay Panama $250,000 annually.

We govern the zone as a mere nonpolitical adjunct to the commercial and military and naval necessities of the canal. Its inhabitants, unlike the inhabitants of the Virgin Islands and of Porto Rico, have no local political self-government. They are ruled, under precepts laid down by the United States Congress, by a presidentially appointed governor—now Col. Harry Burgess. They live in a condition of curious unavoidable state socialism in which the governor and his assistants, besides operating a canal, operate a railroad, an oceanic steamship line, hotels, docks, ship repair shops, ship fueling stations, shops for the selling of all sorts of provisions to ships, shops also for the selling of all sorts of provisions and other commodities to employes, residences for employes, plants for baking and laundering and slaughtering and packing and icing, schools, clubhouses, pastures, ranches. Also—and yet indeed primarily—the Zone provides fortifications for our Army and bases for our Navy.

We now—in another article—shall cross the Pacific from south to north and from west to east in summary survey of its United States political and territorial developments. Here we may conclude by appending a classification of such developments by us in the Atlantic or—more narrowly—the Caribbean. It is as follows:

I. Possessions
  1. Owned in sovereignty: Virgin Islands, Porto Rico, Navassa.
  2. Owned through granted exclusive proprietary rights: Nicaraguan Canal route.
  3. Owned through granted use, occupation and control: Panama Canal Zone.

II. Leaseholds
  1. Indefinite duration: Guantánamo in Cuba.
  2. Duration of ninety-nine plus ninety-nine years: Corn Islands off Nicaragua.

III. Occupations—theoretically but not actually challenged:
  Swan Islands, Quito Sueño Bank, Serrana Bank, Roncador Cay.

IV. Treaty Responsibilities
  1. Customs Receivership: Dominican Republic.
  2. Financial and other administrative tutelage: Haiti.
  3. Right of intervention: Cuba.
  4. Assumed duty of nonrecognition of revolutionary governments: Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, El Salvador, Costa Rica.
  5. Guaranty of independence: Panama.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Hard. The second will appear in an early issue.

Your Buick Dealer has Especially Good News for Used Car Buyers this Month

Big, powerful used cars, providing real comfort and roadability, at even lower prices than many small new cars

This is a message to those alert motorists who desire truly fine used cars at *bargain* prices—and who know that the time and place to get such values is at Buick Dealers' during the current season.

The values awaiting you right now are tremendous . . . never have Buick Dealers been in such good position to save you money . . . because the record demand for the new Buick Eight has brought them a wonderful selection of used cars.

And they are offering these cars, backed by the Buick Dealer reputation for integrity and fair dealing, at the greatest savings they have ever held forth to used car buyers.

So if you would like a really good car—a Buick or other standard make—it will pay you to see the Buick Dealer in your community at the earliest opportunity.

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RICHARD ARLEN in "The Santa Fe Trail"

With Rosita Moreno, Eugene Pallette, Mitzi Green and Junior Durkin. All action, all outdoors romance with Richard Arlen in the type of role that so delights his huge following.

Adapted from the novel "Spanish Acres" by Hal Evarts. Directed by Otto Brower and Edwin Knopf.

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CHARLES ROGERS
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Zelma O'Neal and Jack Haley. Paramount's all talking, all musical adaptation of the sensational musical comedy success that ran 54 weeks on Broadway. By De Sylva, Brown, Henderson and Laurence Schwab. Directed by Laurence Schwab and Lloyd Corrigan.

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PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BUILDING, NEW YORK

BUSINESS PRINCIPLES

(Continued from Page 9)

Roland finally decides, for the sake of his tentative dope, to let the hundred-dollar fine ride and we again turn our attention to the ball game.

It ends with the Gophers on the Democratic end of a 10–3 score. While Thatcher remains to stretch his figures on the rack and torture conclusions from 'em, I drifts below for a visit with Baldy Chase, whom I hadn't seen since the recent annoyance overseas. He greets me with the curses of true cordiality.

"What've you been doing, veteran?" inquires Baldy.

"Nothing much, soldier," I returns. "Just waiting around to be drafted for the next war to end the last one. In the meantime, though, I've become associated with the management of this here now ball team."

"Oh, yeh?" exclaims Chase. "I heard they'd pulled the club out from under Bannister. You buy in?"

"Not exactly," says I. "A friend of mine—Roland Thatcher—tripped over a crack in the corridor of the courthouse a couple of days ago and found a franchise in his hand when he picked himself up."

"Has he a lot of dough?" asks Baldy.

"You should have half of it," I comes back.

"I should have half of anybody's dough," growls the vet. "Watch us play today?"

"Yeh," says I, "and of all ——"

"That'll be enough," cuts in the old-timer. "I'm not here to be insulted. Understand why I asked about your friend's financial structure?"

"I do," I admits. "The team needs a new bat boy—a boy who can hand out bats the Gophers can hit with."

"Yeh," grunts Baldy. "Not to make any mention of gloves they can catch with, legs they can run with and arms they can throw with."

"Well," says I, "you've got no kick coming, personally. You made more than eighty dollars today and ——"

"I made what?" demands Chase.

"Eighty dollars," I repeats, "and it'd've been a hundred if you'd've doubled that guy off second. You're on a piecework basis now." And I explains the Thatcher plan. Does Baldy burn up!

"What am I?" he yelps. "A big-league ball player or a bobbin gal in a cotton mill?"

"Neither," says I. "You're a bookkeeping entry."

"You mean," snorts Chase, "a bookkeeping exit. You don't think the gang's going to stand for this, do you? Why, it's against the constitution or something."

"I don't know about that," I comes back, "but ten'll get you twenty there won't be many walkouts. Where, for example, would a guy who steals second with the bases full walk to? The scheme's really not as bad as it sounds. A lad who does his stuff'll draw down more at the end of the month than he does now."

"It's too silly to discuss," growls Baldy.

"Maybe," says I, "but so was the war we won."

Leaving the old boy talking to himself, I wanders back to Roland and the girl friend. They're still working on their figures, but in a few minutes they call it a day.

"How does it work out?" I inquires.

"About the way it should," returns Thatcher. "The penalties for the day, including the loss of the game, exceed the awards by about two hundred dollars. Six of the batting list are in the minus column, three in the plus."

"It looks," I observes, "like a big day for the house, but you're going to find plenty of opposition in the locker room. I happened to mention the plan to Baldy Chase and he went into a conflagration."

"The merit of an idea," says Roland, "is in the opposition to it. Any talk of quitting?"

"Suggestions of it," I replies.

"None of 'em will," he predicts. "On their present form they couldn't sign up with the Epworth League."

III

LEAVING Baldy to handle the team, Thatcher spends the next week watching the boys work and fussing with his figures. With the salary list as a base he dopes out a system of accounting that would give a society of C. P. A.'s a violent headache. Having quit pure science myself with the nine table, I'm not much help, unless a fly is a help to ointment.

"What you're doing," I remarks to Roland, "is turning an outdoor sport into an audit. I can imagine the baseball writers handling one of your games—'Evans singled for five dollars, stole second for eight, went to third on a three-dollar sacrifice fly and scored a nine-dollar run on a seven-dollar-and-fifty-cent Texas leaguer.' You'll be the laughingstock ——"

"I've been a laughingstock before," cuts in Thatcher, "but even a laughingstock's not to be laughed at if it pays dividends."

"You'd have a better chance for dividends," says I, "if you waived the whole pay roll back to the bushes and got some new blood. Aren't you figuring on any changes at all?"

"None at the moment," returns Roland. "There's plenty of baseball in the Gophers, but Bannister's shot their morale to pieces. I'm the guy that's going to paste 'em together so you won't be able to tell it from a new dish just out of the excelsior."

On the first of the month Thatcher gets his figures where he wants 'em and officially announces the piecework plan to his ball tossers. Apparently they'd taken little stock in the rumor spread by Baldy. A howl goes up like a radio hook-up and the grouches are so thick they have to sleep two in a bed. Roland merely smiles amiably and goes into the details.

"How about our contracts?" yelps one of the hands.

"Nothing," declares Thatcher, "is so sacred to me, and I'm perfectly willing to have you work out yours on the bench if you feel that average baseball's beyond you. Or perhaps you'd rather be sold to the Panamint team of the Death Valley League. I understand it's always a hundred and twenty in the shade there on double-header days."

"It ain't fair," shouts another parasite on the pay roll.

"Why isn't it?" demands Roland. "Good baseball'll get you what you're getting now; excellent baseball, a good deal more; and poor baseball, a good deal less. That gives you two chances to my one, doesn't it?"

The reasoning's cockeyed to me, but it seems to make an impression on the Gophers.

There's a lot more palavering back and forth, but the upshot is that the boys agree to give the plan a whirl. They never had a chance once Thatcher got his glib going. That baby could talk the paintwork off the captain's pinnace.

"What do you think of it?" I asks Baldy when the meeting breaks up. "Can I fix up a headline—Piecework Plan Lauded by Veteran Infielder?"

"Leave me be," he grunts. "I'm going out now to warm up the wing for some eleven-ninety-nine throws marked down from twelve dollars. It's every man for himself."

Maybe so, but the every-man-for-himself system gives a pretty snappy account of itself at the baptism that afternoon. Against the league-leading Panthers we shake a brand of ball out of our sleeves that the fans must've thought we'd borrowed for the day from some first-class club. The Gophs hit 'em where they ain't, pick twisters out of the dust with their meat hands and run bases according to the refined taste of the late queen. Lefty Hines, who hadn't pitched a winning game since the Tyler administration, allows the Panthers only three hits, none of which grows up to become a score. We win, six to nix.

"Business principles," observes Thatcher, totting up his figures. "You just can't beat 'em."

"In your blue béret!" I scoffs. "The Panthers were knocked down and run over by the law of averages coming from both directions. They were due to lose after their long winning streak and we to cop after our uninterrupted succession of set-downs. May I also observe that even in Africa it takes more than one hartebeest to make a herd?"

"You may," permits Roland graciously, "but the fact remains that with the very first application of business principles ——"

"H'm," I grunts. "You'd better change the name of the team to Business-Principles-Hard-to-Beat. How much does this win cost you?"

"Plenty," returns Thatcher cheerfully; "but it's bread cast upon the waters and will come back ere many days liberally smeared with beluga caviar. Once we clamber out of the basement the gate'll get busier than a subway turnstile on a rainy evening."

"Yes," says I, "once you do. Better buy the boys some smoked glasses in anticipation. They're not used to daylight. And you'd better not bring 'em up too quickly either. You get the bends that way."

By the time the Gophers are through with their showers and dressed, Roland's got each man's take posted on the wall, next to the standing schedule of awards and penalties.

Even the bench warmers, who profit by a win, find satisfaction in the figures, but Hines has a kick coming.

"The way I add it up," says he, "I got a hundred and forty berries coming—seven strike-outs, five assists, one hit ——"

"You're correct as to the gross," interrupts Thatcher, "but you're forgetting deductions for two bases on balls, a slow heave to first, a badly fielded bunt ——"

"Gosh!" growls Lefty. "I didn't think those things counted as long as no harm was done."

"Everything counts," says Roland. "That bunt would've done us plenty harm if Stacey's throw hadn't caught Maloney at the plate. You're paid for your own chestnuts, not the ones that are pulled out of the fire for you."

"I did pretty well," remarks Baldy to me, as we're leaving the clubhouse together, "but I'll never get used to the idea. Every time a ball comes at me I see a dollar sign on the seam."

"Well," says I, "that ought to make it easier to hold on to it. Be thrifty, my lad."

Personally I think it's just the sort of flash that even the worst of teams show once or twice during a long season; but, whatever the case, the Gophers win six straight games in the next week, three of 'em from the Panthers. The fans begin to take notice and so do the sport writers when they get jerry to the gazipe Thatcher's operating with his handmaidens. And how they take him and his piecework mill for a ride!

But the kidding's all to the gravy as far as the gate's concerned. We pull in more patrons on the first Saturday and Sunday of the new system than we'd drawn altogether in the preceding four or five weekends. On the following Tuesday we break into the Alligators for a double-header and climb out of the cellar for a peek at the sun from seventh place.

On the field Roland handles the team with uncanny luck, slapping in pinch hitters at random who clean the bags for him, yanking pitchers just as they're about to lay an egg and otherwise getting away with pay-off stuff that'd make Connie Mack swing by his toes from the gas fixture. With Miss Daniels' help I look after the office.

"How long," I asks Thatcher after the tenth victory, "do you figure this rain of horseshoes'll last?"

"Forty-one days, anyway," he returns with a grin. "I'm after the deluge record."

"Watch out," I warns, "or you'll get your feet wet."

"No danger," comes back Roland. "The ark's calked tight and the dove's already been dispatched for the dividends."

"You mean the olive branch, don't you?" offers Miss Daniels.

"You should know your Noah!" says I.

IV

AROUND the hot stoves they're still talking of the high and handsome swath cut by the Gophers that month of August. Not since Stallings lifted the Braves from the basement to the belfry in one great surge had it been equaled. We return from our first swing around the circle under the new management with a record of twenty-two wins to four defeats and sitting plump and pretty in second place.

With the exception of a few minor arguments over awards and penalties, everything's been harmonious within the team. Not until we're back at the home station does any real dispute arise. That comes about in this way:

Under Roland's schedule, the biggest plums go to the players who cause runs to cross the pan, the largest damson of all being reserved for the baby who's the power behind the winning marker. In the last of a ninth inning against the Drakes, with two out, the bags full and the score tied, Dan Stacey's hit by a pitched ball, forcing in the win. Without hesitation or consideration Thatcher awards him the big bonus of the day. It doesn't sound right to me, nor to several other lads in the locker room. Especially it doesn't sound right to Red Bailey, who actually came over with the pay-off and who, incidentally, has no considerable use for Stacey.

"What's the idea?" he barks. "My single starts the parade, but the important money goes to a fathead who hasn't sense enough to back away from a belt burner."

"Who you fatheading?" snarls Stacey, and makes a plunge for Red. It takes everything Baldy and I have to pry 'em apart. With quiet restored, Roland ups and tells 'em what's what and why.

"Awards, in such cases," says he, "are made on the basis of results achieved. Being hit, in this instance, was equivalent to making one."

"Yeh," growls Bailey, "but what good would it have done if I hadn't bingled with two down?"

"You're being paid for your bingle," returns Thatcher coldly, and departs from the clubhouse.

That disposes of the Bailey-Stacey affair, but the snake's been let loose in the garden and I hear lots of muttering and black cracks when the boys gather around the premium lists of an evening. We're going too good to risk any dissension in the club, so I calls in Chase for a poor-polly, as they label a gabfest in France.

"What's eating 'em?" I asks. "Suppose they do get the short end of a split once in a while. It'll work out about even in a season, won't it?"

"Probably," replies Baldy, "but there's a suspicion that some of the lads belong to the same lodge that Thatcher does or went to different schools with him. Even you've got to admit that his figuring is wild, weird and wonderful at times."

"And how!" says I. "A lot of his equations I haven't caught up with yet, but it isn't the bookkeeping that's putting the Gophers on their hot horse."

"No?" comes back Chase. "What is, then?"

"Too much prosperity," I tells him. "When they were living on bean sandwiches they were fairly contented, but now

(Continued on Page 58)

The nation's roads yielded these

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If the tire is lacking in any of the qualities which make for long and trouble-free mileage, all the glowing phrases and resounding claims will not help either your peace of mind or your pocketbook.

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Their performance potential has been established while 40,000,000 people looked on.

Their record—shown in condensed form on the panel on the opposite page—proves beyond all question that they are capable of giving performance well in excess of what you normally expect, regardless of what tires other than Silvertowns you may have been using on your car in the past.

One tire manufacturer, at least, offers you his product on the basis of established value, publicly proved in open demonstration on the nation's highways from coast to coast.

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STUDY THE FACTS of the Silver Fleet. Compare them with your own experience. Then remember . . . these facts show what Silvertowns *have done* . . . and can do for *you*.

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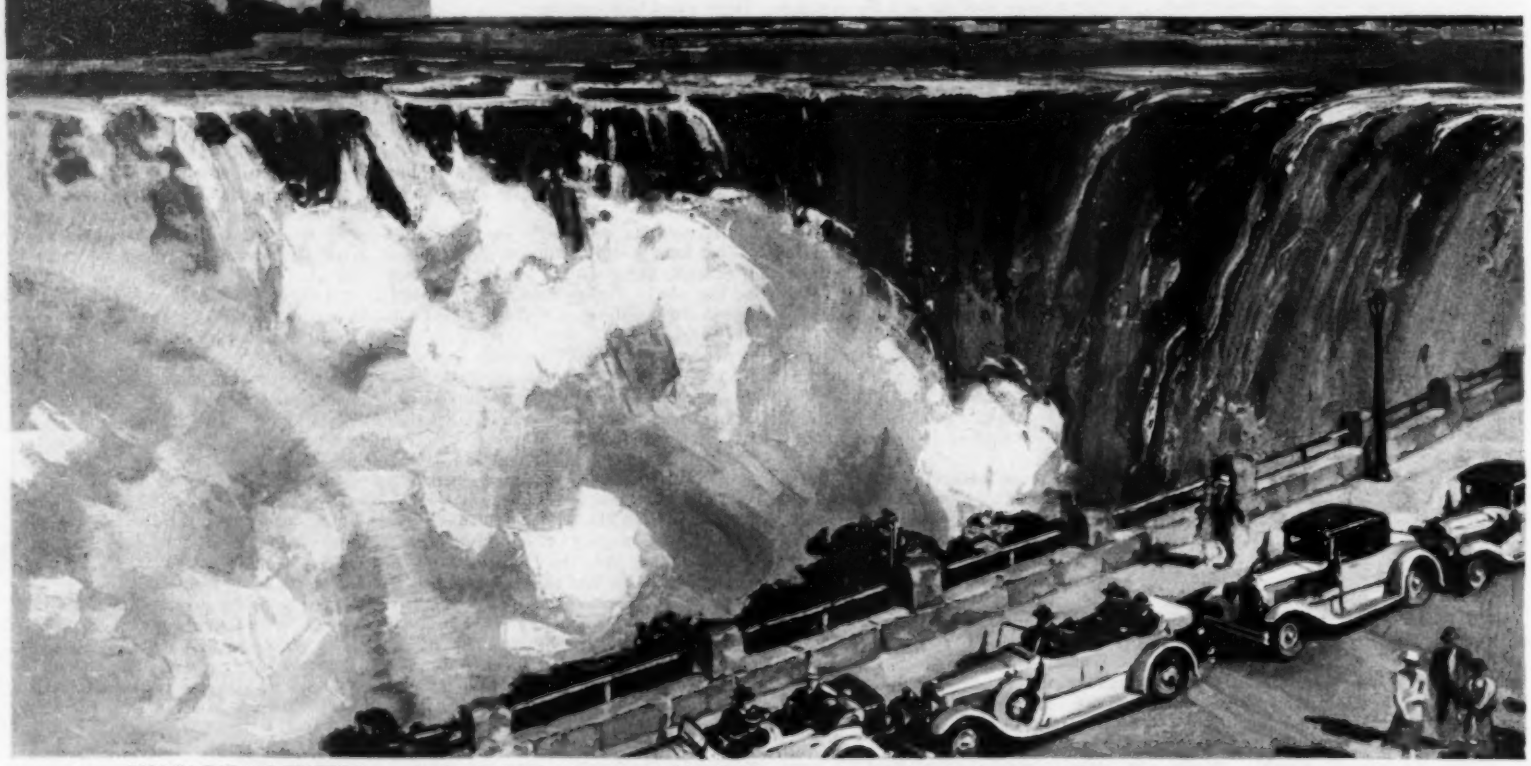

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SUMMARY OF FACTS

The record of the Goodrich Silver Fleet in brief

•

Number of cars 15

Number of tires 62

Average car mileage . . 30,112

Total tire miles . . . 1,866,944

Original tires in service at end of tour 32

Number of tires never off the rim 15

No. of blow-outs . . . . NONE

No. of tire failures . . . NONE

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"Lafe Bud's wife said she'd go to Reno and take the new 'lectric refrigerator with her if he didn't quit smokin' nickel cigars around the house.

•

"Last night he came in with a pocketful of five-cent rocky fords wrapped in this cellophane stuff.

•

"That's different she said after she'd smelled the expensive aroma. Who gave them to you?

•

"An' when he told her he bought them himself she threatened to leave him anyway fer livin' beyond his income."

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(Continued from Page 55)

that they're getting breast of guinea hen under glass they're complaining about the shape of the truffles and the bus boy's finger nails."

"That's possible," agrees the old-timer. "There's nothing like satisfaction to make you dissatisfied. However ——"

"Let me have that 'however,'" I cuts in. "However, the boys'd better watch their step. They may not know it, but they're mistaking artificial respiration for regular breathing. If Thatcher ever lets go of the pulmotor the Gophers'll find themselves back among the mushroom beds."

Roland, of course, is aware of the rumblings, but they seem to leave him unmoved.

"Stacey and the rest of 'em," says he, "are just a little dizzy. They're not used to being up so high. You're not worried, are you?"

"A little," I returns. "Wouldn't it be hell and hot water if the team were to blow up just as we're standing on Mt. Sinus looking down upon the Promised Land?"

"They won't," declares Thatcher. "I've never come out a loser on any proposition and I don't intend to on this one. Once I've got mine back and a little extra for my efforts the Gophers can get themselves another bookkeeper and I'll take my business principles elsewhere. How do you like 'em as far as they've gone?"

"Aces to date," says I. "But even business principles have been known to turn and bite the hand that leads 'em."

"Not," smiles Roland, "when properly applied."

Despite the complaining in the clubhouse, the Gophers continue producing a bang-up brand of ball. It may be sheer momentum or the breakdown of the other clubs' morale under the poundings of defeat that carries us along, but box scores are cold, unimaginative things and they continue to tell a sweet story. The middle of September finds us but half a game behind the No. 1 Panthers, and the breaks with us. Our final series with them is to be played on the home lot.

We drop the first of the trio of contests for the league's leadership in a heartbreaking extra-inning set-to, but come back strong the next day and take the Panthers easily, leaving the top spot in the lap of the last game. The afternoon of the final Thatcher makes a short talk to the team.

"Everything goes double today," says he, "with a hundred berries for each run driven in and five hundred if it's the winner."

"Soft for the clean-up man," mutters Bailey.

"What's that?" demands Roland.

"I said it was soft for the clean-up man," repeats Red loudly; "and, of course, Stacey's batting third now. Nice spot for me and Henerson. Either of us could triple and Stacey get the big dough just for bunting us in."

As a matter of fact, there's considerable point to Red's argument. Without any question, the man in the clean-up place has a great advantage when it comes to pushing runs in, since the main purpose of the lead-off man and No. 2 is to get on. Apparently even Thatcher gets the slant.

"Very well," says he. "Three hundred bucks for every triple you turn in and two for every double. That reasonable?"

"I guess so," grumbles Bailey. "Do the penalties go double too?"

"They do," returns Roland. "My desire for winning this game and my distaste for losing it are on a par."

It's a Saturday and the stands are packed, with an overflow mob parked behind ropes along the foul lines. It's a thirty-thousand-dollar gate if I ever saw one, and by far the biggest in the history of the local club. And the patrons of the game get their money's worth.

For the first three innings it's a pitchers' battle, with nobody getting anything remotely resembling a safety. In the fourth, however, Chester of the Panthers loops one between left and center.

Both Stacey and Red hotfoot for the ball, smack together as they lunge for it—and let it fall safe for a two-base hit. A single and a sacrifice fly and we're one down on the old score board.

"Who gets the rap for that?" demands Bailey, coming in with a rush.

"You," snaps Thatcher. "The ball was well within Stacey's territory."

"I thought you'd figure it that way," scowled Red, and shuffles off to the dugout.

"I'd bench that baby if I were you," says I to Roland.

"It's too late for me to worry about him now," he returns.

"How do you mean—'too late'?" I asks. "He can still do a lot of damage in the mood he's in."

"Not to me," says Thatcher, and walks over to the coaching lines.

We accomplish nothing in our half of the fourth, nor in the fifth or sixth either, but in the seventh Baldy drops one over the short right-field fence and the score's tied.

"Three hundred for you," announces Roland.

"Thanks," says Chase. "You should've told me earlier. I'd have made a lot of 'em at that price."

The eighth's scoreless and we manage to keep the Panthers off the base paths in the ninth. With the top of our batting list up, the situation looks considerably jake for us, and almost immediately it looks even jaker.

With a three-and-two call on Bailey, the Panther pitcher throws one through the catcher's legs to the backstop and Red takes a stroll for himself. Henerson, up next, shoots a single to right, but is out trying to stretch it into a double. In the excitement, though, Bailey gets to third.

With the long-hitting Stacey at bat things look pretty indeed. A long fly, such as he's almost certain to fabricate, and the game and first place are won. There's no particular point in walking the slugger for a chance at the next guy, because the next guy's Baldy, who's even more dangerous in a pinch than Stacey.

The first pitch is a corner cutter that goes for a strike. Two balls follow. The heaver's winding up for the next throw, when Bailey suddenly leaves third and comes thundering through the dust toward the plate. He slides desperately as the ball nears the catcher's mitt, but it's no go. The runner's out by a foot or more. I'm still gasping as Stacey flies out, ending the inning.

"What was the idea?" Thatcher asks Red pleasantly.

"Think I was going to let that tramp make five hundred on a lousy sacrifice fly?" snarls Bailey. "Not on me."

"It's too bad," remarks Roland to me after the game's been put on ice for the Panthers. "I'd like to have turned over a first-place team to the Carroll folks."

"To the who?" I exclaims.

"The Carroll folks," repeats Thatcher. "I sold 'em the Gopher franchise this morning."

"Why," I wants to know, "when you were going good ——"

"Business principles," says Roland.

THE STAG AT EVE

(Continued from Page 11)

hotels and capitals that he was at ease anywhere. However, he was delighted to be with the Browns in Elton.

"Gee," he said, "I hate New York. My aunt hands me tickets for the theater and goes out to play bridge. She doesn't like home life." He toyed with his ice cream, carefully eating around the caramel sauce. Too many packages of cheap sweets had gone within him on that four-hour train ride.

After dinner the boys hung over the radio, played seven or eight records, did a few card tricks, and then asked if they could go over to the Lincolns'.

"The Lincolns'!" said Lois. "But you're just home. Can't you stay with us one evening?" She didn't mean it. Three hours of their society would have killed her. The old days when the boys and girls sat around the fire, popping corn while mother read out loud, had gone by forever, and she was glad. There was no bridge between their worlds and hers. Lois could not share Rocky's awakening awe of girls any more than Geoffrey could care about Greta Garbo's eyelashes.

"What?" he roared now, like a father. "Running right out on us?"

Lois smiled at her son. She hated Barbie Lincoln, with her slithery figure and her silly face and her grown-up airs; yet she liked the daring in Rocky that drew him to the biggest flame.

"Go ahead, Rock," she said. "Randolph must meet all the young ladies. But be in at eleven. And please don't go speeding about in cars, breaking your necks. Promise."

They went off, debonair and noisy. Fernanda moped over a cross-word puzzle, complained about her last year's party dress, and so to bed. How ghastly to be twelve! On the upstairs telephone, she had her closing talk for the day with Edna Hopkins, with whom she shared every impulse.

Listening to that monotone of idiocy, Mrs. Brown looked up from her sewing at Mr. Brown, who looked up from his book. They both grinned.

"Thank God, I don't have to go out with Barbie Lincoln tonight," he said.

"I wouldn't be twelve, like Fernanda, again for anything," she assured him. "Isn't it awful, the way Rocky has grown?"

"He's a big kid. And so is his friend. Say, I'll turn the paper over to that one tomorrow. He knows everything." They laughed together, and then were silent, reading and sewing, for a long time.

Once out in the snowy street with Skats, Rocky became himself again—relaxed, noisy, blustering. Within the home he had to impress Fernanda, evade his mother's tenderness, keep on the right side of his dad. Now for the evening that was over; he swaggered gloriously along to the Lincolns', where Barbie was waiting for him. She had said excitedly, when he telephoned her from the station, "Oh, Rocky, how wonderful. Come right ov-eh."

However, he was frightened of her, of her visiting friend, Polly Thorne, of the oncoming social events of the week. He feared mobs of girls, strange houses, mothers to whom one had to be polite. To gain courage, he sang hoarsely, "Baby, take those lips away," lest Skats see through him to his inner fears.

But Skats was too interested in himself to notice anything about Rocky; all that Skats knew was that he was in Elton, with a good time ahead. All the way to the Lincolns' imposing Georgian mansion, he too sang, a sad minor barytone, off the key, resolutely sad. Passers-by stared and thought those two were crazy. Reputable people leaned out of windows, thinking it was St. Stephen's Carol Singers on a preliminary raid. "Only some crazy kids," they said disgustedly, as they slammed down the windows.

One thing Rocky should have remembered—the passage of time. He looked forward to this evening as an opportunity to tower over Barbie, to talk about his school, to engage in some legitimate roughhouse, as had been the program last summer. What he forgot was that the Barbie who had written him last September, "I can't stand this disgusting school overrunning

(Continued on Page 61)

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with foolish girls. Reel life is what I like. I shall die here," was now three months older.

The long legs, the noise, the hoyden artlessness were gone forever. In front of the fireplace stood a tall queen in a long pink skirt, who was making those faces women make at—great Scott!—Harry Chalmers, Yale freshman.

Rocky felt shy; he heard his voice talking, sounding queerly.

"Hello, Barbie."

"Hello, Rocky dear," cooed the vision, blowing his way limply. Beneath that tent of taffeta and tulle were the long brown legs of last summer—all scratches and scars and mosquito bites.

"Hello," he said again huskily. "This is Skats Hartwell. I thought I'd bring him over."

He stared up at her. Yes, up. Oh, the hussy. True to the Lincolnian type, she had grown a foot. She was as tall as Chalmers, as tall as Skats Hartwell, as tall as the Chrysler Building. For an instant he hated her. What right had she to make a pygmy out of him?

But the taller Skats crashed through. He did not trip over her skirt, nor over his words. With a judicial stare which said that he approved of her perfectly, he pulled out a cigarette case, and extracted and lighted a cigarette.

"So this is the queen of Elton?" said he, ignoring Chalmers. "Rocky hasn't overdone it one bit."

"Rocky's kind," said Miss Lincoln. "Rocky always was sweet. How long has he been filling your ear?"

"Since last September twenty-eighth, when we both were thrown on the lap of good old Hexham. Rah, rah, rah! Do you like Hexham boys? Shall I sing you the Hexham song?"

Barbie giggled delightedly, Rocky felt proud, and Chalmers turned with an expression of disgust on his face toward the fireplace. He had sat with Barbie Lincoln in the Pullman coming home this afternoon, and, astonished at what Nature and a school had done to her, had turned up after dinner. If all went well he intended to ask her to the Christmas assembly. And now look at her, giggling at the cheap quips of this Smart Aleck.

Barbie's visiting friend, Miss Polly Thorne, wafted herself down the stairs, and stood in the doorway, her pencil-like body wrapped tight in pink net, her hair curling behind her ears, her face a blow in a strong man's eyes. She was fifteen, a native of Duluth, and an enchantress.

Rocky pumped her hand, saw that she was taller too, and left her on the field for Chalmers. As she melted into more accomplished arms, Rocky went over to the radio, where he pretended to be perfectly happy fixing things.

No one would ever know how the evening had failed him. Barbie danced with him, blithe and forbearing; he tripped on her skirt, his miserable eyes were level with her lips. Her orbs were always following the wonderful Randolph Hartwell, as were her thoughts. She was convulsed by him. She thought he was a case.

"How grand of you, Rocky," she gushed, "to bring him right over. He's a perfect sketch, and a riot to dance with."

Rocky did not know how to dance with her; his hands were out of place on her delicate back, his feet were iron weights; her rhythm had changed since last summer, when they had whirled and dipped and jiggled in happy mad disorder.

They danced, they went to the movies, they came back to the Lincolns', where they raided the kitchen and danced again. The Lincolns' house was Liberty Hall for the young. Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln were always away—in Palm Beach, Europe, New York. If they were home, they played bridge, out somewhere, or in the library. At rare intervals Mrs. Lincoln would appear, to nod brightly at the young people and disappear, satisfied that everyone was having a good time.

Barbie's older sister, Vera, came home the next day from college, where she was a freshman. Rocky, when he trailed daily and nightly to the Lincolns' on the heels of Hartwell, found himself in the way of college men; people seventeen, eighteen and nineteen years old. Skats Hartwell was stirred by the challenge; he simulated seventeen, and did it so well that even Vera accepted him, gave him orders and let him dance with her.

"Rocky," she drawled—she was affecting a Southern accent—"yo-ah friend is the cutest trick in seven states." Rocky loyally began to tell about Skats' magnificent performance in the hockey game against Andover.

"Gee, Vera, you should have seen him skate at that thug. Caught him right on the shin, and you should have heard the fellows yell. He certainly is a knock-out. Did you know he was going out for football next year?"

Vera was smiling down at him. She too was a giant. "You really think he's grand, don't you?"

"Sure I do."

"You are noble, Rocky," she said. "You are a nice kid." She was enough older than Rocky to be herself with him, and nice enough to remember how she used to feel at fifteen. "Rocky, don't worry about Barbie," she said suddenly. "She's pretty much of a darn fool, but she'll be more sensible next summer when we're all down at the Cape."

He looked at her defiantly; he wanted to pull her away from the crowd and pour out his hurt, but he had hidden his feelings for two days now. "I've got the same idea about Barbie I ever had," he said toploftily.

"Oh, Rocky," she gurgled fondly, "you funny boy." She actually patted his face.

"Cut out that stuff," he growled. Yet he watched her admiringly, as she floated across the room, flattered that such a beautiful creature and he should have such an understanding. Then he looked about for someone to dance with. Barbie and Randolph Hartwell were on the sofa, involved in an intimate whispering talk. Vera was putting on her coat in the hall to go to the movies with a beau. Polly Thorne was at the piano, strumming the keys, singing idiotic words with Chalmers. He walked casually out into the hall, trying to act as if he were leaving a gay group simply dying for him to return. It was there that Sally, thirteen, Fernanda's shrimplike friend, found him.

"Rocky Brown," she bellowed, "come right into the library and make a fourth. George Mason and Helen Kelly are in there, absolutely raging. Come on." She took his arm and pulled.

Miserably he succumbed, disgraced, enraged. These terrible kids! Sally was fresh, still in short dresses; Helen Kelly was a fat girl of fourteen; with George Mason he had grown up, but George, small for his age, still rode a bicycle, and assumed that he and Rocky, lifelong friends at the Cape, were still heart to heart. Disgustedly he sat down with them.

"Hello, Rocky, what's the matter? Did they throw you out?"

"Shut up. Whose deal?"

"Cut yourself, you dummy," shrieked Sally. She laughed incessantly, and thought it a riot to fall off her chair. "Where's that candy? George Mason, did you hide that candy?"

She made noises with her tongue, like a tough kid in an alley.

"Shoot the works, Fatty," George said to Miss Kelly, who good-naturedly minded no comments on her shape. She began to deal, clumsily and laboriously, out of the pack of soiled cards.

"My game is awful," she tittered at Rocky.

"Cards take brains," said George Mason flatly. "That lets Fatty out. What's going on in the passion parlor?" he asked Rocky. "Swooning away, I suppose. Gee, Brown, stick with us. We're not melting above the eyebrows."

(Continued on Page 63)

Partial Insurance

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SKIMPING on insurance is like carefully bolting the door but leaving a window wide open. For no home is really INSURED unless it is *adequately* protected against *every* insurable hazard.

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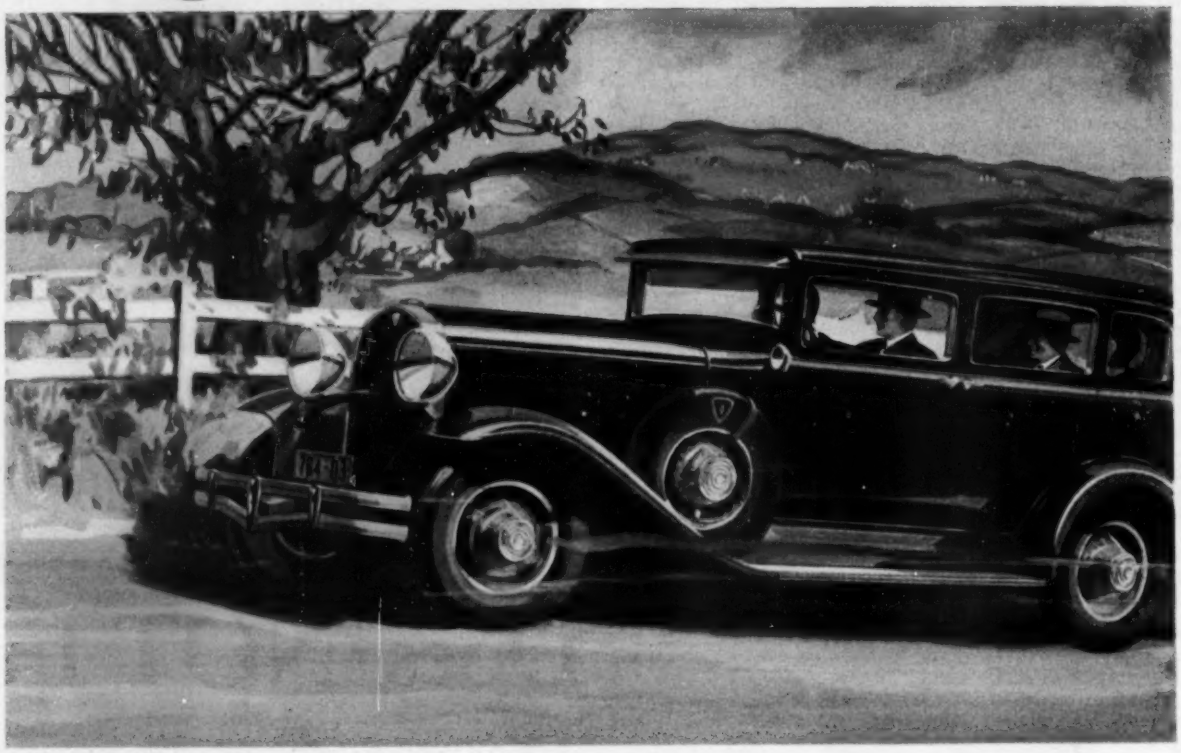

Records Confirm All the Praises of Owners

"I have owned seven great Hudsons—and now the Straight Eight—easily the greatest." . . . *from owner letter.*

"It is the greatest of seventeen successive Hudsons I have owned and driven." . . . *from owner letter.*

"Hudson's Great Eight is the finest of fifteen splendid Hudsons I have owned." . . . *from owner letter.*

"In owning five Hudson cars I have thought each better than the one before. But my pleasure in the Hudson Eight—in its good looks, beautiful performance and economy—convinces me this is the finest Hudson and greatest value of all." . . . *from owner letter.*

"After making over 400,000 miles on three previous Hudson cars, without any break-downs, I was convinced I could get nothing better than another Hudson. The running of my Hudson Eight is as smooth as any car twice the price." . . . *from owner letter.*

Because of the fine things owners are saying—and its pre-eminent records here and abroad—Hudson's Great Eight in its first six months became the world's largest selling Eight.*

With a perfect score it won the celebrated 9-day Tour de France against 87 cars from every country.

With perfect scores, three Hudson Eights finished equal first in the International 8-day Reliability Trial, sponsored by Poland, against the largest field ever entered.

With perfect score, against nearly all makes, it overwhelmingly won in tests conducted in the purchase of cars by the State of California.

Twenty-five Hudson Eights in 7-day non-stop motor runs totaled 124,750 miles without a mechanical failure.

One ride will reveal to you why every owner praises it—why every test gives it first place—why it became in its first six months the world's largest selling Eight.

**Official Registrations from every State in the United States*

(Continued from Page 61)

"Not yet, but soon," said Miss Kelly hopefully.

"Barbie's a big high-hat," said Sally to the world. "She makes my stomach cave in."

"Barbie's a hot baby," said George admiringly.

Rocky, as befits a man of the world, said nothing. His freckled face was screwed over his cards, his clear, defiant blue eyes glared at them all. Let them rave.

Christmas day was an interlude, into which Barbie did not penetrate. The Misses Lincoln were removed by their parents to their grandmother's in Boston for a family party, much to their disgust, and Mr. Hartwell, his objective removed, stayed at home. Rocky stayed home too, temporarily happy; his bath robe, the tuxedo, and the promise of an outboard motor next summer took the pall off things. He went to church with his mother and Fernanda and Skats; his sister walked with Skats, her eyes shining, her color coming and going, wearing for the first time a complete set of silk underwear. It made a difference, she was sure; the wonderful Skats was talking to her as if she were fifteen.

"Fernanda looks lovely," said Mrs. Brown to Rocky. "Next year, you must have her up to a football game."

"That kid," he said scornfully. "Say, mother, don't be crazy."

"I'm not crazy. She'll be a sensation. Wait and see."

He conceded that she was less dumb than she used to be. "Don't put ideas in her head, mother," he urged her. "Gee, the girls around here are simply terrible. Gee."

Mrs. Brown assumed that he was prematurely in love with Barbie, and thought it was terrible. Skats Hartwell bored her; his incessant vitality, his tricks, his bouncing inexhaustible confidence left her limp. What did Rocky see in him?

"Your tuxedo will be home in the morning," she said blandly, as they turned into their street. "You must try it on, so that I can be sure it's all right."

"Gee, mom, it's all right," he protested. "I don't need to try it on."

He saw himself standing outside the charmed circle at the Lincolns', dancing with small fry, fat girls, Helen Kelly. He remembered big girls squealing at little boys in tuxedos, "Aren't they too sweet!" Darned if he'd wear the thing. Yet he had a lingering hope that it might rehabilitate him, give him Hartwellish dash.

"Why, Rocky," said his mother, torturing him, "you don't act as if you cared about the suit; and look at the way you teased for it. Of course you'll try it on; I'm paying for it, and we'll have it right."

"I never said I wouldn't try it on," he said viciously. "Oh, mother, can't you let me alone for once?"

He was in an agony lest Hartwell, waiting at the door of their house, should hear. Hartwell's mother never knew what he did, or what he wore. She ordered his suits by mail, and sent him checks, and kept her eyes turned away from his life. He had unlimited pocket money, and a fur coat. And girls, the false creatures, were crazy about him because of what he had. With all his heart, on this noon of Christmas day, Rocky hated his best friend.

Mrs. Lincoln entertained for her daughters on the sleety evening of the twenty-seventh. Rocky didn't want to go, he would die if he had to, he hated everyone who said to him, "You'll have a wonderful time." His mother was the worst; she actually laid out on his bed his new suit, his shirt and tie and dancing shoes. He took so little interest in these proceedings that she wanted to take his temperature, and send for the family doctor.

"Sure, I want to go," he insisted, over and over. "But what's the use in raving about it? Lay off me."

Fernanda said that he was girl-shy, and he tried to hit her. House-guest Hartwell either knew and was too tactful to mention the real cause of Rocky's indifference, or he was too absorbed in his own amorous enjoyment to notice anything. The tide of his popularity was high; every morning a gang of Rocky's friends gathered in Mrs. Brown's living room, causing great disorder, to await the descent of Mr. Hartwell and to learn his plans for the day. They came to see Rocky, too, of course; but it was obvious that the wonderful Skats dictated their policy.

"That boy tires me," said Mrs. Brown to her husband. "He's such a show-off. You know, I don't think Rocky seems awfully well."

Mr. Brown said his appetite was good. "Personally, I witnessed him at breakfast. There's nothing the matter with that kid, except that he's too fresh."

Mrs. Brown said he was not really fresh; he merely had so much energy. She hated to see him trampled on by a conceited boy like Randolph.

However, she was vexed with Rocky, as well as with Randolph, before she got them off to the Lincolns' dance. They attended a tea dance that afternoon, given, to the horror of all sensible mothers, by some foolish mother at a country club. At seven o'clock, the boys were to be at a supper party Mrs. George Hanson was giving for her highly unpopular and dumpy little girl, Virginia. At five minutes of seven, Rocky and Skats came home, noisily, and lingered downstairs to turn on the radio.

"Rocky," called his mother from upstairs, "Randolph. You must dress at once."

"All right, mother." Rocky was patient, but they didn't come upstairs.

Finally she got angry. Where in heaven's name had they been? Why did they stay so late at the party? Had they no manners?

"We never went to the party," said Rocky. "I mean, we've been to the Strand."

"You never went to the party? But you accepted."

"Sure, we accepted." They had walked in, taken a look, and left to go to the movies.

"Why didn't you stay?"

"Too many little kids. Gosh! Barbie and Polly wouldn't stay and we couldn't ditch them," said Skats with certainty.

"Say, do I have to wear this stiff collar?" Rocky yelled desperately from his bedroom. He was in a terrible humor.

"You will wait a long time, young man," his mother thought, "before I sacrifice my own necessities to endow you with luxuries." When he came downstairs, however, in his full glory, he melted a little before the admiration aroused by his appearance.

"Gee, Rocky," said Fernanda, wholeheartedly, "you look nobby. You certainly do."

Even Victoria came out into the front hall to see this remarkable sight. "Mah Lawd, Rocky, youh suttainly gwine to cause a heap of trouble with them young ladies in dat suit of clo'es."

He kissed his mother grudgingly, and left, followed by Randolph Hartwell looking almost twenty-five.

At 9:30 that night, Rocky stood with a group of boys by the door of the Lincolns' ballroom. Most of his fellow stags were bigger than he, but none had a more impassive manner. If these proceedings impressed him, they left no mark on his face. He surveyed the mad scene, his hands in his pockets; only his young eyes failed to retain the mask of cynicism he strained after.

The Lincolns' ballroom was really a sight to dazzle. Vera and Barbie were lucky stiffs. They had everything—two jazz bands playing steadily, magnificent Christmas decorations, punch bowls all over the house, and no chaperon but Mrs. Lincoln, who charged around in a Paris model, routing out couples who stayed too long in the library. There were no wallflowers, because Barbie and Vera didn't know any. And there were so many extra men that Rocky's permanent position against the wall was unnoticeable.

He was indeed a lost figure. His tuxedo had not helped him; there were so many college men, black-suited, superb freshmen and sophomores, that only a brazen boy like Randolph Hartwell could have kept his head above water. Even that boy had had to step down from his pinnacle; Barbie was neither often nor long his partner. In her new gown, which to Rocky's uninitiated eye was merely pink and frightening, she herself forgot that she was barely sixteen. She was almost as crazy about herself as her admirers, and if Vera had not been occupied with an arduous youth who had come all the way from Springfield to find out how matters really stood, she would have been annoyed.

To Rocky, Barbie was terrible in the receiving line. Mrs. Lincoln was natural, though gushing; Vera was nice, despite the way she was got up; but Barbie fixed him with a sweet dreamy eye, held his hand a little tighter and longer than necessary, and said in a throaty voice, "Rocky, I was afraid you weren't coming. I couldn't have a party without you, darling," and then passed him on. He wasn't fooled. She looked at him as ladies look at sweet little babies they don't know, sitting in baby carriages on the street. "Oh, look, isn't he sweet!" they cry, and pass on, forgetting the baby forever.

He never went near her again. A million times Barbie floated by, looking up into this face, laughing into those eyes, her lips half parted in wonder, her whole being tenderly swaying in the arms of some serious, intent boy.

Finally Rocky didn't look any more. He stared at the orchestra, or at Mrs. Lincoln, or counted the wreaths.

"Hey, Rocky," said a voice in his ear, an unconfident, bleaty, begging voice. It was that darn fool, George Mason, the youngest fellow there; a little kid, he looked silly in a tuxedo, and his uncertain manner gave him completely away. His blustering cracks at the card table had vanished; nervously he took shelter with Rocky.

"Hey yourself," said Rocky. "Where you been?"

"In the library with Sally. They let her stay down until 10:30. She's got to go to bed now."

"She has, has she? Good."

"Some party," said George, critically.

"Sure," agreed Rocky fiercely. "A roomful of beautiful babies. Say, George"—an idea of escape had come to him—"got your car here?" George Mason's father let him drive a battered, but speedy, flivver.

"Sure. I got my car, but I haven't got chains on."

"Listen," said Rocky. "Let's go down to Fish Wharf and see Fred Gerrish. We can get something to eat at Scott's."

George Mason would ordinarily have loved this idea, but it came strangely from Rocky, the swain of Barbie Lincoln.

"You wanna leave the dance?" George said. "Now? Say, what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing," said Rocky importantly. "Gotta see Fred. I owe him two dollars. Besides, I'm starved. What'll we get around here?" he said desperately. "Nothing but a lot of lemonade and ice cream."

"Walking out on Barbie's dance," said George, following him upstairs to the cloakroom. "Gee, what will she say?"

"She'll never know. Can't we come back to the lousy dance? Where'd you check your brains, Mason? Come on, hurry, or Gerrish'll be gone down the bay."

Outside, it was black as pitch, fiercely cold. The sleet had stopped, but the streets were a glare of ice, the trees hanging with icicles. This lovely menacing world had its effect upon them; it offered more excitement than any dance. They skidded carelessly down the Lincoln driveway, and careened into Maple Avenue. They slithered about on the ice, but made the steep corner into the boulevard with nothing more exciting than three complete turns on the ice. The boulevard dropped down to Front Street, from which other streets led to the harbor. To anyone over thirty, the speed with which Rocky and George let their rattletrap car shoot down the boulevard would have brought on a general nervous breakdown, but they merely found it funny. Providence had sent a thaw followed by a stiff freeze the day before, which had left ruts in the road, alongside the car tracks; in and out of these they slipped and slid, deliriously managing somehow to keep upright. They sang, and yelled, and gave each other humorous advice.

"Bury me in my pink pajamas," they cried. "Yes, that's Brown—the one lying under the bush"; "Whoopee—here we go for the sidewalk"; and "Zowie, that was an iceberg."

They approached the corner where they had to make a sharp turn into Front Street, and it occurred to George that it might have been wiser to come down the hill in low. He knew no regrets, however, and applied his brakes; they turned around completely several times, slid madly, swayed; then their imminent future paralyzed them. Coming around the corner was a boulevard trolley, into which the car, completely out of control, crashed. The noise was terrific.

"Whoops!" said George shakily, clutching the wheel.

"Let's get out," said Rocky in a high voice. "I've always wanted to ride on a trolley."

They got out on shaky legs. The front tip of their left running gear was fastened tight somehow in the fender of the trolley. That first moment of fright was lost before the prospect of excitement. This whole accident was theirs, to make or mar; they turned with bravado to face the angry motorman.

"Where d'ye think you're driving, on a night like this?" he barked at them. "On a speedway?" He took in their gay evening apparel, their uncovered tousled heads. "Couple of college bums," he said, flattering them, and bent to look at the place where two vehicles of motion were inextricably locked. "Darn fine place to break a speed record."

"Say, you try to come down that hill," said George Mason, belligerently. "Just try it." He took hold of the car and pushed.

"Lay off there," cried the motorman, "you'll make it worse."

"We can't stay here all night," piped Rocky, implying that the motorman was delaying them.

"Ye'll stay here until the wrecking crew comes along, and I'd like your names and addresses." The boys gave these defiantly, scared at the thought of what their fathers would say. Gee, they were supposed to be at the Lincolns' dance. Meanwhile, three passengers, one a fat lady, had grouped themselves around the signatories, asking the usual questions, and sniffily implying such goings-on were only to be expected of the rich and idle. Rocky and George felt grown up, yet humiliated by such a fuss. Think of all the real accidents in the United States every day.

"Nobody was killed, was there?" Rocky suddenly said defiantly. "Come on, George, let's get out of here. We got to be going." He bent his slight hard body over and pushed on the fender. He pushed, he bent, he struggled. George bent with him, pushed the trolley car, wiggled and shook the frame of the flivver. It would not move.

"Ye'll never move that," said the motorman, "the likes of youse."

"Bet you fifty cents," said Rocky, and put his soul into it. He did everything he knew with his young muscles, and something gave, the car slipped out, and he found himself lying on his face in the ice. Inside his coat something had ripped, and when he got up, one trouser leg was torn half off his leg.

"There goes your best suit," said the fat lady. "Your mother will raise Cain."

"Whoopee!" said George to the motorman. "You owe him fifty cents."

"Try and get it," said the motorman, making for his trolley. He had a wife at the end of the line, and he wanted to get home. The boys jumped in the flivver, which started at once, as if it had never been fouled below the waistline, and dashed down Front Street at the same headlong pace.

"Gee, he was a lousy old bear," said Rocky.

"I'll tell the world," agreed George. "Whoopee! Now for a skid off the wharf."

(Continued on Page 66)

They stormed the box office of the Ziegfeld Follies at $6.60 per storm, to watch Fate, a raging father and a two-gun sheriff make "Whoopee" with poor Harry. How he foiled them, every one, much to his own surprise, is the basis of the biggest howl that has yet reached the films.

FLORENZ ZIEGFELD *and* SAMUEL GOLDWYN
PRESENT

EDDIE CANTOR

IN

WHOOPEE

Seeing Eddie Cantor in his true colors

It's too bad, in a way, that "Whoopee" is all color. By that we mean this. See "Whoopee." Chuckle and roar at the adventures of Eddie, the invalid, whom Fate has elected to play the hero. Watch his expression range all the way from a hectic flush to a pea-green panic: in other words, see him as his inimitable self, as portrayed by Technicolor. You'll enjoy it—make no mistake.

But, if there were just a few feet of old-fashioned film right at the end, *then* you would blink your eyes and realize how tremendously color added to your enjoyment and appreciation.

When our motion picture world was a shadowy gray unreality we thought it was fine. Men once thought rubbing two sticks to make fire was hot stuff, too. And we were right—and so were they. But the world progresses. And if you want to see the progress that has just put motion pictures into Seven League Boots see a Technicolor production. You can't go wrong on "Whoopee," if you ask us.

FLORENZ ZIEGFELD

(TELEGRAM)

Santa Monica, Calif., July 9, 1930

Whoopee is the first of my musical comedies to appear on the screen as it appeared on the stage. It will enable the entire world to see a production for which seats cost six sixty for less than a dollar. Technicolor enables us to transfer to the screen the marvelous stage coloring losing no beauty.

F. Ziegfeld

SAMUEL GOLDWYN

(TELEGRAM)

Hollywood, Calif., July 16, 1930

Technicolor has brought out in Whoopee all the life and color of the gorgeous costumes and beautiful girls, combined with the grandeur of the scenic West. The naturalness of Eddie Cantor in the greatest comedy characterization of his career, is tremendously enhanced by Technicolor. I congratulate you.

Samuel Goldwyn

DR. HERBERT KALMUS

President and General Manager, Technicolor, Inc., Dr. Kalmus, internationally known as a chemical engineer, is author of numerous original papers on scientific subjects, and was formerly research associate at Massachusetts Institute of Technology and head of Research Department for the Canadian Government. Dr. Kalmus has been president and in general charge of the Technicolor development since its inception in 1912.

DR. HERBERT KALMUS

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JUNE 1929

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A new conception in shoes *for Gentlemen . . .*

Perfect fit from the first step, distinguished style to the last.

The Parkwing

THERE are certain qualities one expects in Footsavers. The refinements of custom designing. The elegance of imported leathers. And style of unquestionable taste.

But the natural fit and all-day-long comfort of Footsavers is a surprise. How can a shoe of such splendid appearance give such buoyant support to every step—fit every contour of your foot so accurately, yet so restfully?

Because "It is the only shoe with The Saving V" and what a difference that makes! Beneath Footsavers' smart exterior lies this new scientific construction insuring next-to-Nature fit from the first step to the last. Result—distinguished style. Style that is built in—style that stays in.

Footsavers are priced at $12 to $14. May we send you a folder of the newest Fall styles? Address Commonwealth Shoe & Leather Co.—makers of Bostonians, Shoes for Men — Whitman, Mass. Women's Footsavers made by Julian & Kokenge, Cincinnati, Ohio.

FOOTSAVERS

THE ONLY SHOE WITH THE SAVING V

(Continued from Page 63)

Fred Gerrish, the lank captain of the S. S. Katinka, was eating his second Hamburger sandwich, and gulping down his third cup of coffee in Scott's Ships Lunch at the end of Fish Wharf, when Rocky and George found him. His bony, melancholy face, impervious to shock, lined by the sea and sun, melted into a grin. He had known these boys since they were babies, and he liked them. For twenty years he had been hauling their families up and down the bay on his regular summer route to the Cape, and if he was their god, they were also his brothers.

"Looking pretty fine tonight," he drawled nasally. "When did you boys git out of school? Been out gallivantin'?"

They said they had, and wanted something to eat. The waiter brought them coffee and Hamburger sandwiches. They told about their big motor accident, and Captain Gerrish said the ice was something terrible. It was just his luck to have to go down the bay on a night like this. "Rainin' again, ain't it? I look for it to blow over by mornin'."

"Where you goin'?" asked Rocky. "Let us go with you."

"Sure, we're going with you," said George. "We're not going back to that lousy dance with Rocky's pants all torn." They begged to know where he was going, and he finally told them.

"Lady down on Big Ox Island's cook has got appendiceetis, and we've got to haul her up to the hospital. But I ain't a-goin' to take you boys. Your folks wouldn't like it. It's past eleven now."

He was powerless. They grabbed their coats, paid for their food, and ran after him down to the wharf where the Katinka was tied up. There they jumped over the rail of the upper deck, and what could he do?

"Holy cat," he said, making for the engine room. "They cain't say I ever asked them."

The trip down the bay was magnificent. An easterly breeze had blown for two days, and the sea was high. The rain froze as it fell, and Rocky was sure there was no visibility.

"You can't see a darn thing," he kept saying hopefully. But Captain Gerrish took it calmly. He blew his foghorn now and then, peered calmly out the half-open window from time to time, and remarked several times that the nasty weather had been holding on longer than he cal'lated. George Mason had procured pop corn, candy and chewing gum at Scott's, and with this the two boys regaled themselves as the little boat pitched on the swell. Big Ox Island was ten miles down the bay; without seeing a darn thing they passed Munger's, Cribbage, Clamshell and Blodgett's.

A glaring light cut through the gloom, and as the boat turned to tie up at Big Ox landing, they saw people standing, huddled under useless umbrellas in the rain.

"Get out the gangplank when I bring her alongside," said Captain Gerrish. The two deck hands, their coats open, their hair and faces streaked with dirt and pop corn, made for the upper deck. Rocky slipped on the ice and fell, tearing the other leg of his pants. They untied the icy ropes, slid the gangplank from the heaving boat to the wharf. What competence in a heavy sea! Rocky wiped his greasy hands on his white shirt, feeling tremendously happy.

The appendicitee, Miss Violette Jason, weighed almost two hundred, and her pain was obviously in proportion to her weight. Her dusky form was shrouded in blankets, but the sounds which came forth from the cabin, when she was finally settled, were African in their richness and depth. Rocky and George thought she was dying; they helped to carry her in reverently, and were shocked when Violette's employer, Mrs. Briskett, said sharply, "Stop that shouting, Violette; you only make things worser."

Mrs. Briskett was a large lady herself, and was miserable and uncomfortable. Who would not be, losing a warm bed and a general houseworker in one fell blow? "I tell you," she said to Captain Gerrish, "calamity's always happenin' on this island. I warned Briskett when he bought that store, and brought me and six kids to live in such a place."

"It's awful nice in summer, ma'am," said the captain. "Rocky, you stay here with the lady, and tell me if anything goes wrong."

Rocky sat, feeling like a man at a barricade. The ship rolled on a beam sea in a swooning motion, and with each roll Violette groaned. Mrs. Briskett fell asleep, tilting sideways on the hard bench. Pretty soon she might fall off, and then what would Rocky do? He chewed gum and watched his charges, calculating the changing angles of Mrs. Briskett's large form. It was a swell evening, all right, at sea with a dying Negress; it might have been the Civil War.

When they got to the wharf, there was an ambulance, but no taxi. "My land!" said Mrs. Briskett, frantically. "How'm I goin' to git way up there?"

The two boys turned in their tracks. Another chance for service. "We have a car," said Rocky politely. "You come with us." After all, she was somebody's mother. They ignored again the ice, the lack of chains and the sleet, and rode headlong to the hospital. One would have thought that Violette was Mrs. Briskett's only daughter, they were in such haste to reunite them. They managed to get uphill a little better than down. However, Mrs. Briskett had her scares.

"Hey, you boys," she called, "be keerful. We're not a-goin' to a fire. Hey, you brats, I'm not the patient; I'm only goin' up to see about the bill." But her words made little impression; in their minds, they saw themselves as life-savers, frontiersmen, pony expressmen, messengers of mercy, rushing with the aid of a gasoline engine to the help of the distressed.

It was half-past three when Rocky sneaked into his home. A light burned in the lower hall, and he removed his shoes, thanking heaven that the stairs were carpeted. Upstairs all doors but his were shut. Shut within his room, he switched on the light and read a movie magazine as he casually undressed. He peeled off his soaking clothes, hurling them hither and yon in the general direction of putative chairs, and finding only one-half of his pajamas in the débris, went to his bed. The evening had been a hot one. The unattainable Barbie and the gaudy, disappointing ball had been washed out by the nobler adventures of the road, the sea and the night. In two seconds he was asleep.

At nine o'clock the next morning, the Brown house assumed its usual after-breakfast hush. Mr. Brown was gone to work; Fernanda had departed to the Lincolns', ostensibly to ask Sally to go skating, really to satisfy her curiosity about the party. Upstairs the doors of the guest room and Rocky's room were closed; the two boys would sleep until noon. In the kitchen, Victoria was singing sadly over her breakfast dishes.

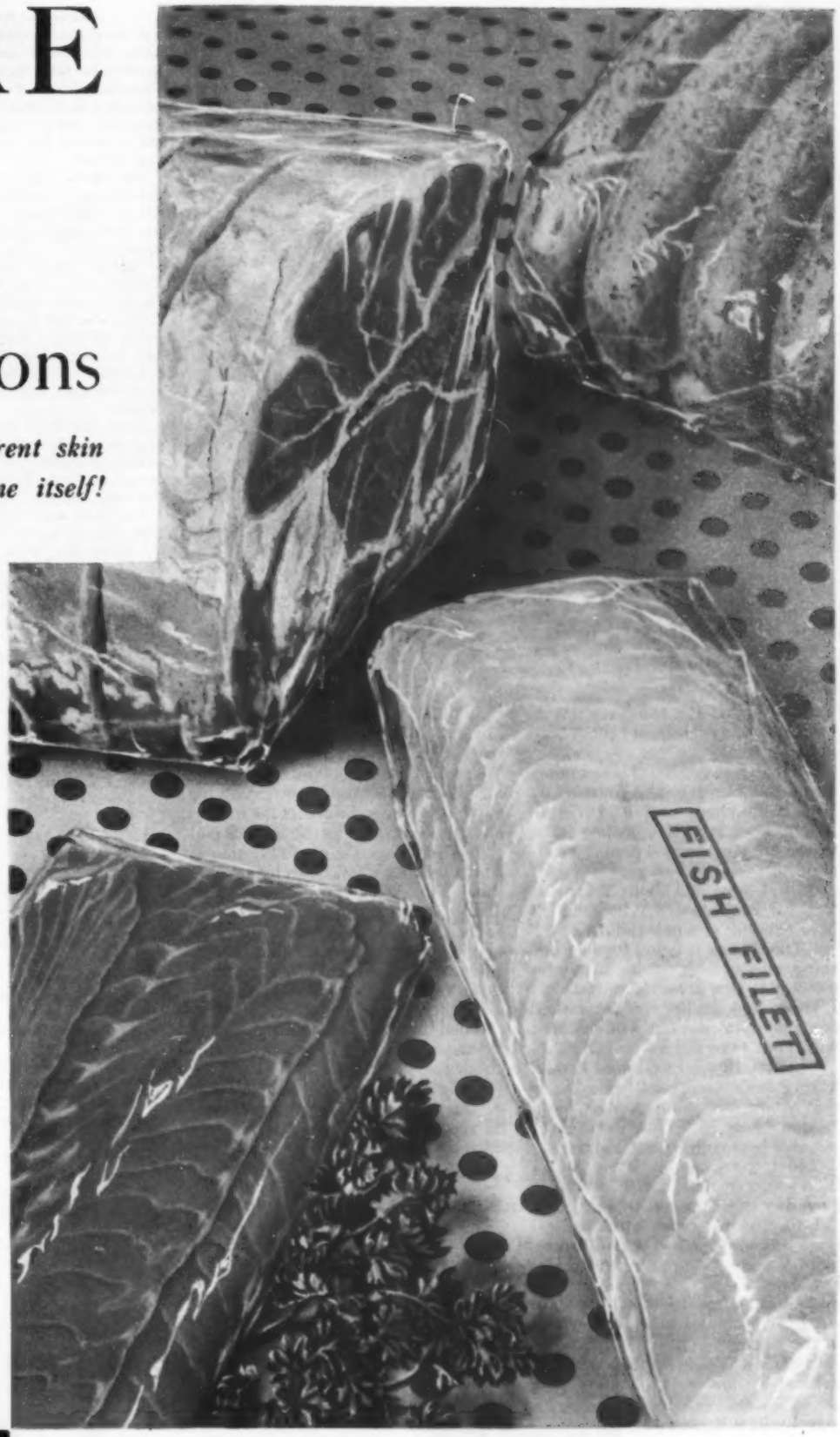
When she went upstairs to make her bed, Mrs. Brown stood outside Rocky's door, heard no sound, and noiselessly opened the door and went in. He was asleep, lying on his back, his body flung diagonally across the bed, all the daytime doggedness and tumult wiped from his face. Had not the disorder of the room angered her, she might have stood looking at him, marveling that anyone so troublesome and contentious should look so much like a baby. But the room was a sight, a horror, a threat to character.

One window shade was up, the other down. Neither window was open. Over the radiator hung by a thread his new trousers, and when she picked them up she made a sound of disgust. They were damp, streaked, torn and wrinkled. In the corner was the wreck of his shirt, torn likewise, and on the rug were his collar, his tie and his linen handkerchief. His coat and vest had hit a chair, and retained every trace of a night of combat. In the pockets were half a Hamburger sandwich, some sticky candy and a

(Continued on Page 68)

NATURE *shows* her Onions

She gives them a protective, transparent skin almost as good as Du Pont Cellophane itself!



NO man alive could make an onion skin. That is Nature's own secret. But man has made for himself a substance that, in many ways, actually improves on Nature. It is even more transparent than the onion's skin. It is much stronger. And it is just as pure—so pure that you could eat it if you wanted to.

You know it . . . sparkling Du Pont Cellophane. It is used as the most sensible kind of wrap for hundreds of things. A great deal of it is being used today for wrapping the new quick-frozen meat and fish that come to you all ready to cook. It keeps them as clean and free from contamination as on the day they were packed.

When you go shopping, it is a good rule to remember that *anything* wrapped in Cellophane is sure to be as good as it looks. And you can trust its looks because Cellophane shows everything and hides nothing.

Du Pont Cellophane Co., Inc., 2 Park Ave., N.Y.C.

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USE CELLOPHANE AT HOME—To glorify gifts, to protect silver, to wrap food, and for craft work. Buy Cellophane in handy rolls, plain or colored—red, green, gold, violet, at stationery or department stores where Dennison goods are sold, or write Dennison Mfg. Co., Dept. DP-6, Framingham, Mass., for free samples and information.

DU PONT CELLOPHANE

DU PONT CELLOPHANE

"WHERE *ARE* YOU *on Tuesday afternoons?*"

LAST night Bob came rushing in half an hour earlier than he had been home in weeks.

"Ethel, I've got the greatest news. I won last month's sales contest and got a bonus check for $50. I tried to 'phone you, but—say, young lady, where *are* you every Tuesday afternoon?"

"Oh, I'm so glad about the check, Bob," I exclaimed. "What shall it be, a new suit or a new radio, or—?"

"That check is going for just one thing, my dear—it's going to pay for a stunning new dress for you. Don't I know how badly you've wanted one and how patient you've been with your poor old husband?"

"Listen, Bob," I said, and I could hardly keep the tears back—tears that meant love and happiness, both. "I don't need it. I have the dress!"

"But how could you?"

"Just the same, I have. And I didn't run in debt for it. I didn't even *buy* it! But wait—"

I dashed excitedly upstairs and three minutes later I stood before him—you don't know how proudly—in the new crepe de Chine afternoon dress I had finished that very day.

"Ethel, it's beautiful, but where in the world—"

"I made it! Yes, every little stitch and seam. Oh, I know I never made a really nice dress before. But, Bob, I found the most wonderful place down town where they show you just exactly what to do. Helen James told me about it. I've been going with her every week since. We've had such fun. You see it's such an attractive shop and they have a big cutting table, and mirrors for fitting, and the cleverest electric sewing machines that stitch the seams like magic. And a teacher who knows just everything. I finished this dress today, Bob, and what do you think it cost me? Just $8.60! Can you imagine? I'm planning two more dresses now and—well, I'll never need to worry about my clothes again—and you won't either!"

"Ethel, you're a wonder," Bob exclaimed and his eyes fairly shone. "But you're going to get this bonus check just the same."

"You're a dear," I said; "that means a whole wardrobe now. And do you *still* want to know where I've been on Tuesday afternoons?"

✣ ✣ ✣

Not far from you there is a Singer Sewing School where you, too, can enjoy without one cent of cost, the benefits of this new delightful plan. You have the personal help of an expert teacher in selecting designs and fabrics, laying out your pattern, cutting the material and making, fitting and finishing the dress of your choice.

If you would like to know all about this new plan, simply 'phone or call at the nearest shop of the Singer Sewing Machine Company. You will find the address in your telephone book. Or send this coupon and the full story will come to you at once.

SINGER SEWING SCHOOLS

SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO.
Dept. 111-W, Singer Bldg., New York

Please tell me about the Singer Sewing School nearest my home and how I may have personal instruction free.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

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(Continued from Page 66)

wet package of cigarettes. His shoes and socks were under the bureau and would never be the same again; evidently his overshoes had been lost. On the bureau were two open movie magazines, some chewing gum and a pile of orange peel. The lavender silk comforter had fallen between the bed and the wall.

She was so angry and annoyed that she did nothing but pick up each piece of evidence—the trousers, the coat, the shirt and the shoes—and stalk muttering from the room.

This was the last straw.

Now, look at this, she thought, flinging the destroyed, abused garments on a chair. If this was the ravage of a dance, what would life do to Rocky? Boys and men had no sensitiveness, no feelings, no appreciation. They begged, pleaded, got around women, and then behaved like buccaneers.

She would leave the clothing there in a pile, and confront Rocky with it when he awoke. Also, she would list to him the things she had gone without this holiday. Her fury mounted as she counted them.

The front door opened, and Fernanda began baying up the stairs.

"Mom—hey, mom, can I go over to the Field Club?"

Her mother went out in the hall, saying sh-h-h, in behalf of the son she was so mad at. "Don't make so much noise," she said. "Rocky's asleep. Where's Sally?"

"Outside." Fernanda clumped up the stairs, her brown eyes popping. "Say, he doesn't need any sleep," she said. "He walked out on the party at ten o'clock."

"Sh-h-h! How do you know?"

"Sally told me. He and George Mason. She saw them from her bedroom window. Without any hats in George's flivver."

Mrs. Brown said that they had probably gone and come back later. He certainly had been late enough.

"Nope, he walked out on it," said Fernanda. "He never came back. Gee, mom, I bet he had a rotten time. Barbie don't even as much as speak to him any more. He wouldn't be with a kid like George Mason if he was having any fun. Gee, George Mason—gosh, he gives me a headache."

"But why should Barbie not be nice to him?" Mrs. Brown asked. "What has she against him?" Suddenly her son became the most attractive darling in the world.

"Humph, mummy! You're dumb," said Fernanda, retreating down the stairs, as if she were getting too indiscreet. "Ask Skats. He's got it all over Rocky, with girls. Rocky is off him! But he's got to hide it, until they get back to school."

Mrs. Brown stood looking after her, knowing that try hard as she might, she would never know about Rocky what Fernanda would. Parents and children were like people living on different floors of an apartment house; they met, spoke, entertained one another, but their lives were on different levels. For a week Rocky had been nursing that most awful wound of all, his first blasted expectation, and had she sensed it? No, stupidly she had treated his irritability and his ill temper as if he were a child of six.

She opened his door and stood again by his bed. He was still sleeping, but in a different attitude; he was twisted, curled, screwed up under the blankets; the face she wanted to kiss hidden away from her beneath the pillow and the coverings. So he would elude her, intermittently, forever. All she could do now was to open the window, pull down the shades, place the retrieved comforter over his body, and leave him to his doubtful dreams.

Marco Polo Comes to Town

By Lowell Otus Reese

AND in that land, once on a day,
I had a grievous chille;
Wherefore I sought a drugge store for
To buy a soothing pille;
"Ho, ho!" the haughty clerk replied,
And giggled fit to kille.

"Wee do not keep ye pille, nor yet
Corn plaster for ye toe;
Soup ladles, yes; golf trousers, yes;
Flash lights, and so and so;
Canned spinach, yes; and ice cream, yes—
But physick—no, no, no!"

My palfrey cast a shoe and so
I sought the country coppe;
"Good man," quoth I, "direct me to
The nearest blacksmith shoppe."
"Alas," he wept, "there is none such!
Blacksmithing is a floppe.

"Garages, yes; clam parlors, yes;
Oil stations spring and grow
Like mushrooms over all the land—
Observe them as you go;
Mechanics, yes; repair men, yes—
But blacksmiths—no, no, no!"

My pantaloons—I saw with grief
Their usefulness was o'er;
Wherefore, to purchase new, I sought
A haberdasher's store;
"Ah, woe is me," the clerk replied,
"We keep such things no more!

"Bath fixtures, yes; tree sprayers, yes;
Fork, shovel or a hoe;
Quick lunches, yes; and root beer, yes;
False teeth as white as snow;
Choice bacon, yes; and shotguns, yes—
But trousers—no, no, no!"

DRAWN BY GRAHAM HUNTER

"Aren't You the Vegetarian I Met Last Week?"
"Oh, No, Indeed! I'm the Milk Diet"

Surprisingly increased efficiency in the Two New Hoovers

Your Hoover dealer will be glad to show you these two remarkable new Hoover models, offering greatly increased dirt-removing ability and selling at the same price as former models.

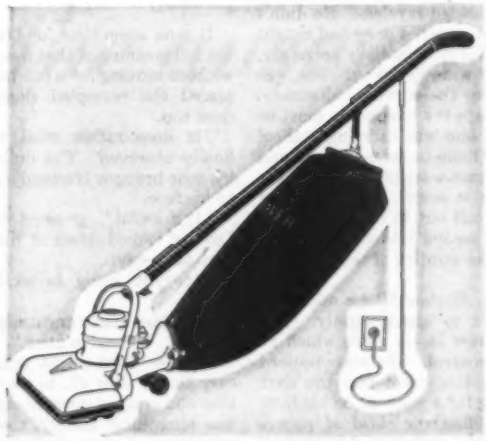
Are you satisfied when the laundress gets "most of the dirt" out of the clothes?

NO, indeed! Clothes that aren't wholly clean, you insist, aren't clean at all. The same thing is true of floor coverings.

Perhaps you have never realized that all ordinary cleaners do is merely to skim off the surface dust—that after such a cleaning your rug is still piled full of sharp-edged, cutting grit.

Yet all you need do to discover the great superiority of Hoover cleaning is first to go over a rug with another cleaner and then with a Hoover. The amount of dirt The Hoover takes out of your "clean" rug proves unmistakably the super-efficiency of The Hoover beating principle, Positive Agitation, and demonstrates why The Hoover removes more dirt per minute than any other cleaner—cleans faster, more easily, more thoroughly.

The Hoover also gives new beauty to floor coverings, lifting and straightening the nap, restoring the rug colors and removing the ugly thread and lint. All this more thorough, more scientific care of floor coverings it accomplishes with less expenditure of human energy than other cleaners require.



HOOVER

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

IT BEATS..AS IT SWEEPS..AS IT CLEANS

ON A CUSHION OF AIR

MORE DIRT DPM PER MINUTE

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Ask your Hoover dealer or the local Hoover office for a free trial or home demonstration of The Hoover and its efficient dusting tools. Only $6.25 down; balance monthly. Liberal allowance for your old cleaner.

Mail this coupon for descriptive literature or a home trial of The Hoover. It is your privilege to see The Hoover—compare it with any other cleaner—without obligation.

Send booklet "How To Judge an Electric Cleaner" ☐
Send a new Hoover to me for Home Trial. ☐

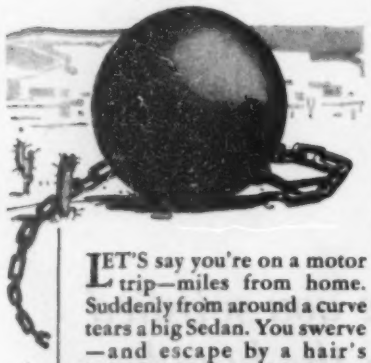
THE HOOVER COMPANY, Dept. 10, North Canton, O.

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY.....STATE.....

There are bonds that bind and—Bonds that set you free



LET'S say you're on a motor trip—miles from home. Suddenly from around a curve tears a big Sedan. You swerve—and escape by a hair's breadth, but...That man walking on your side of the road! Fortunately, you don't hit him squarely—he's apparently only cut and bruised. If you carry adequate Liability Insurance with a good, reliable company, you are protected against financial loss from claims, *but*—

While lunching at a nearby Hotel, you are also served with a Writ of Attachment on which the ink is scarcely dry. The injured man has made use of the local sheriff to protect his interests before you've a chance to leave town. Your car is "attached" and as effectively "tied up" as though he'd put a gigantic ball and chain on it. What to do?

If Ætna-ized, your Ætna Service Certificate will identify and introduce you to the local Ætna Agent. (There are 20,000 of them from Coast to Coast!) He will promptly arrange for an Ætna Release of Attachment Bond, thus restoring full possession of your car—*without a cent of extra cost to you.*

Ætna writes Bonds as well as insurance. It looks after its automobile policyholders' needs, not only from Coast to Coast but *in Europe*, too. It pays to be Ætna-ized. Let the Ætna-izer in your community give you the whole story.

Ætna Casualty and Surety Company
Ætna Life Insurance Company
Automobile Insurance Company
Standard Fire Insurance Company
Hartford, Connecticut

ÆTNA-IZE

THE SQUAW WOMAN

(Continued from Page 5)

"I've got to see Natalie," said Darrow for the second time as they skirted the ragged fringe of the street crowd and swung about a corner. It was quieter there in the side street. It was consolingly quiet. And there seemed something cleansing in that abrupt dip into quietness, like cool water flowing over a wound that throbbed with fever.

II

DARROW, as he stepped in through the all-too-familiar door, wondered why the red-velvet carpet that still led down to the curb should look so like a wound. From the music room, which had been cleared for dancing, he caught the incongruous, faint throb of an orchestra. Its stubborn blitheness made him think of regatta bunting on a rainy day. Even the servants, he noticed, were standing about, as dejected as fowls in a wet hen run. About the bar that had been built across the cloakroom doorway clustered a group of spike-tailed coats. The owners of these coats, he could see, were solemnly busy, making away with cocktails being shaken by the caterer's staff.

Seven absurdly bright-colored girls in picture hats were grouped about a table crowded with trays of sliced squab breast and plovers' eggs and yellow-bordered caviar.

One of them, swaying on her French heels, said huskily: "But it might have been worse, darling. Supposing it had been with a chauffeur? Or with one of those dancing gigolos?"

Darrow heard her, without quite hearing. He was wondering, as his eyes rested on the heaped-up trays, if it was to be a case of the marriage tables furnishing forth the funeral baked meats. For there seemed something disturbingly funereal about the great house. The family itself, apparently, were in hiding, as befitted a family so conspicuously disgraced. It even shocked him, as he passed the music room, to see half a dozen couples stubbornly dancing about the wide and glimmering floor. He felt incommunicably alone in a world that had betrayed him.

A lank youth whom he remembered as Monty Darville, a youth with a gardenia in his buttonhole and a wineglass in his hand, stopped short at the groom's approach.

"Oh, I say," he thickly but determinedly averred, "you shouldn't be here!"

"Why not?" asked Darrow, with weary unconcern. His business, after all, wasn't with these pin-headed revelers. He didn't even wait for an answer. For he had caught sight of Miss Holley, Natalie's secretary, halfway up the wide stairway. She was calling down over the curving balustrade: "Mr. Harland says the telephones must be disconnected." She was carrying a sheaf of papers in her none-too-steady hand and her face looked rain-washed, as though she had been crying in secret. Darrow's first impulse was to call out to her: "Where's Natalie?" But second thought prompted him to change the wording of that too intimate challenge.

"Where's Mr. Harland?" he asked instead. He tried to speak calmly. But there was a quaver in his voice which he couldn't quite control. He even noticed the look of pity that crept into the alert gray eyes resting for a moment on his face.

The hand holding the sheaf of papers motioned upward. "He's in his study," Miss Holley said in a heavy whisper. It was a tone, Darrow remembered, that was customarily used at funerals. The young woman's chin, he noticed, was trembling. As she preceded him up the stairs, she seemed to be running away from him.

Darrow knocked twice on the study door before looking in. He was persuaded, notwithstanding Miss Holley, that the room was empty. It surprised him to see Amos Harland seated before the dark-wooded desk. The leonine old face looked very tired, with grayish shadows under the unfocused eyes. He gave the impression of being baffled and beaten. One side of his collar drooped dejectedly, like a half-lowered flag.

"What happened?" asked Darrow, out of the prolonging silence.

He was bracing himself, without knowing it, for the impact of calamity. It meant a blow in some way. But he at least wanted that blow to be over and done with for all time.

"Sit down, Boyd," said Harland in little more than a husky whisper, motioning half wearily toward an empty chair.

But the younger man refused to sit down. "Where's Natalie?" he exacted.

The older man, instead of answering that question, looked dazedly at the desk top, slowly closing and unclosing his hand. His brow was heavy and furrowed, like an old hound's.

"A rather terrible thing's just happened here," he finally proclaimed.

"Where's Natalie?" repeated Darrow, conscious of the haggard eyes searching his face, almost pitifully.

"She's gone," said the unhappy father, the lionlike old head subsiding between the wide shoulders that shook with a sound that was not altogether a sob.

But Darrow didn't seem to understand. They wouldn't be dancing down there with a dead woman in the house. She couldn't be dead.

"How do you mean—gone?" asked Darrow as he groped for a chair arm.

Harland sat silent a moment. Then he held out a crumpled sheet of paper, obviously for Darrow to take. Darrow took it.

"Am I to read this?" he asked, puzzled by a second wind of quietness that had come to him. And the older man, with a sigh, nodded his head.

Darrow had to smooth out the sheet before he could decipher the hurriedly penciled lines. It had become mussed and frayed, like a worn bank note. And a mist hovered between his eyes and the oddly crumpled page. Darrow read with difficulty:

"I'm sorry, dad, but it simply can't go on. It's rotten of me, I know, to leave it so late. But there's no use spoiling Boyd's life as well as my own. I really thought, until this morning, that I could go through with it. But there was always Renaldo. He seems to understand me better than I understand myself. By the time this gets to you, we'll be gone. It's messing things up horribly, but it seems the only way. I think we're going to Rio first, and then Paris.

"NATALIE."

It took some time for Darrow to absorb the full meaning of that message. He stood without moving for a full minute. Then he placed the crumpled sheet back on the desk top.

"It does rather mess things up," he finally observed. The dulled quietness of his tone brought Harland's haggard eye up to his face.

"It's awful," groaned the older man. Darrow looked down at him. He seemed very far away.

"Are you going to let them go?" he asked.

The older man's gesture was one of helplessness. "They've gone."

Darrow stood silent again. It was no easy thing, after all, to reorganize a world that had crashed down about one's ears. It was something, plainly, that was going to take time—a great deal of time.

"Boyd, what's wrong with our women?" Amos Harland was demanding of the younger man, with a sudden fist thump on the desk top.

Darrow didn't seem to know what was wrong with their women. It didn't, at the moment, appear very important. He was wondering what was wrong with himself, that this mist of unreality should keep on thickening about him. It took time, apparently, to digest shock, just as it takes time to digest meat.

"But why did she need to be so cruel about it?" the older man was muttering. "You can imagine what the papers will say. And there's no way of stopping them."

Yes, Darrow could imagine what the papers would say. They had said too much already. But this would be a Roman holiday for them—a Roman holiday with his stunned pride under the lion's paw of public ridicule. He pictured the flamboyant headlines: HEIRESS ELOPES ON EVE OF WEDDING; GROOM WAITS IN VAIN FOR BRIDE; MILLIONAIRE'S DAUGHTER DISAPPEARS WITH YOUNG PORTRAIT PAINTER; SCION OF OLD FAMILY DESERTED AT THE ALTAR. There would be reams of it, high-pitched and hysterical. They would be hounding him with coolly insolent questions as to his reactions. They would be waiting on his doorstep, to exploit his humiliation and mull over his misery. And from that hour, he realized, he would be a marked man among his kind. There would be silence when he stepped into a club, furtive murmurs when he invaded a restaurant, quietly derisive smiles when he walked down the Avenue. His friends—his real friends—would be studiously impersonal, but always, at the back of every brain, would be that kenneled hound of knowledge. They would pity him. Yet they would see in him a sort of public fool—a fool who had failed abysmally in his one gesture of grandeur. And a weakling who had been unable to hold the woman he loved. He had been deserted at the altar. They would be shouting that, at any time now, on the street corners. The shopgirls in the subway, forgetting their gum chewing, would get a chuckle out of his unhappiness. The news would go from city to city, along countless little rivers of metal, and over its coffee the next morning all the world would smile at his discomfiture.

"There doesn't seem much we can do about it," he said in a singularly abstracted voice—a voice that went hollow, like a train roar over a railway bridge.

"I guess we've—we've got to stand up to it," said the older man, so ironically crumpled down in his chair. "Stand up to it," he repeated with a forlorn effort at valor, "until the thing blows over."

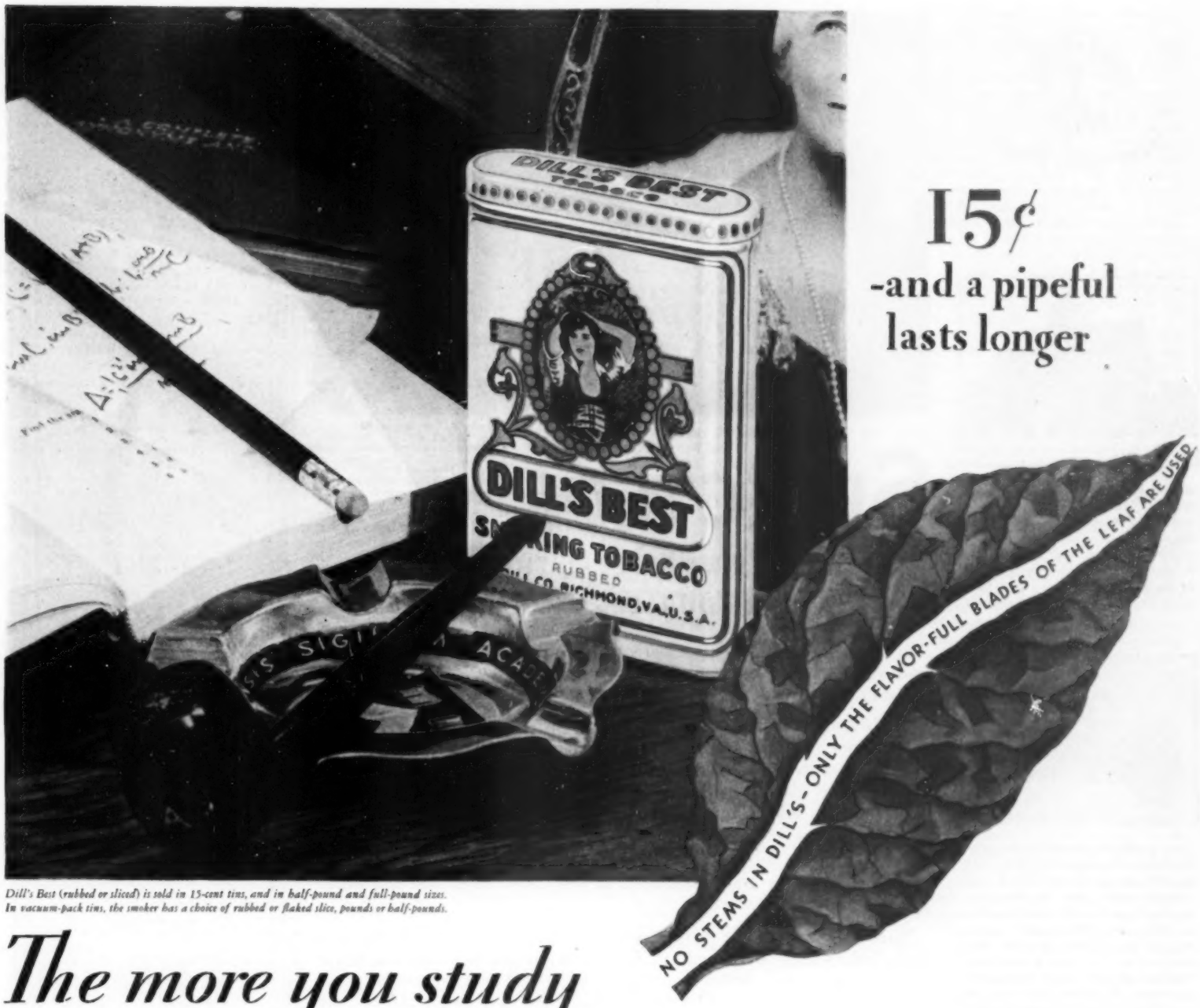
Darrow smiled wintrily at that. It was easy to say. But such things, he knew, didn't blow over. It would follow him like an infection, wherever he went. They would laugh at him, now, in every land where a telegraph key clicked and printer's ink was spilled. It was rather like going to the electric chair and yet remaining alive to peruse the details of the execution. It would be like a nightmare, torturingly prolonging itself.

"Where are you going?" Amos Harland abruptly demanded, arrested by the ashy grimness of the other's face as he turned away.

"I'm going home," was Darrow's listless reply. He knew a sudden hunger for silence, for a quietness and darkness into which he could crawl to lick his wounds. He hated that house, so crowded with memories. He hated the sounds that came from the music room as he went down the wide stairway. He hated the insolent-eyed girls in floppy hats. He hated the pompously dressed youths who stood smoking about a Gargantuan punch bowl. He hated Frisbie—the dependable and indignant-eyed Frisbie, who had cleared the last dancers from the music room and was herding the last stragglers away from the bar. He even hated the hush that fell over them as he appeared in their midst.

"Don't go out that way," commanded Frisbie, blocking his path as he moved unsteadily toward the door. "Those fool reporters are out front there, and we can't get rid of them. I'll show you how you can slip out the servants' entrance." Darrow shuddered, but surrendered to the guiding hand on his elbow. They were halfway down a narrower and darker stairway when Frisbie stopped in the half light.

(Continued on Page 73)



Dill's Best (rubbed or sliced) is sold in 15-cent tins, and in half-pound and full-pound sizes. In vacuum-pack tins, the smoker has a choice of rubbed or flaked slice, pounds or half-pounds.

15¢ -and a pipeful lasts longer

The more you study the surer the answer . . . . .

Many men believe in using their heads as well as their mouths in smoking. They weigh the different tobacco claims. And check up!

Check up on Dill's Best. You'll find a story as honest as the wholesome natural-tobacco taste of Dill's Best.

There are *no stems* in Dill's—crushed or otherwise disguised. Nothing but the tender, flavor-full blades of choice tobacco leaf.

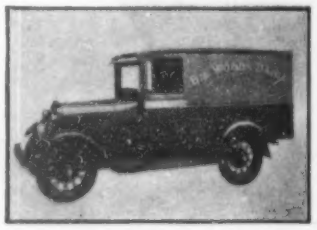
And no dust or powdery particles to clog your pipe. For 82 years, Dill's has stood out against stems and every other ingredient that spoils natural-tobacco flavor. For 82 years, more smokers have said each year:—"Dill's Best is America's Best." J. G. Dill Company, Richmond, Va.

Dill's Best is America's Best . .

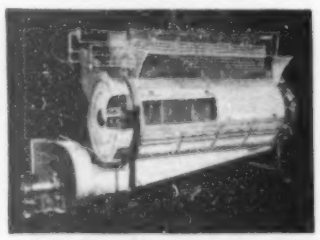
AMERICA'S OLDEST BRAND . . . ESTABLISHED 1848

WHEELING STEEL
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Save with Steel

Residence at Ft. Wayne, Ind., in which COP-R-LOY *Pipe was installed by Arthur Ehrman, Plumbing and Heating Contractor. William Harrod, Architect and General Contractor.* COP-R-LOY *Pipe furnished by the Wayne Belting & Supply Company and United Supply Company.*



Emerson-Brantingham Corporation, Rockford, Ill., employs COP-R-LOY *for the manufacture of E-B commercial truck bodies. In their catalog they state: "*COP-R-LOY, *which we consider the foremost copper alloyed steel of the day, has been selected to insure the minimum tendency to rust under atmospheric conditions.* COP-R-LOY *has the qualities which permit extraordinarily fine workmanship in fashioning it to commercial body specifications."*



The Vorclone Corporation, Milwaukee, Wis., manufacturers of laundry and dry cleaning machinery, use COP-R-LOY *Pipe for the equipment of low temperature drying tumblers, one of which is illustrated above.*

* * *

In steel lath, corner-bead, steel roofing, gutter, spouting and other accessories, the use of COP-R-LOY *brings to building construction strength and fireproof protection of steel* plus *an increased resistance to exposure, at nominal cost.*

Palacio Del Congreso, Havana, Cuba —the Cuban Capitol Building. Architect Sr. Eugenio Reyneri. Plans approved by Dr. Carlos Miguel de Cespedes, Secretary of Public Works. Purdy & Henderson Company, Havana, Cuba, Engineers and Contractors, COP-R-LOY *used for cooling and ventilating system installed by the Typhoon Fan Co. of N. Y.*

SELECTED!

FOR SHEER MERIT . . . THIS BETTER AND MORE DURABLE, MODERN STEEL

This building, where Pan-American history will be made, is cooled and ventilated by equipment made of COP-R-LOY because, here, resistance to tropical corrosive agencies is of utmost importance.

In fact, wherever exposure is a problem to be met, COP-R-LOY, the Copper Alloyed Steel, delivers satisfactory service because of the resistance with which it is endowed by the Wheeling copper alloying process. Yet durability is only one of its many advantages, as is evident by its selection also for much interior equipment not subject to exposure.

So you find it not only used by architects and contractors but by manufacturers, for many products, as well as by railroads and other consumers of sheet steel.

Such a large number of things are made of COP-R-LOY that it is quite impossible to record all, but on this page is a representative list. When you buy articles such as these, it will be to your advantage to choose those made of COP-R-LOY. When you build, call for the use of this finer steel. Write for descriptive booklet.

WHEELING STEEL CORPORATION

WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA

Principal Subsidiary Companies:

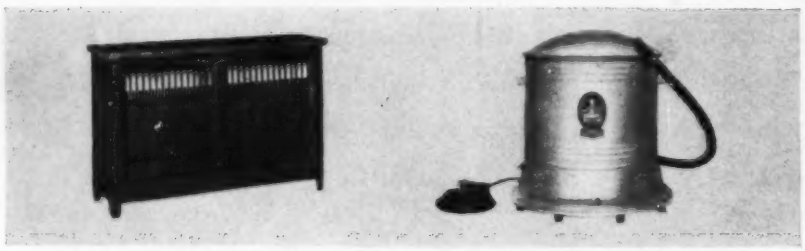
Wheeling Corrugating Company
Ackermann Manufacturing Company
Consolidated Expanded Metal Companies
The Tyler Tube and Pipe Company

Bessemer and Open Hearth Steel, Plates, Sheets, Tin Plate, Lithographed Plates, Pipe, Boiler Tubes, Rods, Wire, Cut Nails, Wire Nails, Metal Lath, Roofings, Fence, Range Boilers, Tanks, Steel Barrels, Sheet Steel Products for Building and for the Home, Farm, and Factory

COP-R-LOY

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE COPPER ALLOYED STEEL



A Kauffman Rod Grill Radiator Shield, manufactured by American Metal Products Corporation, St. Louis, equipped with a humidifying pan made of COP-R-LOY, *the Copper Alloyed Steel.*

The Whirldry Washer, manufactured by the Whirldry Corporation, subsidiary of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, New Haven, Conn., is made of COP-R-LOY.

MADE OF COP-R-LOY
THE COPPER ALLOYED STEEL
TO GIVE MAXIMUM VALUE AND SERVICE

AIRPLANE HANGARS
AIRPLANE PARTS
AIRPORT CULVERTS
ASH CANS
ASH PIT DOORS

BASE SCREED
BARNS
BASKETS
BLACK SHEETS
BLUE ANNEALED SHEETS
BOILER TUBES
BOTTLE DISPENSERS

CLOTHES WASHERS
COAL DOORS
CONDUIT
COOLING TOWERS
CORNER BEAD
CORNICES
COTTON GINS
CULVERTS

EAVES TROUGH
ELBOWS

FENCE
FENCE POSTS
FIRE PAILS
FLAG POLES
FLASHINGS
FLUMES
FURNACES
FUSE BOXES

GALVANIZED SHEETS
GARAGES
GARBAGE CANS
GRAIN ELEVATORS
GRAVE ARCHES
GRAVE VAULTS
GRILLES
GUTTERS

HUMIDIFIERS

LAMPS
LAMP POSTS
LAUNDRY DRYERS

MACHINE SHEDS
MEASURES
METAL LATH
METALWARE
MINE CARS

OIL HEATERS
OIL TANKS
OVENS

PAILS
PICTURE MOLD
PIPE
PIPE NIPPLES
POSTER PANELS

RADIATOR COVERS
RAILINGS
RAILROAD CARS
RANGE BOILERS
REFRIGERATOR COILS
REFRIGERATOR PANS
REFRIGERATORS
REGISTER SHIELDS
RIDGE ROLLS
RODS
ROLLER CANS
ROOFING
ROOFING TERNES

SCAFFOLD
SHINGLES
SIDING
SIGNS
SKYLIGHT SASH
SPANISH TILE
SPIKES, RAILROAD
SPOUTING
SPRINKLING CANS
STAMPINGS
STEEL BUILDINGS
STEEL PLATES
STEEL STRAPPINGS
STOVES
STREET CARS
STREET LIGHTING POLES
STUCCO BINDER
SWITCH BOXES

TANK CARS
TERNE COATED SHEETS
TIE PLATES, RAILROAD
TROLLEY CARS
TRUCK BODIES
TUBS

VALLEYS
VENTILATORS, FACTORY
VENTILATORS, HOME

WASHING MACHINES
WASTE CANS
WATER COOLERS
WATER HEATERS
WATER TANKS
WINDOW GUARDS
WIRE

(Continued from Page 70)

"This is rotten, Darrow," he said, with a tremolo of emotion in his voice. "But I'm mighty glad you're taking it like a thoroughbred. And if I were you, old man, I'd just fade away. I'd get off somewhere as soon as I could."

"Where?" asked Darrow, oddly impassive, oddly remote.

Frisbie didn't say where. But he repeated his advice to get away for a good long rest as he helped Darrow into the waiting car very much as one helps an invalid. And Darrow, as he leaned back against the sloping upholstery, remembered that he was very tired. He wished, as he sat with his eyes half closed, that some miraculous silence and peace could inclose him like a coffin. It would not be down at that Gramercy Park house of his, where faithful old Smithers had already ordered up the window boards and was solemnly packing his possessions for a second-cabin trip to England and a year's rest on his sister's farm in Sussex. He couldn't hide away there like a sick hound, to emerge now and then at nightfall, like a murderer afraid of the police. Nor could it be in the Florida keys, or the remoter corners of the Riviera, or the white-washed inn rooms of Biskra. Even in Tangier, or Mombasa, or Nairobi, he could never be quite safe. For thither ventured and prowled and idled his kind. And he had no wish to mix with them, to be seen by them. All he asked for was silence, some place of peace where Time could flow quietly over his bruised soul.

But Darrow could think of no such refuge. He could picture no place sufficiently remote, no corner of the world where that epidemic of ridicule could not and would not creep. On his own doorstep, as he turned into Gramercy Park, he could see four or five waiting figures. They were reporters, he knew even before he elbowed them aside to let himself in with a pass-key, vultures of the press gathered to pick at the bones of his humiliation. He was glad when the heavy door swung shut behind him. He was glad, too, to find Smithers confronting him with a face as expressionless as a death mask. The man knew, of course. But he had long since been trained not to show what he knew.

"Smithers," Darrow said as casually as he could, from the foot of the stairway, "I want no one in here."

"Very good, sir," acknowledged the impassive Smithers.

"And no phone calls are to be answered."

"I understand, sir," said Smithers.

"And I want a pot of coffee up in my study. I want it strong and black."

The coffee, he felt, would help him to think. And he had some hard thinking to do. Yet it would be more sensible, he admitted to himself, to say that he had to keep from thinking. And it was odd, he noticed, how familiar surroundings directed his thoughts along familiar grooves. This, after all, was the home of his ancestors. He had hoped once that Natalie would come under that roof to live. For the roots of feeling struck deep in old houses like this, with their thousand and one memories. But she had called it a shabby old hole, half a century behind the style, and without half enough bathrooms. She had wanted the Brewster place out on Long Island, with a private golf course and a yacht landing and riding horses, and then a Park Avenue duplex, or a suite at the Marguery for between-season visits. She had even laughed at his trophies, protesting that so many stuffed animal heads made her think of a zoo. She never understood what they meant to him, those grim mementos of hazardous days and hard living and laboriously achieved danger finally overcome.

He blinked up at a water buffalo that brought the fetor of African swamplands back to his nostrils. He stared at a mountain goat that carried him abruptly up into a wind-swept defile of the Rockies. Then his meditative eye wandered on to a caribou head that brought Fort Resolution once more about him, and the first steamer heading south with the break-up of the Mackenzie. He sighed, without knowing it, as he studied the teeth of a timber wolf with its varnished muzzle still wrinkled with hate. He had lived deep, he remembered, on the day those pointed fangs had snapped in mid-air before him. He sighed again as his wandering glance rested on the parched lacings of the snowshoes with which he had once mushed out from Camp Reliance. It was an absurd camp, probably the most remote white-man's camp on the North American Continent. But he had laid it out with his own hands and he had known many happy months there. He pictured a northern lake beyond three hundred miles of wilderness—an amber-green northern lake indented like a dandelion leaf—narrowing at its western end to a bay freckled with conical islets crowned with spruce. And in the clearing between two shouldering hills of spruce was the stoutly built log cabin with the chalet roof and the squat storehouse and the smaller shack behind it where Lacasse lived and looked after things. Lacasse would be there now, kinging it over his lonely domain, content with his solitude, oiling and storing away his traps, patching the canoes, smoking fish and overhauling his pelts and whitewashing the outhouses and making fox-proof the stockade about the hen run of which he was so inordinately proud. He had killed a man, they said, back in the days when he voyageured with a fur brigade, and he was satisfied to live season by season in that lonely outpost, a thousand miles from nowhere. He was safe there—safe from every wagging tongue and groping hand.

Any man would be safe there, Darrow suddenly remembered. There was peace and quietness there, in the core of the wilderness. It was his final answer, his refuge. He recalled a 'ine from Tennyson: "Dark and true and tender is the North." And he remembered another phrase, though he had no knowledge where it came from: "For strength, strike North." He needed strength—strength to face the future and face his fellow men, to reclaim his devastated self-respect. It was like timberlands swept by fire. Only Time could clothe his emptiness of soul with a new growth. It would be lonely out there, but loneliness was the one thing he asked for. Life there would be simple and rough. It could be directed, day by day, as he wished. And month by month, in some final sanity of open sunlight, his shattered pride would knit together like a broken bone.

He was quite calm again as he rang for Smithers. Even his hands were steadier, he noticed, as he unfolded a time-table and found there was a midnight express out of the Grand Central Terminal for Montreal.

"If it is possible, Smithers," he told his man, "I'd like you to wait over for another steamer."

"Very good, sir," said Smithers.

"You'll have to wind up things here as best you can. Tell Murchison I'll wire him from Winnipeg about office matters. And pack what I'll need for a hunting trip."

"A hunting trip, sir?" questioned Smithers, wondering what one hunted in the middle of June.

"Yes, I'm going up to that camp of mine in the north woods."

"For long, sir?"

"It may be for two years, Smithers, and it may be for five. But give me only the things I'll actually need."

"Very good, sir." Smithers' face remained as emotionless as a wall mask. "When do you wish to start, sir?"

Darrow drew a great breath. He was trying to remember what balsam smelt like, balsam on opaline northern air seeping through a ridge of broom-top spruce.

"I'm going to start in about two hours' time," he said as he closed his desk top. And it seemed like closing a door on all his life as he had lived it.

III

CLAIRE NEWCOMB was not happy. She wondered, as she stared down at the rock-filled tamarack crib that marked the end of her father's brand-new Winiska and Northern Railway, why people talked so rhapsodically of the North. She had had eight days of it, all told, eight days cooped up in a private car on a wabbly-railed side line where mosquitoes and black flies adventured by day and lonely bullfrogs baroomed by night. It was not her idea of a holiday, pacing a few hundred yards of undulating board sidewalk, watching Angus, the car chef, cleaning black bass, studying a lopsided sawmill in operation and inspecting a ragged old Indian smoking connies while the shadows shifted and lengthened on Lake Malign and the horizon blue deepened along the broken timberlands that seemed to stretch, tier by misted tier, up to the very end of the world. She was tired of it all—tired of the wooden sidewalk and the sun-bleached rocks and the eleven wooden shacks and the half-cleared hillside already bleached by the sulphide fumes from the new ore mill.

It was different, of course, with her father. He and his engineers, young Rawley had said, were going to uncover about a million dollars' worth of copper and cobalt. Day by day they were out in that unknown hinterland, like bees in orchard bloom, flying about in their smoke-stained seaplane, exploring and prospecting and getting excited over scraggy little pieces of conglomerate green rock. But Claire wasn't interested in green rocks. And she was tired of fish. She was tired of sawdust and solitude and talk about amygdaloidal dolerites and the pre-Cambrian shield. She was tired of gneiss ridges and pine woods and muskegs and sad-eyed Indians who looked for all the world as though they had hookworm. She had been told that she was going to the Great Open Spaces, where men are made in a larger mold and a spirit of adventure lurks in the air. But her biggest day there had been marked by the discovery they had run out of fresh milk. And there wasn't even a red-coated Mountie to relieve the drab coloring of everything about her.

Yet something about the place left Claire vaguely restless. That clear and tonic northern air touched her, mockingly, with a spirit of daring, at the very time there seemed so little to dare. For she seemed to stand imprisoned between two worlds. There was her old world, intricate, yet orderly, to which two rambling threads of steel led back. And where that steel ended was the threshold of a new world, a terra incognita of unmapped waterways and pinelands and beaver meadows, stretching interminably off to the Arctic Circle, where the horizon haze hovered by day and the Northern Lights played by night. Into that wilderness, apparently, there were only two ways of penetrating. One was by canoe, quartering from waterway to waterway. The other was by seaplane, flying as the wild goose flies, winging over a lake-dappled land faster than the fastest express train. In that, she felt, were hazard and appeal.

She had, in fact, already tasted blood there. Young Rawley, three days before, had laughed at her eager look as she studied the bleached curve of the cowling and the prop that ceased whirling in the sunlight.

"How'd you like to hop in and feel out the controls?" he had audaciously inquired.

"I'd love it," was Claire's prompt reply.

And she had indeed loved it. It was living again, while it lasted. But with her startled and indignant parent it was a somewhat different story. For her father, beside saying things, had informed Luke Rawley that if he ever so much as let her poke a nose aboard that boat of his again he could look for a new job.

It was foolish, of course. For she had flown often enough in her time, and occasionally under conditions that would have given her serenely unconscious parent goose flesh for the rest of the day. She had landed once in a sheep pasture between Pine Brook and Morristown. And once, in a Navy plane on the Potomac, she had been soaked to the skin. And on another occasion she had been pulled out of a Long Island swamp, with nothing more than her dignity hurt. But there was, she remembered, a thrill in all flight. There was a joy in it that medicined away the soul weariness of the overprotected. It brought one to life again, she acknowledged as she stared down at the company's seaplane, resting so torpidly on the waters of Lake Malign.

A small tug of temptation took her gaze back to the plane for the second time. Why not show them that she was still free, white and twenty-one? Flight, it suddenly occurred to her, was the one thing that could keep her from going mad. The machinery for it was there, waiting to be set in motion. She understood, in a way, how that machinery worked. It would be a new experience, to fly alone over unknown territory. It would be a new thrill, to float over an empty forest for even a few minutes and then circle back to the rail head where the frogs croaked and Angus laid the table for another fish dinner.

Claire's manner was quiet as she moved slowly down to the lake shore where the canoes lay. But a little fire had burst into flame somewhere at the core of her being. Her sea-gray eyes were solemn as she paddled interrogatively about the floating plane, but her breathing quickened as she floated closer in to where the amber-tinted water lapped so lazily against the pontoon sides. She hesitated a moment, it's true, before she stepped from the frailer craft of birchbark to the heavier craft of metal. But once aboard the plane, she studied it with a searching and estimative stare. She tested the control sticks. Then she appraised the instrument board, dial by dial. Then she fitted her body to the pilot's seat, puzzled by the thrill of power that crept through her as she went experimentally through the movements of maneuvering the controls. She leaned back for a moment, with her eyes half closed, shuddering with a careless happiness. And then, before she quite knew it, her decision was made.

She had no distinct memory of casting off the mooring lines and starting the engine. But the wine of power mounted to her brain as she heard the familiar pop-popping of the cylinders, which merged, as the engine warmed up, into an unbroken stream of sound. She was conscious of movement and an ever-mounting roar as she taxied along the amber-tinted water, ironing out the riffle tips. But her courage failed her before she was halfway across the lake. She slowed down and turned and taxied hesitatingly back, with the breeze behind her. Then she swung about again, more sure of herself, more confident of the machine, and gave it the gun.

She was slower to rise than she expected. She thought, for a moment, that she would surely brush the tips of the broom-top spruce along the northern lake bank. She knew, as she went, that she was taking her own precious life in her own perverse hands. But it was worth it. It was worth any peril to find the controls losing their sloppiness and see the earth slipping past like a mottled green-and-silver rug on invisible rollers. She climbed, banked and turned.

She glanced back at the lake, to make sure of her landmarks—the ribbon of rail threading up through the valley, the splash of yellow where the sawdust from the new mill lay, the hillside bleached by sulphide fumes, the diminishing lake itself, that looked like a bent cucumber of amber green resting on a cloth of darker green. The girl laughed aloud as she turned and went into a gentle climb. It was so good that she wanted more of it. She wanted to master space and be alone with time. She knew an impulse, in that sudden exaltation, to sing. She knew the ecstasy of flight, the condescension of the flyer for the earthbound beneath her, a vague pity for those prosaic pygmies who trudged about on rock and clay and pine boards. But she remembered, in the midst of that airy happiness, how she still had to face the problem of bringing her ship safely down again. She must, at some time or other, cut the motor and glide down to a landing on that amber-green water. And that, she knew, was the hard part of it all. That was the final test of the solo flyer.

(Continued on Page 76)

The Radio-Phonograph Combination
MODEL H-71
A cabinet of rare beauty. Its graceful lines are emphasized by the rich grain of the specially selected walnut.

a new achieving

The Highboy Cabinet
MODEL H-51
A truly handsome piece. Dignified and distinctive.

Radio broadcasting has not stood still. Higher-powered stations . . . and more of them . . . radio programs become daily more elaborate.

The outside world sends its radio entertainments from the far-flung corners of the globe.

So that radio listeners may more fully enjoy this wealth of entertainment, General Electric introduces FULL RANGE Radio.

A modern radio to cope with modern broadcasting conditions . . . an outstanding achievement from the "House of Magic" . . . a radio embodying General Electric ideals of what a radio set should be . . . for the first time in radio engineering a Super-Heterodyne circuit using screen-grid tubes.

The result is FULL RANGE Sensitivity . . . FULL RANGE Selectivity . . . and FULL RANGE Tone!

General Electric Radio will bring in low-powered or distant stations that the ordinary set cannot reach . . . that is FULL RANGE Sensitivity.

Stations only one line apart on the dial scale do not overlap on General Electric Radio—every line on the dial scale marks a different station . . . that is FULL RANGE Selectivity.

Notes too high or too low for the ordinary radio come in with perfect clarity on General Electric Radio. Each inflection of the human voice, every note in the musical scale, is just as natural as if you heard it in the broadcasting studio. Those subtle over-tones which constitute the true beauty of music are preserved and produced . . . that is FULL RANGE Tone.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

type Radio . . . .

new standards of performance

. . . a three fold

FULL RANGE RADIO

General Electric Radio is equipped with a special two-way switch for use with local and distant stations.

When on the "Local" position amplification is reduced, because it is not needed for nearby stations. This counteracts interference within the home, and results in a richer, broader tone quality. In the "Distant" position both sensitivity and selectivity are increased. The added sensitivity brings in the distant stations, the extra selectivity wards off local outside interference.

Models No. H-51 and No. H-71 are fitted with a special tone control. This allows the listener to balance the emphasis on high and low notes as desired.

Because it is a real contribution to your entertainment, because it marks the greatest advance of modern times in broadcast reception—General Electric proudly places the G-E Monogram—"The Initials of a Friend"—on this New Type Radio.

Your G-E Radio Dealer has been specially chosen. He is pledged to give you the same willing expert service that goes with all G-E products. See these three superb models at his store.

Since 1914 General Electric has spent twenty millions of dollars in radio research alone. Some of its radio achievements are summarized by Floyd Gibbons in "Out of the House of Magic." You may obtain a copy by addressing Section R-629C, Merchandise Department, General Electric Company, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

So selective that every line on the dial marks a different station.

FULL RANGE RADIO

The Lowboy Cabinet
MODEL H-31
A simple and distinguished example of good furniture design.

It's the dream of every football coach to have a squad composed entirely of wing-footed young giants. With such material, what a team he could turn out!

Developing a motor oil is very much like developing a football team. A careful refiner, like a good coach, can bring out the best that is in the raw material. But he must have good material—he must have a good crude oil—to begin with. And to turn out the *best* oil, he must have the very best crude . . . Which explains why millions of motorists to-day insist on oil made from the highest grade crude in the world—Pennsylvania Grade Crude!

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE . . .

. . . the raw material of the finest motor oils

Mother Nature favored Pennsylvania Grade with finer inherent qualities than other crude oils possess—just as she made some diamonds more flawless than others. Nature gave to Pennsylvania Grade a remarkable freedom from impurities. She gave it a degree of "oiliness" found in no other crude.

That's why Pennsylvania, given proper refining, yields such superlative lubricants—lubricants that last longer, that resist heat better. Put these oils to work on any lubricating task—in automobile, airplane, tractor or motor boat engine; in locomotive, turbine or stationary machinery. They'll stick on the job long after other oils would have broken down!

In an automobile motor, these oils give many more miles of super-lubrication. They effect a better piston seal, give greater power, reduce dilution, minimize gasoline consumption. They add thousands of miles to the life of your motor!

The emblem shown below appears on many different brands of oil. It signifies that the oil is made entirely from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil. Every brand sold under this emblem is bonded to protect you. The individual brand or trade-mark is your assurance of careful refining. Try these oils once! You'll never be satisfied with anything less after that!

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114 Center Street, Oil City, Pa.
Please send me the booklet, "$1,000 Worth of Information on Motor Oil."
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

....MAIL THIS COUPON TO-DAY....

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But that bridge could be crossed when she came to it. She was flying alone now, for the first time in her life. And from that she wanted to drain the last drop of sensation. It was worth the risk, worth everything, to shake off for an hour that ever-blanketing knowledge of being earth-bound. She was free now—free and happy and responsible only to her own exalted soul. She was free, with all the sky room in the world to wander through.

"Show 'em, old girl," she said aloud as she leveled out and saw a green-piled world stippled with threads of silver flow past under her keel. Her heart was hammering less violently by this time and she became more conscious of material things about her. She was flying, she remembered, under very favorable conditions. It was not bumpy air. And beneath her lay an amplitude of waterways. Even at three thousand feet she could always decipher somewhere about her a stretch of water within gliding distance, if any need for a landing arose. But she refused to think of landing. Her one impulse was to soar, was to wander on in that throbbing ecstasy between heaven and earth. A cluster of pools far below her, catching the sun, glittered and flashed like a diamond barpin on a plaque of black velvet. Through the propeller disk she could see a dark-piled plain, threaded with veinings of opal green and argent, stretching off as far as the eye could reach. She could see spruce lands and islanded lakes, rocks and rivers, ponds swarming with flurried waterfowl, flag beds and muskeg. It lay spread before her, a magic carpet, a challenge to exploration. It lay there in a sort of quiet expectancy, as inviting as a polished dance floor—a dance floor all her own, without an end. She had heard a good deal of talk, she remembered, about a shrinking world and easily spanned continents. But there was something wrong about such talk. For the earth was not small, after all. It was an immense place apparently, stretching away on every side of her as far as vision could pierce. The mere thought of its immensity, of a sudden, sobered her excited mind, brought a wave of depression following her wave of exaltation. That opaline air, that air so much like champagne, must have gone to her head a little. And it was time to come down to earth and head for home. The very thought of home, in the midst of that never-ending spaciousness, became abruptly appealing to her.

But she had been careless, she discovered, in the matter of picking up her landmarks. She banked and turned, peering about for the cucumber-shaped lake and the hillside bleached with sulphide. She dropped lower and leveled off again, searching the blue-piled surface for the twin threads of steel and the yellow splash of the sawmill, the eleven wooden shacks and the car on the siding.

Her heart sank foolishly when she could find no trace of them. Then she looked about for some showing of smoke. For smoke meant fire, and fire would mean life—human life—somewhere along that blue-misted plane of loneliness. But no welcoming plume of gray beckoned her. She frowned over her instrument board, not sure of her readings. They couldn't help her much. Even compasses, she had heard, underwent undue magnetic variations in the far north. And she no longer knew the direction in which she should travel.

The one thing she must do, she decided, was to fly low and keep her eyes open. It would be a calamity, naturally, to get lost in a country like that. But it could not be entirely empty of life. And she would surely stumble on a settlement of some sort. In ten minutes' flying, she remembered, she could outdistance a whole day's faring on foot. If she simply kept on in a reasonably straight line, she would eventually spot some friendly signal or some relieving cluster of homes.

Then her heart lightened. For far ahead she caught sight of smoke, a curling, gray flower of smoke. It came from a rocky point on a lake end, where a stained leather tent stood in the open, halfway between the scrub timber and the water's edge. Near the tent, she saw as she advanced, stood a man, a dark pygmy of a man with a rifle in his hand. And near the man stood a dog, with its nose high in the air. The man, apparently, was either Indian or half-breed. But his color, under the circumstances, wasn't of importance. He was a human being, one of her own kind who could reach out a helping hand to her.

But that pygmy figure, for reasons all his own, was pointing at her absurdly with his rifle. He was firing at her machine. She could see the repeated puffs of smoke and the shredded linen where a bullet tore through her left wing. She changed her mind, with a chill along the spine, about banking and turning back into the wind. She roared on, intent only on escaping those flying bullets. She breathed deeper as she saw him left well behind. But a sharp depression of spirits overtook her. It seemed a more sinister country over which she was flying. She felt suddenly homeless and alone in a world that had betrayed her. But she schooled herself to calmness as she flew on, protesting that she could still make a landing on some friendly looking lake and wait for the searching parties that would come up with her. But how, she asked, would those searching parties reach her? And where would they come from? And what would happen to her if they never came?

She refused to answer that last question. She had been in tight squeezes before and she had in some way always survived. She refused to give way to fear. There would be a way out of it somewhere. There had to be a way out. Or she, Claire Olivia Newcomb, would be a neat little pile of bones bleaching somewhere in a sub-Arctic rock crevice while her poor old dad put on mourning and the family spoke less and less bitterly of her escapades of other days. A gasp of self-pity shook her shoulders. A second one, however, she smothered before it was born. She had never been soft. She had been wrecked once, in a motorboat, off Daytona Beach, and a brawny lifeguard threshing out to meet her had wondered at her laughter as she eluded him and swam coolly ashore. All her life she had asked for danger in some form or another. She had reveled in risks. And now that she had what she'd always wanted, it was not for her to whimper. She could still keep a stiff upper lip and see the thing through. She might have lost her bearings for the time being. But she had no intention of losing her intelligence.

Her jaw was squared belligerently as she roamed on, blinking studiously at the advancing landscape through her propeller disk. It seemed, so far as she could tell, disappointingly like the landscape she had left behind her. Somewhere dead ahead, she felt, there must be a town, or a mining camp, or even a friendly cluster of tepees. Somewhere in that wilderness there must still be life. And it was her duty to find it.

She became conscious, for the first time, of a sense of thirst. Yet it was more than thirst. It was a craving for water tangled up with a thinner craving for food—warm food with which to revive her chilled body. And she must go on until food and shelter were hers again. She even looked about more resolutely, to study the terrain beneath her. Then her heart lightened again, for far to the right she most assuredly saw a drifting plume of smoke. She banked and turned, bearing down on it. She flew lower, looking for some friendly clearing and cluster of homes. Then she saw, with a shrinking heart, that her smoke was merely the drifting spray above a woodland waterfall. She found, as she forged on again, that the wind was making her eyes smart. And she wasn't seeing things as clearly as she should. The world beneath seemed suddenly misted and out of focus.

Yet she forgot that discomfort a moment later in a more disturbing discovery. She

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YOUR children's TEETH..

ARE THEY GETTING THE PROTECTION OF "THE DENTISTS' DENTIFRICE"?

THERE is little need to point out the importance of being careful with the teeth of children.

Dental authorities tell you that fully 85% of all molars, when new, contain tiny surface cracks or fissures—dangerous lodging places for future decay, unless they are kept thoroughly cleaned, and are inspected by your dentist.

For these precious new teeth, there is no finer dentifrice than Forhan's. A dentist compounded it—R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., for many years a specialist in the treatment of pyorrhea. He used only those cleansing ingredients which were mild and safe and pure. He prescribed the strictest rules for its manufacture ever applied to a toothpaste.

But he did more than all this! Into this dentifrice he put the benefits of a treatment developed in his care of patients—a treatment known and used throughout the dental profession as an aid to the health of the gums.

Yes indeed, children need such a dentifrice.

They need it first of all because it is so safe and mild for cleaning teeth—they need it because the future health of the mouth depends upon keeping gums sound and firm.

Forhan's gently removes the harsh deposits which form on the teeth at the gum line, germ-catching deposits which become a source of irritation. It helps to cleanse the gums themselves. Used with massage at the time of brushing, it brings lively circulation to the gums—tones them up, helps to keep them in the coral glow of health.

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Any mouth may have pyorrhea
and at forty the odds are

4 out of 5

Forhan's
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For MASSAGING GUMS and CLEANING TEETH
DENTAL PROFESSION

Forhan's

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Though trained to the minute and "hard as nails," no experienced back or line man would risk even light practice without the protection of a dependable athletic supporter.

If resilient youth dare not lay itself open to wrenched cords and crippling strains by neglecting this familiar means of safety, how much greater your need of guarding and reinforcing the less-used muscles and delicate cords of back, abdomen and groin when you engage in any active outdoor or indoor sport!

A *Bike* supporter provides such insurance in sturdy and economical form. Its ingenious one-piece design and high-grade elastic make it easy to wear, to wash, to buy. The safety standard of coaches, trainers and athletes for 55 years, *Bike* remains supreme in value at 50 cents and upward. (In Canada, 60 cents.)

Pal is a *de luxe* type. Armored ribs of live rubber knit into its soft, porous pouch give super-support and super-safety without binding or chafing. Cool, clean, luxurious, *Pal* outwears two or three ordinary supporters, yet costs only $1.00. (In Canada, $1.25.) At druggists and sporting goods dealers everywhere.

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What every man should know *about the need and functions of a supporter is concisely presented in our new treatise "Guard the Vital Zone." Address Bauer & Black, 2552 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, for free copy.*

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realized that her engine was missing every now and then. She could hear it sputter and die sickeningly away, and then start up again. She knew, as she struggled with the controls, what that meant. She threw her switch right and left, but the missing continued. Then, as she glanced frantically over the side, the engine stopped altogether. She went into a glide, not quite sure what was beneath her, chilled by the high note of the wind whistling through the wires, hoping against hope that no sudden side puff of air would slap her off her course. She was dimly conscious of broken water somewhere ahead of her. She knew that water would be better than a hundred spear ends of spruce serried against her. Her throat was dry and her heart was hammering. But she did not surrender her grip on the controls. She was still thinly hoping to bring the ship down in a flattening arc that would pancake her along the twisted slough from which the frightened waterfowl were screaming and scurrying. But she was either too high for that end or her flying speed was too great. She wondered, vaguely, if it would do any good to kick the left rudder and bring the tail around. More experienced flyers, she remembered, did things like that to force their ship into a side-slip, before straightening up again. But her chance for that was lost, even as she hesitated. She reached instinctively for the safety belt about her hips as she tobogganed over the slough end that came slapping up to meet her. She banked and veered toward a second slough beyond an unsavory looking shoulder of pre-Cambrian rock stippled with jack pine, and made one final and forlorn effort to straighten again.

But it came too late. That careening mass of whining struts and wings refused to right itself. It tilted and slipped into a restricted half spin, falling toward the muskeg edge like a shot mallard. The white-faced woman in the cockpit knew she was falling. But she did not entirely lose her head. Her hands were tugging at the snaps of her safety belt even as she fell. She was falling into swamp land, and there was still a chance, if she could only fall free. There was still the ghost of a hope for her, so long as that cushioning morass took up the impact as it ought, so long as she reached solid ground before that clammy ooze closed over her and forever shut off the sweet blue sky above her head.

But there was something unfair about it all. It flashed through her, as she fell, that the human body was a terribly fragile thing to be catapulted against a rock-ribbed earth. Before she could quite shape the thought, however, the end came. It came in a rending and roar of sound, an abrupt sense of shock and a blanketing fog of blackness that blotted out all her world.

IV

CLAIRE'S first sensation, on waking up, was one of coldness and stiffness. She was conscious, even before opening her eyes, of vague pains in a body cramped by an uncomfortable bed. And it was indeed a strange bed, she saw as she looked dazedly about her, a sloping coulee bank fringed with scrub willow and rushes. Beyond that was rising ground broken by rock ridges covered with moss, and beyond the rock ridges were spruce trees, standing close and sentinel-like in the afternoon sunlight. Back where her feet still trailed in the bog water she saw a thin drift of feathers, feathers apparently molted by wild fowl. Farther out on the turbid water she caught sight of a twisted mass of struts and plane wings half buried in ooze.

Then she remembered. It was, after all, something more than a nightmare erupting through troubled sleep. She had crashed in Rawley's seaplane. She had been flying over the northern wilderness, looking for some signs of life, and she had come down in a forced landing. She was hurt, apparently, but she was still alive. She could move, she discovered as she dragged herself a little farther up the sloping bank, though it took an effort to do so. But she succeeded in freeing her chilled feet of the water in which they had been resting. Then, conscious of a renewing sense of thirst, she crawled back and lay along the sedgy slough bank, sucking the water up through her bruised lips. It tasted brackish, but it seemed to give her new life, for she was able to worm her way once more up the bank slope. She lay there for a while, resting and collecting her scattered senses. She noticed, for the first time, that her wrist watch had stopped. She also became more acutely conscious, as her mind cleared, of innumerable small pains about her stiffened body. This prompted her into a slow but determined exploration of that body, limb by limb. Her finger movements were almost timorous, as though in search of wounds which she still dreaded to uncover.

There were bruises enough, but they did not impress her as ominous. She found a cut on her head, just above the ear, that still oozed blood a little. There were also tender spots along her ribs and a distinct soreness between her knee and hip bone, and, most unmistakably, a strained tendon in her left arm. But there seemed to be no bones broken. And there seemed no reason that she should die there, a crushed and broken wreck like the plane that just showed above the water's edge.

This discovery, however, brought no immediate reaction. She was still the prey of a vague indifference that made it not unpleasant to lie there in the slanting sunlight until the last of the cobwebs blew out of her brain. Then, as she came to think more clearly, the will to live reasserted itself. She was lost there, without a shadow of a doubt. She was alone there in the open woods, without friends or succor, without food or fire or shelter. But she had no intention of giving up. Luck had been with her through one peril, and it would stay with her to the end. She was shaken and sore, but still alive. And it was good to be alive, even though it did hurt when she took an exceptionally deep breath. And her task, from that time forward, was to keep alive.

She tightened her jaws and crawled higher up the slope until she came to the lip of the rock ridge. There, after resting for a minute or two with her face cushioned against a tangled mat of moss that roughened her skin, she turned slowly over and sat up. It wasn't as easy as she had imagined, and her head swam for a space, until she could get used to that more upright position. She was finally able to stand on her feet. Then she studied the country about her.

It looked none too assuring, none too inviting. It was a lonely appearing stretch of broken sprucelands, of lake and muskeg and wooded ridges, stretching off as far as the eye could see. But she refused to think of its immensity. Her one need, she told herself, was fire and food. She must keep herself alive in some way until they came and picked her up. And she must start signal fires, so that they would know where to look for her. That also would keep her body warm and help drive away mosquitoes. But how was one to get fire, without even matches or a lighter in one's pocket? How, she repeated, was one to get fire? She remembered then that fire could be obtained by striking steel against pieces of rock. You knocked sparks of it off on a cushion of dry moss or punk wood and blew it into a flame, a living flame which could be fed and built higher and fed again until it roared to the heavens. And on the plane out in the coulee, plainly enough, was steel enough for her purpose. If she couldn't wrench away a metal brace, she could at least get a file from the tool kit.

She went down to the water's edge and studied the half-submerged ship, frightening away the wavies that had returned to their feeding ground. The only way out, she saw, was to swim for it.

So she slowly and laboriously undressed. Then she as slowly and laboriously swam out to the wrecked plane, edging and probing about it, tugging at anything that offered a hold to her exploring fingers. The water was not so cold as she had expected, but she found her blood chilled by an accruing knowledge of defeat. For there was no metal within reach that she could tear or pry away. And the tool kit refused to disclose itself. She would have to get along in some way without fire.

Her teeth were chattering by the time she had clothed herself again. The sun, she noticed, had sunk perceptibly lower. And she must do something or find some shelter before nightfall. She warned herself, as she mounted the ridge, slow step by step, that it would be foolish to give way to panic. For that, she remembered, was to be truly lost. She had never been a quitter. She came of fighting stock. She could still show that blood would tell. She wasn't a child of the wilderness, a squaw of the woods. But she was young and hard-muscled, sports-loving and self-reliant. And she had no intention of giving up.

She picked a devious path up over the spruce ridge, moving always westward, in line with the lowering sun. Then she quartered down another slope, skirted a second muskeg and mounted a still higher ridge, where she stopped, frowningly, to study the country about her. She thought, perhaps, that she would find berries. But she could see none. She thought, when she came to a stream along which she saw fish dart, that there might be some way of trapping a meal there. But she could think of none. So she went on, limpingly, pausing beside a lake end where she could hear the loons and wavies in their garrulous evening clamor. It seemed less lonesome there. But she found there something else that lightened her heart. In the sandy shallows of the lake end she caught sight of a duck egg, which she rescued from its watery bed. She warned herself to be careful, but her fingers shook uncontrollably as she chipped away one end of the shell with a small stone. The egg was fresh and palatable. She ate it to the last drop, licking her lips as a child would, that none might be lost. She felt better after that—better both in body and spirit. If there was one egg there, there was the promise of others. And she wouldn't at least curl up and die of hunger, like the Babes in the Wood.

But what she wanted next, she decided, was shelter. For she would need to rest before long. She couldn't keep going on forever. It was a human instinct, she supposed, to crave harborage with the fall of night. And during those short hours of northern darkness she must have protection and warmth. She had slept out before, once on a dude ranch in Wyoming, and again with a party of Banff mountain climbers in the Selkirks. And what had been done once could be done again.

She was not utterly dismayed. But the thinning of the light depressed her, brought a sharpening sense of desolation to her tired body. She could find no cave or corner into which to creep. But she decided, eventually, on a clean-floored grove of jack pine under a half-sheltering ledge of rock. She made a rough berth there by tugging two blow-downs into place, side by side, and carpeting the narrow space between them with pine branches which she broke from the trees about her. She gathered other branches as a sort of covering, and crawled stoically in beneath them.

But tired as she was, she could not sleep. She became more conscious of the aches in her bruised body, of her isolation, of the small night noises that sent tingles of apprehension up and down her spine. She could even hear the grunt of some prowling animal that came closer than the others. That prompted her to speculate as to her safety. She remembered an after-dinner argument, back in the private car at the rail head, as to the so-called perils of the wilderness. Mossley, the oldest mining engineer on the company's staff, had claimed one could travel from coast to coast across the North American Continent without danger from animals or Indians. The Indians, he contended, were merely verminous and meek-spirited vagrants into whom the Mounties had finally instilled the fear of the Lord. The worst a Canadian wolf had

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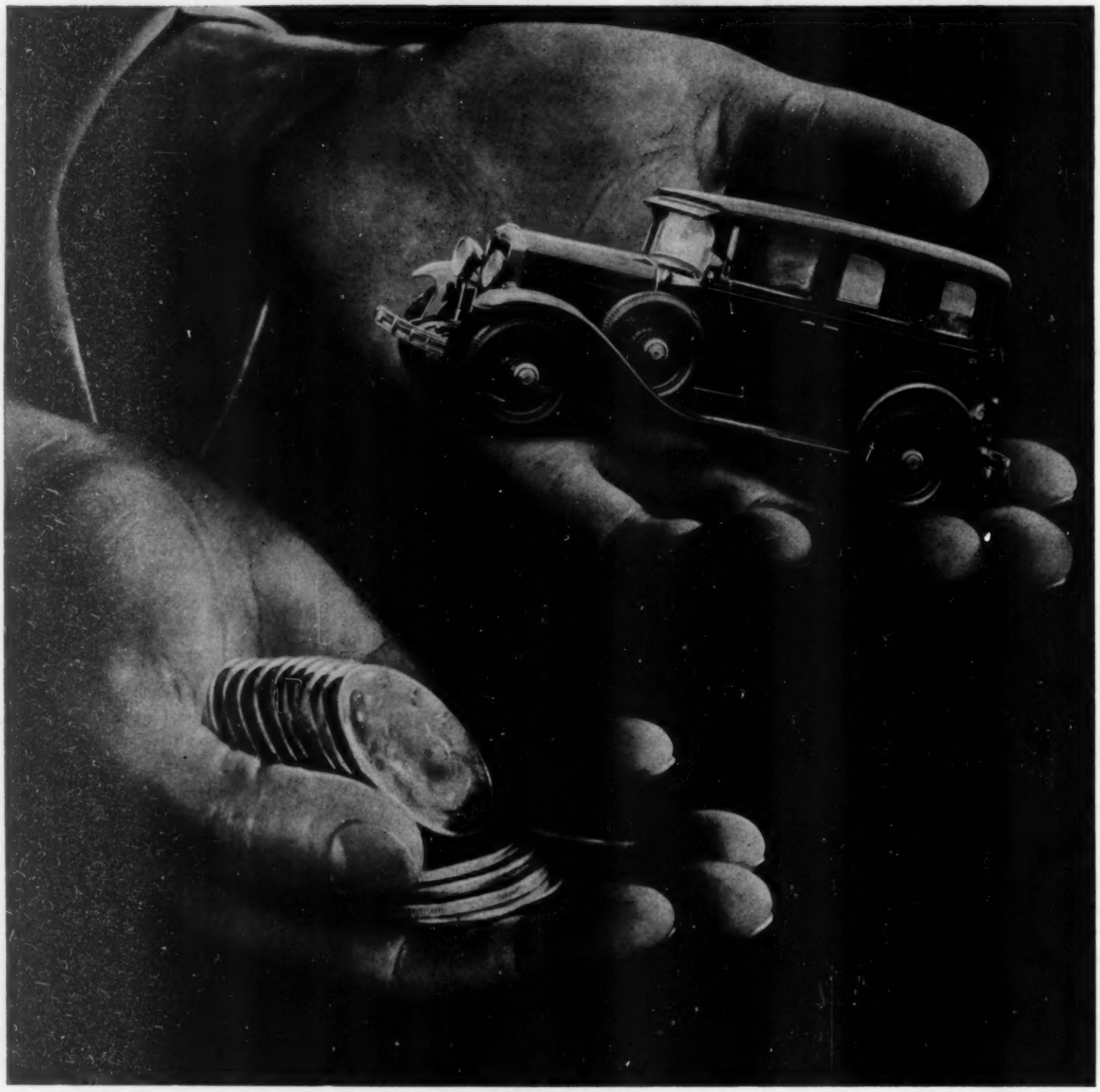

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$2,795 Cadillac Fisher Sedan
2,845 Cadillac Fisher Town Sedan
2,845 Cadillac Fleetwood Roadster
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ever done to him was to steal a blueberry pie from his grub tent. And the biggest weapon Mossley ever carried on his trips was a jackknife.

She found something quieting in the memory of that discussion. Nesting her body more comfortably in its rough berth, she forgot to listen to the strange stirrings and whispers about her. She forgot time and space, and lapsed off into sleep.

The sun was high over the hills before she awakened the next morning. But a new misery of mind and body possessed her, for all her rest. Her steps were unsteady and she limped more than ever as she made her way down to the water's edge to wash and drink. Yet a glimpse of the busy waterfowl, feeding about the fringes of the flag beds, gave her an idea. She had heard, somewhere, that the starchy roots of these flags were as edible as potatoes. And she knew she must eat, before that never-ending gnaw of want would leave her body and that throbbing waver of weakness would forsake her head. So she waded out along the marsh edge, grubbing for flag bulbs. These she stripped and washed. They were neither tender nor palatable, but she gnawed at them stubbornly, knowing they would keep the breath of life in her body.

She felt better when she had finished. But her mood of relief was a brief one. For as she sat there, deciding to follow the line of her shadow and travel due westward, she caught sight of a furtive head studying her from over the edge of a distant rock ridge. It was a head with upstanding ears and a pointed nose that made her think, at first, of a Belgian police dog. But she knew, a moment later, that it was a wolf. It made no effort to approach. When she shouted, foolishly, and as foolishly flung a stone in its direction, it even disappeared from sight. But those quietly watching eyes took the warmth out of the morning sunlight and made her forget the mosquitoes and black flies buzzing about her bruised and aching body. She felt better when she had possessed herself of a tough-timbered staff with a gnarled root end that made it look like a war club. It was not the best weapon in the world. But it might serve in a pinch.

She was glad, however, to move out of that territory, to skirt quaking muskegs and suddenly silenced beaver meadows, and climb timber ridges and weave through groves of paper birch, and press on again along rock-ribbed hogbacks where moss cushioned her footsteps and bracken brushed her knees.

Yet Claire knew, within an hour, that she was being followed, not openly and boldly but furtively, always at a distance. From time to time, in the more open country, she caught sight of that gray shadow with the pointed nose, skulking through underbrush, edging about rock shoulders.

It did not add to her happiness. It even prompted her to hasten her steps, painful as she found all progress to be. She nursed some vague hope of coming to a river—a larger river down which she might drift on a raft of logs until she was spotted from some pioneer's cabin or prospector's camp. But she gave less and less thought, in that newborn impatience, to the trail immediately before her. She even snatched at the first course that seemed a reasonably open one. The ground beneath her, she noticed, rang hollow to her steps. Yet she pushed on, threading her way between pools of brown water that bubbled in the sunlight. But the matted turf thinned out as she went, and it was not long before she was compelled to jump from one spongy clump of swamp grass to another. A smaller one of these subsided sickeningly under her weight, even as she floundered on to the next. She realized then that she was in a muskeg, that one false step might deliver her to that delusively tranquil pool water, where the bubbling and bottomless ooze would swallow her up and close over her like quicksand.

But she refused to surrender. She fought her way on, half blinded by sweat, bitten by insects, panting and whimpering as she went. It could not, she told herself, last forever. The little islands of swamp grass, in fact, already seemed less tremulous under her feet. The brown-water pools bubbled less frequently about her. But her strength was gone by the time she reached solid ground again. She staggered through a fringe of scrub willow, clutching at it for a moment for support, then on through a scattering copse of white birch beyond which the consolation of solid rock confronted her. But that was as far as she could go. She sank down on a slope of bracken in a stupor of exhaustion. There was no fight left in her body. And it seemed unfair, to have so keen a knife blade of pain forever cutting through her heart.

Her first thought, when she reopened her eyes at a sound of movement, was of the timber wolf. But, oddly enough, she found herself being regarded by a copper-skinned squaw in a tattered and grease-stained skirt of buckskin and a jacket of worn moose hide over a waist of ragged red calico. That squaw looked both old and young, both fat and lean. Her stare, as she studied the strange white woman, was an impassive one. There was little change in the expression of the beady black eyes above the high cheek bones as she leaned closer, studying the brightly glittering finger rings, the watch on the limp wrist, the strangely made footwear, the brightly colored sports clothes.

"You can have them all if you'll only help me," gasped out the exhausted girl.

The squaw grunted aloud. But otherwise no sound came from her as she stooped closer over the other and began stripping her of her valuables. Claire cried out at that, trying to fight away from the quick-clawing, copper-colored fingers. But she had little strength for resistance. She was even helpless when the strong brown hands pulled away her clothes, tossing in place of them the jacket of worn moose hide and the skirt of grease-stained buckskin.

"Can't you help me? Won't you help me?" cried the utterly humbled girl in the trampled bracken. If the other understood that final call of woman to woman, she gave no sign of it. She merely grunted again as she gathered up her unexpected wealth and shuffled away through the tree shadows.

An hour later, because of the mosquito swarms, the white woman struggled weakly into the unclean garments that lay beside her. She was no longer crying, but her mouth quavered hopelessly as she staggered to her feet. Then she moved wearily forward, wondering what would happen to her. It didn't much matter, for she knew now that she had reached the end of her rope. There was, after all, no way of going on. And the sooner it was over the better.

Yet she did not give up without a struggle. She staggered on through briers and brambles, over rocks and windfalls. She went on, with the blind instinct for self-preservation still pulsing in her tortured body. And when she could go no farther, she sank down on a lichened rock stippled with moss freckles. She lay there torpid and passive, narcotized with the toxins of utter fatigue. Even when she wakened, as she felt herself lifted bodily from the ground, a haze of unreality continued to drape her world. It did not surprise her when she found herself held up by a dark and bony-faced Indian.

He held her out at arm's length, by the neck scruff, as one might hold a dubious puppy for inspection. Then he put her down and turned her about impersonally. Then, having pushed back the neck of her jacket, he studied the white skin of her shoulder and grunted impassively. Then he reached out and took hold of her possessively, piloting her roughly up the rock slope into a grove of broom-top spruce, where he was joined by another buck, a heavier-bodied brave carrying a rifle, with a worn cartridge belt about his waist. What they said she could not tell, for they spoke in a tongue unknown to her. But they seemed, as they moved stoically down a narrow trail toward a river bank, to be arguing about her. It sickened her, even in that moment of utter lassitude, when the second comer with the cartridge belt crossed over to her and passed an unclean brown hand along the bared ridge of her shoulder, feeling the texture of the skin as one might interrogate the texture of fur. She wasn't actively afraid of them. But she disliked their unclean body odors, their animal-like remoteness. She noticed, even after a third and older chief had joined them, that they looked harried and hungry, rather than fierce. They wore neither feathers nor war bonnets and had little in common with those redmen she had seen pictured in the movies. Even their rifle, to her untrained eye, looked old and battered and ineffective. They impressed her as ridiculous, in fact, in their incongruous mixture of roughly patched, trading-post clothes and tanned hides inadequately held together with buckskin thongs. She wasn't altogether afraid of them, she told herself for the second time. And yet they were arguing about her in guttural and impassive voices, talking her over as they might have talked over a bale of merchandise. The heavier bodied buck, apparently, was trying to buy her from her finder. On the ground before the other man he placed a draw bag of tobacco, a sheathed hunting knife, a red-and-yellow calico handkerchief, and finally the battered rifle and the cartridge belt from about his waist. She was being bid for, like something on an auction block.

The bonier-bodied Indian, however, was not in a receptive mood. His words were indecipherable, but his gesture said, as plainly as speech: "This woman is mine." His movement was equally possessive as he crossed to her side and caught at her roughly with his lean, sinewed hand.

She cried out at that, more in protest than in terror. Her spirit revolted against the accumulated ignominies that were being heaped upon her. She was being degraded and cheapened beyond endurance. But what puzzled even her dazed mind, at the moment, was the abruptly arrested action of the group about her. They seemed, of a sudden, to be listening and waiting for something.

She knew, a minute later, what held them poised. For even as she released herself from the relaxing brown fingers and sank to the ground, a white man strode into the suddenly silenced circle. He was tall and gaunt, with a sun-tanned face and an authoritative-looking magazine rifle, on which he leaned carelessly as, with a morose and unsympathetic eye, he scrutinized one buck after another. He seemed very sure of himself. There was, too, authority in his voice as he barked out a question or two in some unknown patois of the woods. In his tone was the casual authority of the ruling race, the careless power of the invader over the vanishing. But he was more guarded than he pretended to be, every moment of that broken talk. And he did not seem satisfied with the situation. He turned, for the first time, and directly studied the figure in the grease-stained moosehide jacket. But his scrutiny was so impersonal, as he inspected the woman's bruised and swollen face, her scratched and reddened forearms, her neck blackened with dried blood, that she promptly hated him for the absence of any response to her misery.

"Are you a white woman?" he asked with wounding curtness.

She did not answer that question. There was pity in neither his eye nor his voice. And he had made no move to help her. Yet he was clearly one of her own class, the class that pretended to protect its women.

"Aren't you a white man?" she huskily demanded, with a quaver of indignation in her cry. He stood thoughtful a moment over the garnered implication. But it left him unmoved.

"Yes, I'm white," he listlessly acknowledged; "though I don't see that it matters much."

"I don't either," was her embittered gasp, after a second cold glance into his face. But her bitterness seemed lost on him. He was gazing about at the darker-skinned figures. He showed no fear of them. He merely remained thoughtful.

"What do you know about this bunch of Crees you're traveling with?" he quietly inquired.

"I'm not traveling with them," she retorted. "They picked me up in the woods here, an hour ago, after robbing me of my clothes and rings."

"Oh, that's different," he said, with another of his meditative pauses. "But how did you get here?"

She clenched her jaw in mingled anger and helplessness. But she was able to go on again.

"I'd a forced landing yesterday with a Winiska Copper Company seaplane. I came down in a muskeg, without food—without food or anything else you should have in a country like this."

Her statement, with its sharpening tremolo of protest, seemed to leave him altogether unimpressed.

"So you belong to that breed?" he meditated aloud, his glance more than ever one of disapproval. Then he looked at the Indians. "This buck here seems to think you belong to him."

"That's absurd!" she cried, startled by his brutality. "And you know it."

"Then what do you intend doing?" he casually inquired.

She stared at him with cold hate in her eyes.

"Do you intend leaving me here?" she demanded.

He shrugged, coolly noncommittal.

"That's easy to say," he went on, "but I've no particular claim on you. These aren't treaty Indians. They're a bunch of lone-fire Crees, trap-line thieves who hover around the outer fringe and avoid the Royal Mounted Police patrols and steal when they're hungry and fade away when they're chased. They wouldn't scalp and quarter you, of course. On the other hand, their biggest brave here has taken a fancy to you, and probably wouldn't give up without a fight."

He seemed deliberate in his determination to leave her humiliated to the utmost. Yet he was of her own color, and in one way seemed one of her own class. He was no illiterate backwoodsman. There was even an unexpected note of the fastidious in his clean-shaven face, his well-clad body, his broad felt hat with the fly netting rolled up about its brim. He, obviously, hadn't been flung into muskegs, hadn't breakfasted on raw bullrush roots.

"Wouldn't you fight for a woman—a white woman?" she demanded, unable to hide her shudder of distaste.

He shook his head from side to side with a sort of wearied unconcern. "I haven't much use for white women," was his unexpected reply. He ignored her small moan as he glanced estimatingly about at the Indians. "And I couldn't kill them all," he explained, "and things would only be messed up worse than ever."

A new and growing fear made her terribly humble again.

"I imagine you'd be well paid, in the end, for any trouble you took," she said, with a forlorn effort at dignity.

"The implication being," he retorted with unexpected bitterness, "that you amounted to something back in that other world."

"But apparently not so much in this!" she cried with answering bitterness.

"Well, I thought I amounted to something myself once, back in that other world," he told her with his curt and hostile laugh. "But it doesn't count much up here. Up here you get down to hard pan."

"And you don't even remain human?" she challenged.

He made an effort, apparently, to ignore that thrust. But it must have got under his skin, for he stopped short for the first time and studied her in a bewildered sort of perplexity. And his frown deepened as he stared at her.

(Continued on Page 86)

Acres make MILES

AGRICULTURE, first business of civilized men, is similar to the electric light and power industry in its need of much fixed capital in proportion to its annual sales.

The farmer's investment in land and buildings is usually about five times his gross income.

The rate of turnover of capital in the electric power industry is about the same.

This similarity of financial structure is a reflection of physical and commercial characteristics of both industries.

They both produce prime necessities—food for bodily energy and power for machines. Both must be made available in great quantity and low unit prices. The financial value of the services rendered is no index of the social value.

Both industries are extended in space—farms cover greater areas than factories of equivalent output, and successful electric systems embrace wide areas within their webs of distribution and transmission lines.

The extension of electric service to farms on sound business lines is dependent, then, upon the establishment of useful and profitable connections between relatively large amounts of fixed assets.

The distances from farm home to farm home, the sizes of farms, farm income and profits, kinds of crops, types of farming and the efficiency of farmers are among the elements which determine whether the electrification of a farm or group of farms is practical.

The cost of rural electric lines, the ability of the power company to induce farmers to use power in sufficient volume, and the perfection of cheap, efficient electrical farm appliances enter into the problem of farm electrification.

The scope of practical farm electrification is being steadily widened with the advance of the electric industry.

In the present state of agriculture and electrical engineering, the density of farmsteads in any region is usually the controlling factor in the economics of electric supply. Where farm homes are concentrated as much as three per mile of electric line, a service which the farmer can afford is possible.

The limitations of farm electrification are physical facts easily expressed in simple arithmetic. Acres of farm lands make distances between farm homes, and length of electric lines requires money for construction which is reflected in the cost of power. By increasing his use of current and by inducing his neighbors to share in the service, the farmer can reduce the unit costs of his service.

* * * *

Provision of power supply to small communities and to rural America on a scale equivalent to the service available in the great metropolitan centers is the achievement and responsibility of the Middle West Utilities System, a group of electric companies furnishing service to more than four thousand communities and to more than fifty thousand farms in thirty states.

The history of empowered agriculture in American industrial development is fully discussed in the booklet, "HARVESTS AND HIGHLINES," *which the Middle West Utilities Company (20 North Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois) will send upon request.*

MIDDLE WEST UTILITIES COMPANY

GOODYEAR

A Question that has Puzzled us

FOR fifteen years now it has been a fact that more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind. ¶ The motoring public has made this true—it is a fact outside our immediate control. ¶ These people have bought Goodyear Tires because they wanted them—*preferred* them—above any other tire they could have. ¶ Since they have never been lured to Goodyear Tires by premiums, insurance, special offers, or specious guarantees—they must have found in the tires themselves some *intrinsic* value which they did not find in others. ¶ The question which puzzles us is, therefore, this: When this overwhelming plurality of motorists has chosen Goodyears—why does any one buy any other tire? ¶ These millions who use Goodyear Tires must have found the All-Weather Tread superior in *traction*—otherwise they would not continue to ride on Goodyears. ¶ These same millions have surely found it a fact that Supertwist puts greater vitality into the Goodyear carcass—for long life must be an outstanding characteristic of the tire which powerfully outsells all others. ¶ Cost can certainly have been no obstacle—for no product can predominate in popular favor for fifteen years unless it is eminently right in price.

¶ Can it be possible that you who do not ride on Goodyear Tires are missing something? We honestly feel that you must be—and if you do not agree with us, please write and tell us why.

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Akron, Ohio

CONDIMENTS

SEE WHAT YOU BUY—BUY IN GLASS

To dress up menus—relishes packed in Crystal Clear Glass

How easy to transform menus these modern days! The most excellent relishes and condiments, the finest mustards, come packed in clear transparent glass—every tiny bit of flavor safe-kept by the Anchor C Cap. Olives, too—big, plump, meaty green ones, plain or stuffed with pimiento or celery—little ripe ones that you just can't stop nibbling. And pimientos to add color and flavor to your salads.

Because Anchor C Caps protect all the subtle goodness of these superfine products, the better dealers recommend products sealed with them to their patrons. It's wise to be farsighted in your ordering of condiments and relishes and be ready for any emergency. So keep your shelves well stocked with all the so-necessary condiments.

And when shopping look for the Anchor C Cap pictured below. This most widely used closure on glass-packed foods, keeps food products absolutely free from foreign flavors—from touch or deterioration of any kind.

ANCHOR CAPS

VERY • EASY • TO • REMOVE

OPENING INSTRUCTIONS — Use your hook bottle opener or Anchor Opener. Place hook well under edge of cap, lift gently at several points.

P9-20

BUY ANCHOR OPENERS FROM YOUR GROCER OR FILL OUT AND RETURN THIS COUPON

Please mail one Anchor Opener
Enclosed is six cents in stamps

Name_____

Address_____

Anchor Cap & Closure Corporation
LONG ISLAND CITY NEW YORK TORONTO CANADA

(Continued from Page 82)

"There are two or three ways I could possibly do it," he told her, still frowning. "But the simplest way, I suppose, would be to buy you from 'em."

He did not say it harshly. But the mere fact that he could say it at all sent a faint chill through the woman's body.

"Do you want me to do that?" he asked, with a frankness that still seemed brutal.

"Are you bargaining with me," she demanded, "at a time like this?"

No pity softened his face as he studied the quiver of her swollen underlip.

"I haven't much use for women who don't keep their promises," he said, with a far-away look in his eye.

"What promise must I make?" she asked, knowing she was beaten and prostrate.

"That if you come with me, instead of with this Johnny Star-Blanket here, you come with me," he told her. "Is that understood?"

She crouched silent a moment, tasting the dregs of some new abasement.

"You mean," she challenged, "that I'm to be your woman?"

"If you can keep a promise," was his counter challenge.

"Oh, I wouldn't forget it," was her bitter enough cry. "I'd remember it as long as I lived!"

The note of mockery in that cry left him untouched. "Are you willing to come?" he grimly demanded.

She turned away in an effort to hide the foolish tears that had gushed to her eyes. She had, she knew, no choice in the matter. And she remembered he was waiting for his answer.

"Yes," she called out in a singularly clear voice.

But she was no longer looking at him. She was, in fact, only vaguely conscious of his movements as he once more took up his talk with the Indians, as he went to his loaded canoe at the water's edge and returned with a corded bale which he untied and placed on the ground between the Indians. It was, she saw, a bale of blankets—heavy blankets of wool with bright colored stripes. There were grunts and guttural words as brown fingers explored the soft folds. Even the squaws who had skulked in the background crept forward to investigate the white man's paraded wealth. But a bargain was not easily struck. There was more talk and argument, until two tins of tobacco, and finally a nickel flash light, were persuasively placed on top of the blanket pile. Then copper-colored hands gathered up the loot without more ado, and a scattering of copper-colored figures faded like shadows through the spruce forest.

The white man stood over the woman in the grease-stained moose-hide smock.

"I suppose we may as well be starting," he said, with a matter-of-factness that was more achieved than he pretended.

"Where are you taking me?" she asked, doing her best to hide the sob that racked her aching body. But still no trace of pity showed on his lean and sun-tanned face.

"It's still a three-day canoe trip up to my camp," he casually explained, "so we may as well get under way."

She did not move, however. She merely sat regarding him from under tragically morose brows.

"I think I'd rather stay here and die," she said with embittered weariness. And over that, for the first time, he showed some traces of concern.

"You can't do that," he told her, none too gently. "There are rules to the game, even up here in the sub-Arctics."

"And now, according to all the rules, I belong to you?" she cried out, resenting the *vibrata* in her voice.

"Yes," he said, with a humiliatingly cursory glance at the sun, "I've just bought you for six blankets—for six four-point Hudson Bay blankets, in fair barter. And that's something I expect you not to forget."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

1930

(Continued from Page 23)

is the price of life; the woodland creature is perpetually on the alert, watching, listening, striving for news. Ancient man was partially relieved from the necessity for this vigilance, but the habit persisted; and hence the newspaper.]

The journal that our man has begun to read is not a mere bulletin; it is of fifty-two pages of eight columns each and contains a staggering total of four hundred and sixteen thousand words! He cannot complete the reading of this stupendous document, a new example of which will appear in the evening, in less than eight hours. Here is the necessity that produced the machines; our New Arker must devote most of his waking hours to reading his newspaper. And that is precisely what he does, but it is to be said for him that he reads nothing else. His newspaper is his library and university; from it he has his science, his art, his economics, sociology and politics; it advises him what to think about and tells him what to think about it.

The news of the morning is an international conference on disarmament. This involves ideas that are novel to us, and requires a word of explanation.

Following the discovery of Europe by Linberg in the year 1776, numerous American colonies were planted on that continent, and notably in England, called popularly New England. With prosperity, these colonies came to resent domination by the motherland and endeavored to establish political independence. The earth was not then one commonwealth; the tribes of men were self-contained and jealous organisms, dealing with one another as with inhabitants of other worlds. We have an analogous condition in our intercourse with Mars and Venus, with this difference in degree and not in kind, that the inhabitants of those planets are not men and a sympathetic viewpoint is less easily to be had.

The newspaper before our intent New Arker is full of references to this chaotic state; he scans such phrases as The American Domination of Europe, and A United States of Europe to Oppose American Aggression.

Here is an interview given by MacDonald, sometimes called Lincoln, a Gallic chief who rose to notice as the champion of the black people. He is of advanced views; he points out that robbery is no longer the rule in private life and that it should not be the rule between tribes; a proposition less obvious then than now. He would disband the armies of trained fighting men that the tribes support for attack and defense. Failing that, he asks for parity—that the armies be made of equal strength, lessening the temptation to attack. He cries, "My country, may she ever be right!" However, he is formidably opposed by a phrase in contradiction of his: "My country, right or wrong."

The potency of phrases in the ancient world will be considered more at length in the chapter on Spells and Charms. Rulers were chosen and wars fought because of phrases; old women were burned alive for muttering them. The art of coining phrases was called oratory; with us, the man who should basely attempt to confuse counsel by appealing to emotion would be instantly silenced, but he was honored of olden time. People who were aware of all the facts bearing on a problem permitted themselves to be swayed by orators who were not. Among these orators the greatest was Demosthenes, who is said to have been most effective while his mouth was full of pebbles; a strange device, at the best.

MacDonald, or Lincoln, foresaw a World War; unfortunately, the ancients learned only by experience. The World War that ushered in the Dark Ages came despite him. The ancients honored war, worshiped physical courage and held that to die in battle for one's tribe was the proper end of man. There was a cult of physical courage, much as, with us, there is a cult of cowardice. Nowadays, a man who is willing to sacrifice his life or well-being for a trifle is kept under surveillance, for he is a peril to all other men. The philosophy of the ancients, we must concede, was not without its perverse nobility. They did not hold life the greatest good.

Our New Arker turns from news of the European conference to scan a page advertising goods for sale. These advertisements do not seek to dissuade him from purchasing goods; on the contrary, they seek, by every fair artifice, to stimulate and extend his desires! And yet, if he buys garments, food or furniture that he does not need, he is wasting the labor of his fellow men, causing them to toil unnecessarily. Why, then, do the makers of these goods press them on him? The explanation of this absurdity is in the system of exchanging goods and services through the medium of gold. In accompanying our man through his day, we are constantly confronted by these apparent contradictions between good sense and practice, and must bear in mind a multiplicity of conditions that are foreign to us; we are, indeed, in another world. An enormously interesting world, this of our savage forefathers, may we not say? To find its like in terror, modern man would need to be translated to the red surface of Mars, beneath its crimson fronds, or to be placed among the bronzed and armored insect people of Venus.

For now the ghastly faces of other white men appear in the street; they are robbers, living by pillage. They glare wolfishly into the saloon; their leader smashes the window—the glass of which is brittle, like ice—and thrusts the muzzle of a machine through the aperture. A hail of missiles flies from it into the shop, slaying the worthy proprietor, striking several of his assistants and customers down in agony. When all are quiet in death, the robbers will enter to search the bodies of the fallen for gold. Will they be permitted to spend the gold so secured? Yes, indeed. The possession of gold entitles a man to a proportionate share of the community's goods.

A rhythmic clanking is heard and a company of fearsome beings wheels into the streets; these are not machines but are men clad in invulnerable armor from crown to sole. They are of the soldier caste, and their peculiar quality is that they move automatically and remorselessly at command. They open fire on the robbers, instantly and in unison; the laws of New Ark are stern and rigid, and one wishing to act contrary to them must move with care, taking counsel of a lawyer. Self-help is suppressed without mercy; with one whimsical exception in favor of young women, who are permitted, but not encouraged, to kill their suitors.

The patrol seizes the surviving robbers with iron hands and thrusts them into the ready patrol wagon. Our New Arker will appear against them later before a judge and testify.

He is now free to resume his reading, but his attention has wandered and does not easily return; he folds his journal, puts it into one of his many pockets and sallies forth into the gore-spattered street.

See him now, picking his precarious way down this gloomy and malodorous canyon, this cleft between soaring buildings. Beggars—people who, in fact or pretense, have no gold or means to get it—pluck at his garments; he throws them coins. This subsidizing of mendicancy, producing the beggars it aids, is accounted a prime virtue, the greatest of all. Merchants bawl

(Continued on Page 88)

Why GRAND RAPIDS EQUIPMENT INCREASES VOLUME

Levy's, Memphis, Tenn.

GRAND RAPIDS *equipped stores are scientifically planned* . . . to create a modern atmosphere that actually *invites* more business . . . to make displays of merchandise *so attractive* that *more sales are bound to result* . . . to reduce overhead . . . to eliminate as much as possible non-producing sales areas . . . to assure an even flow of traffic throughout stores . . . to locate departments in their proper relationship to one another—and to sales . . . to provide for changing merchandising conditions . . . to make shopping easier for customers by providing for them every comfort and by preventing delays . . . to insure the proper location of entrances and elevators . . . and lastly, to make every square foot of floor space return a profit.

• • •

Small wonder that Grand Rapids Equipment does *increase volume*—that Grand Rapids equipped stores are *successful stores!*

There is striking evidence in our latest book, "The New Way Method in Merchandising," of what Grand Rapids planning and equipping can do to increase volume. Write for it today.

GRAND RAPIDS STORE EQUIPMENT CORPORATION, GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

Store planners, designers and manufacturers of fine store equipment. Factories: Grand Rapids; Portland, Oregon; Baltimore; New York City. Representatives everywhere.

GRAND RAPIDS *Store Equipment*

A GUIDE

to remember in time of need

★

EVEN without the severe strain of the occasion, the selection of a casket is for most people a difficult task. It is an article with which they have probably never come in contact before. They can judge it only by outward appearance. They have little time to investigate materials and workmanship.

End decoration on National Seamless Solid Copper Casket

Yet these factors are extremely important. It is upon them that the real protective value of the casket depends.

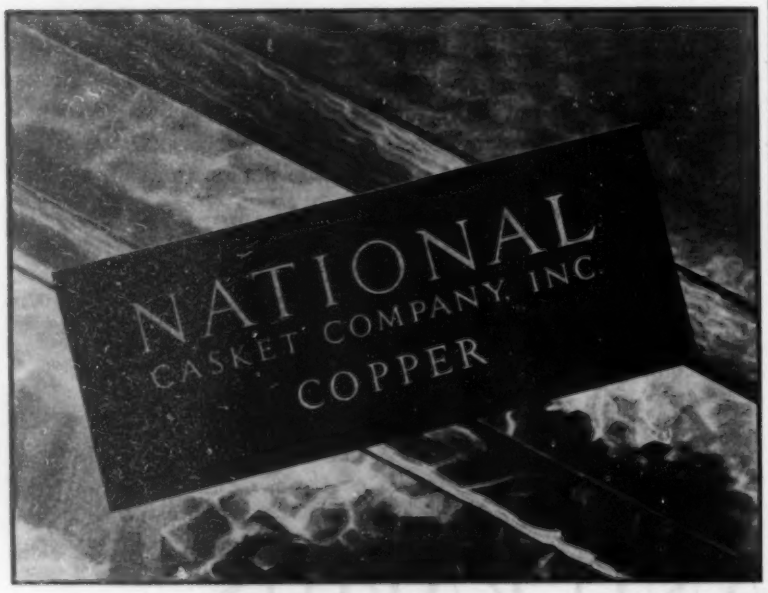
That the purchaser may have no doubts on this question of basic quality, a trade mark is placed on every National casket. This is the pledge of the National Casket Company that the casket is exactly as represented.

This trade mark is inconspicuous, but plainly visible. It states clearly the material from which the casket is made. It may be taken at its face value as the word of the country's leading casket manufacturer that the casket offers the best possible value in every respect.

National caskets are sold only through funeral directors—men who believe in recommending the best and in serving their clients well.

* * *

To simplify the trying task of planning funeral arrangements, we have published a booklet, "Funeral Facts." It will be valuable to send for and keep against the time when the information it contains may be needed. We shall be glad to mail one or more copies in a plain envelope on request. Write to Dept. S1, 60 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston, Mass.



NATIONAL CASKET COMPANY, INC.

Display Rooms in Twenty-seven Cities

(Continued from Page 86)

at him from their shops, "What do you lack?" Ponderous machines known as Juggernauts whirl by him, causing him to leap aside; he sees a wretch, besotted by superstition, hurl himself under the grinding wheels—the toll of lives taken by Juggernauts mounts into the thousands annually. Thieves, aptly called pickpockets, jostle him and try to snatch his gold or the chronometer that swings at his belt. Cats and dogs and hogs—sacred animals all, and not to be used as food—quarrel in the gutter.

He is not going to his place of employment; having saved enough gold to supply his wants for a day or two, he will not work until it is expended. By profession our man is a machine driver, or Jehu, doing necessary work; he abandons his employment, suiting only himself. Slavery has made labor dishonorable, accursed; it is called the curse of Adam Smith. Need we wonder that the freeing of the black people by MacDonald caused an economic catastrophe? An accurate knowledge of the past is fruitful of many lessons. All honor to the men of science who threw back for us the veil that for so long hid the ancient world!

It is necessary for us to see the House of the Past, infrequently visited by citizens of New Ark though it stands in the center of the city; our man bends his steps thither. We accompany him confidently, for we approach the solid ground of ascertained fact.

Ancestral fears, dormant memories of the life underground, stir in our New Arker and tingle at the roots of his pale hair as he nears this House, for it stands in green and open country.

A motley company of fakers swarms about it. There are dream readers, medicine men selling magical potions, astrologers, teachers of dead languages, story tellers. Here one exhibits an apparatus that, he boldly asserts, can add and subtract and multiply; another—a ventriloquist—shows a box, called a radio, that can capture from the silent air the voices of men conversing in a distant city. No extravagance but has its glib exponent here. Mass hypnotism is practiced with amazing cleverness; here is a man who can throw a rope into the air and climb it, and another who, having fascinated a group of the simple, can cause them to see men flying about on high like pigeons! People are deluded by these conjurers' tricks; it is believed by the less intelligent that even the inaccessible poles, unknown to this day, were explored by a flying man. Their superiors smile gravely, for the explorer's name is Bird.

Our man enters the temple, passing a guard of soldiers—but are these truly soldiers that stand here erect and daunting? No, they are mere shells of armor.

In the House of the Past are gathered the finest works of art, and not the least of these are the statues of the old gods of America; these creations are collected from all New Ark and tributary lands. With us, a work of art must be destroyed within twenty years of its making, so that art may remain young and fruitful and not become mere imitation; in New Ark, a like purpose is served by this comparatively inaccessible retreat. There is a pretense of preserving and exhibiting; primitive man is furtive, acting by indirection, and his announced purposes are often the opposite of his true ones.

The benefits of this incessant pruning of genius are apparent here; in no future age will these glowing paintings, these images, be surpassed. The statues of the old gods—of Venus, depicted as a young woman; of Hercules, of Mercury—show the human body in all attainable perfection. They have stood here for generations. Alas, here is a form of art that is dead and gone, for, with the human body buried under clothing, there are not the models to inspire the workman.

Here, too, are enshrined the illustrious dead, the kings of a time when the capital was in Egypt, in Illinois, in the subterranean galleries of that region. We learn with sympathy that the New Arkers, too, have their golden and legendary age, long ago and far away, and that they place Egypt on the banks of the Nile in Africa! [No extensive remains have been found in the country of the Nile; the notion that these relics were exhumed and carried off aforetime is fanciful and does not comport with ancient reverence for the dead.] They have, too, their mythical Rome and Athens, Ilion and Troy, placing these cities in lands across the Atlantic, itself named after the mythical land of Atlantis. They are not stopped by the fact that in America are cities of Rome and Athens, of Troy and Ilion. These pretended cities of Europe are the sites of great civilizations long since submerged in barbarism—a curious and fascinating mirage cast by the future! The ancients are not ancient to themselves, do not live in the morning of the world, but look back with an amusing and pathetic touch of patronage to men of an older time and to cities as insubstantial as summer clouds.

But time presses, and if we are to see more of this city we must hurry on our way. Our New Arker descends the broad steps and threads his path through the sacred and whispering groves to the Animal House.

Here are two each of all known animals, except the aquatic, dwelling in amity, the most unlike and naturally inimical being brought together. Until the exploration of the site of this building, little was known with certainty of the animal life contemporary with the city of New Ark; scientists learned with astonishment that the elephant—or mammoth—and other animals apparently of an earlier era survived in the year 1930. Our New Arker enters, ignoring with primitive callousness the musky scents of the place, and wanders amiably among beasts who could crush him with a touch; they are not caged or restrained except by a single bar about each, waist high—a negligible barrier.

We see him scratching the nuzzling nose of the endless brontosaurus and letting the formidably toothed crocodile mouth his hand; he tosses peanuts to the elephant. The dinornis, a bird standing fourteen feet high and with thigh bones stouter than those of a horse, claps his rudimentary wings to elicit attention; he, too, must have his peanut. The whale, a semi-aquatic mammal, comes roaring from his sedgy tank; here, too, is the incredible beast that is the earliest mentioned in human legend, a creature like an animated rope—the snake!

Skeletal remains of all these beasts, and of a fair hundred others as unlikely, have been recovered on this site. Could any degree of civilization be achieved while such forms of life existed? Picture the husbandman at his furrow; scaly wings overshadow him and a flying reptile picks him from his furrow like a worm. Armor-plated creatures like land-going ships nuzzle curiously at his house and bury him in the ruins. Were these creatures, whose bones and integuments have been found at the Animal House, alive when the House stood, or were they dead and reproduced in effigy? They could not have been alive, for a single low bar about them would not have penned the weakest and least agile; and if they were dead, why any bar at all?

Science solves this dilemma by telling us that these creatures constituted no peril to primitive man; he had penetrated their rudimentary minds and, by hypnosis, rendered them docile and even affectionate. This mastery of the brute creation has been atrophied by disuse and is not man's now. Early man's magnetic control of animals, a condition of his very existence, is the basis of our latter-day legend of the Garden of Eden; so Science reveals cherished beliefs as mythical, sees fact in myth and makes all things plain.

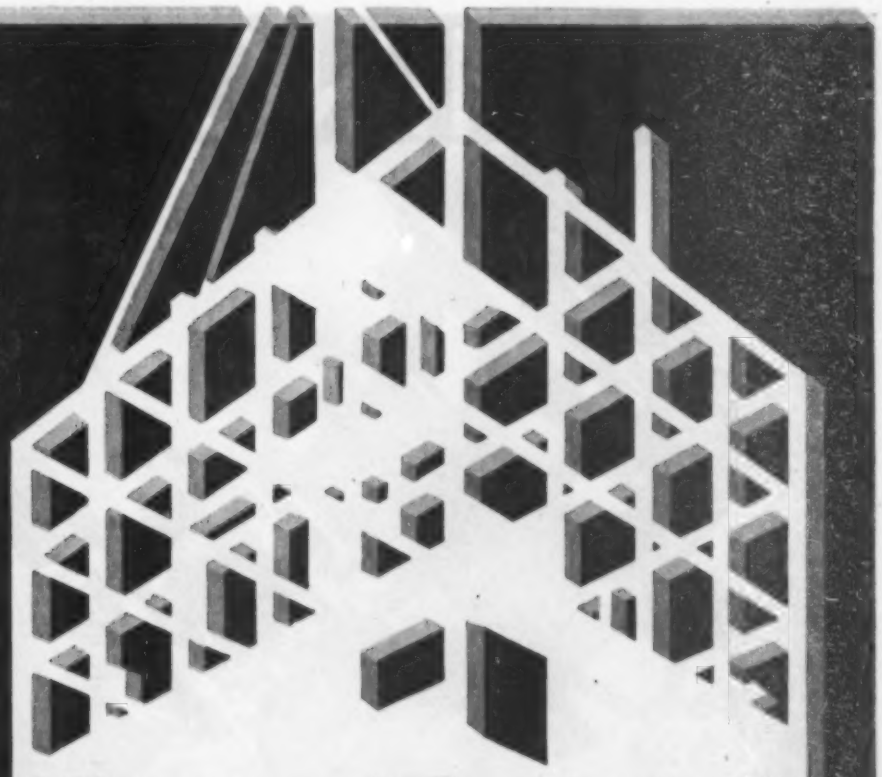
But the time approaches when our New Arker must appear before the judge and testify against the robbers; he consults his chronometer. He carries this machine about with him on fair days and foul, for he

(Continued on Page 91)

Montgomery Ward & Co., Retail Store, Denver, Colorado. Presdwood used for lining forms. [Rocky Mountain Photo Co.]

Cincinnati Bell Telephone Bldg. 140,000 sq. ft. ¼" Presdwood used for lining concrete forms

Ohio Bell Telephone Co., Dayton, Ohio. Interior showing slab, beam and column construction. Presdwood used to line all forms.



When great industries build PRESDWOOD speeds concrete construction

MODERN engineers have discovered in Masonite Presdwood a method of revolutionizing concrete construction—a method that makes beauty the natural adjunct of utility and economy. With Presdwood forms they are producing concrete of maximum density, uniformity and strength; concrete that is so perfect, so glass-smooth, that expensive hand finishing is practically eliminated.

But these advantages, with the resultant better construction, are not the only advantages of Presdwood. Its amazing durability permits the boards to be used over and over again. They are easily and quickly erected, easily torn down, and easily moved from job to job. Handling costs are low, there is no waste in cutting, and breakage is reduced to a minimum.

The American Bell Telephone Company and Montgomery Ward & Company are two of the many great industrial institutions that have repeatedly specified Presdwood for concrete construction. Surely such recognition is convincing proof of the superiority of this all-wood board.

In factories and in homes, under punch press, drill or saw, and in the hands of home mechanics, this remarkable grainless wood is daily demonstrating its strength and versatility. Presdwood speeds production methods, panels rooms, and does hundreds of minor, every-day jobs. It takes any finish beautifully, is highly resistive to moisture, and will not warp, split or crack.

The *free* Presdwood booklet lists eighty of its many uses. Write for your copy today.

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NOTHING STOPS IT WHEN THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE

● "She walked around that hill-side hanging on by her exhaust! Say—*nothing* stops it when there's work to be done." ● Give any owner half a chance and you'll hear of epic feats with his "Caterpillar". Of the time the California Packing Corporation ran a Twenty for seventeen days and nights without stopping the motor ● How a "Caterpillar" Sixty opened the way after a three day Minnesota blizzard had tied up a great plant tight. But you'll hear more than epic feats. More than crops saved. Even more than about money made . . . ● For "Caterpillar" owners talk about their "Caterpillars" with all the loyal affection they would have for something alive. There *is* something human about these great, powerful "Caterpillars" in the way they wade into a tough job and finish it with almost uncanny absence of effort. ● No wonder this word of mouth advertising spreads the "Caterpillar" message of sure-traction, ample power and the fighting stamina of its heat-treated steels to a rapidly growing army of enthusiastic new friends — many becoming new owners.

Prices—f.o.b. Peoria, Illinois

TEN	$1100	TWENTY . .	$1900
FIFTEEN . .	$1450	THIRTY . .	$2375
SIXTY	$4175		

●

Caterpillar Tractor Co.

PEORIA, ILLINOIS *and* SAN LEANDRO, CALIF., U. S. A.

Track-type Tractors · Combines · Road Machinery

(There is a "Caterpillar" Dealer Near You)

(Continued from Page 88)

cannot tell time by the sun with any accuracy; and, too, the sky is frequently overclouded during long periods. Our man's chronometer is about as big as a turnip; these machines vary in size from those as small as spangles, carried by beggars, to those as large and heavy as a man, which, requiring transportation, can be afforded only by the rich. A man's worth is artlessly measured by his possessions—he is said to be worth so much gold—and the result is ostentation. Rich men live in the largest houses, display the largest chronometers and move about with the greatest stocks of goods; following a man of slight stature there may be seen several servants bearing boxes of his clothing, in sum not only more than he can wear but more than he can lift! For ostentation, he studies to be idle; he has a man to cultivate his garden, a man to prepare his dinner, a man to stand beside him at table and put the food into his mouth; when he travels, he has a man to drive his car, and another man to sit beside the driver in conspicuous leisure. But enough of this for the time; we trench on the matter of later chapters.

Here is the court room, wherein men are punished for crimes. A crime is a mistake, made willfully. The judge sits on a bench; the jury—as a group of assistant lay judges is called—sits in a great box; the soldiers hale the robbers before them.

The jury, whose business it will be to tell the judge what happened in the saloon, is chosen for its ignorance of the facts; the two lawyers, whose office is to instruct the judge in the law, are both partisan. The judge will say how much of the facts the jury shall hear, and to how much of the law expounded by the lawyers he will give effect. Our New Arker advances and launches a recital, but is halted at once; he who knows the facts is only to answer questions—and narrowly and precisely—propounded by men who do not. Thus disingenuously is tempered the harshness of the laws.

The questioning begins, but again our New Arker is halted while the lawyers talk volumes. Are they talking about what happened in the saloon? No, they are not; they are talking about something that happened in the time of their grandfathers. Records are produced and books opened and given to the judge to read; soon all have forgotten what was the question addressed to our New Arker, even he himself. But a record has been kept.

All crimes may be compounded by payment of gold, called fine or bail; only if the offender has no gold need he suffer punishment. Nor need the offender accept the verdict of the court if it displeases him! Our robbers are found guilty, when this dialogue occurs:

ROBBERS' LAWYER: We are dissatisfied and shall appeal to another court.

JUDGE: Then you must give bail of one thousand dollars, and it will be forfeit if your clients do not appear in the next court.

LAWYER: That is too much. The new trial will be had in two months, and these poor boys cannot earn so much by their profession in that time. We offer six hundred dollars.

JUDGE: Done!

LAWYER: To prepare for their next trial my clients demand the name and address of this witness. [Pointing to our New Arker, who knocks on wood.]

ALL TOGETHER: Good luck! [Spectators embrace robbers.]

The robbers will endeavor, during the next two months, to silence our New Arker; if they succeed, they will appear in court again and reclaim the six hundred dollars. Our hero, having now a price of six hundred dollars on his head, walks slowly from the court room, pondering.

Had the robbers been unable or unwilling to furnish the fine, or bail, they would have been imprisoned. Thousands of criminals are held in the prisons of New Ark, but there are many thousands more at liberty, living on the proceeds of crime! They are not hunted or proscribed, but live at ease among the people against whom they meditate assaults; on the paraphernalia of protection from them, on courts and prisons and lawyers, soldiers and strong rooms, is expended more than half the revenue of the state. Man is tolerant of long-established evils, and it is the general opinion that crime, like the weather, must be endured. Strange obsession, abhorrent to reason!

Our New Arker now seeks amusement, distraction, that he may forget for a time the perils that encompass him. He may go to the arena, called Madison Square Garden, or The Coliseum, and may see combats between wild beasts or even between man and man. Courage and cruelty are needed to make existence in this city supportable, and they are inflamed by every device. The fighting men, or gladiators, are a class apart, being trained to the profession from childhood; they are not to be confused with the soldiers, who execute the laws and defend the state. A revolting difference in public esteem is that the gladiators are highly honored and generally celebrated, while the soldiers are underpaid.

But our New Arker has had enough of horrors for the day, and wends his way to a Picture House.

People are congregated here, sitting in darkness and staring intently at a brilliantly illuminated wall of dazzling whiteness. Our New Arker seats himself among them and fastens his gaze on the wall; soon he sees shapes moving across it. These shapes become sharp of line and vivid of color; with keen enjoyment, he sees a drama enacted there. He is not aware that he himself is projecting these moving shadows. An interesting example of crowd psychology is that all the spectators will profess later to have seen the same incidents enacted! A few modern scientists, with an appetite for marvels that does not do them credit, aver that the ancients could project onto a screen pictures capable of movement and even of speech; however, it is a valid rule of criticism that a supernatural agency is not to be invoked for a phenomenon that admits of a natural explanation.

The shapes change with our hero's mood; he sees two comedians who proceed to jest and to sing. Our man is not disillusioned by the fact that he has heard all the jokes before and that all the tunes are familiar. He laughs and weeps; when he is away from the Picture House and recalls what he saw and heard, he will wonder with touching simplicity what it was that stirred him so.

Sometimes real performers appear. Of these one of the most popular is Ali Jolleson, called Cantor, or singer; this Ali is not to be confused with Ali Smith, a white chief who extended his scepter over much of Eastern America, but was eventually defeated with great loss in the valley of the Mississippi. Ali Jolleson, or Ali the Cantor, is a black man with a pathetic history. He was captured in infancy in his native South and carried into northern captivity, never again to see his own land. Several of his simple and melancholy songs have come down to us across these many thousand years and are part of the literature of our race; he is also known as Orpheus or Sappho. Memory haunts him, memory of sunny Alabam and of his black mother, for whom he preserves the infantile name of Mammy; he sings ever of Mammy and of Alabam, expressing the nostalgia of the exile, and longs to take the midnight Choochoo—he was born by the Chattahoochee or Okeechobee—for Alabam. Alas, no midnight Choochoo will ever sail for him, but he shall have his recompense—he shall be remembered when his oppressors are forgotten. A touch of nature, as a modern bard has remarked, makes the whole world kin; the black exile of New Ark speaks across the ages, right to our hearts.

Our New Arker consults his chronometer again; the day is passing, and soon darkness will be upon the city, when the streets and avenues will be taken over by robbers. Shall he return to his hotel, or shall he spend the dark hours in a night club? He has no family to which to repair, as the term will come to be known by us. Adults live, isolated, in great establishments known as hotels; when oppressed by loneliness they go to clubs called night clubs. In a later chapter we shall examine with particularity the domestic relations of the ancients, and shall learn much that is strange and interesting. He perceives that the wall is again white and blank, and goes from the Picture House.

Newer newspapers, bringing the events of the time down to the present hour, are being cried for sale in the streets. Our hero buys one eagerly and scans it with avidity. What is the news that he seeks? He is looking for an account of the episode that occurred in the saloon that morning! Finding it, he is delighted, devouring every word. He buys rival newspapers, of which there are many; he will compare the stories when he is safe in his chamber and will believe them wherein they agree.

Eager to learn the truth of the matter, he hurries into one of the thousand convenient saloons and buys a mess of snails and replenishes his flask of alcohol; he is omnivorous, balking only at dogs, cats and hogs.

But hold! He is accosted by a friend, sitting there at table, who offers to buy a meal for our hero if he will eat it on the premises; the friend is pressing and our man is not reluctant. The friend orders the meal, plentiful and dainty; he orders fried frogs, parsnips, a bowl of fish eggs, tripe, and dried locusts, all of which are comestibles according to the opinion of the times; they dilute this repast with a pitcher of alcohol. They fall to with zest and at last all the dishes are cleared. But our man cannot rise now and depart; to do so would be a grave discourtesy to his host. He must now buy a meal for his friend! He beckons to an attendant, tells him to take away the platters and trenchers and to refill them.

At this juncture a mutual acquaintance enters and is at once bidden to the board. He suggests that they eat boiled cabbages too; with this addition the second meal is eaten. The new arrival must then order food and drink for all three. When the third meal is dispatched, the portly proprietor approaches, thanks them for their custom and invites them all to dine as his guests. To stimulate them during this unending repast they drink quantities of alcohol variously flavored; now they drink the alcohol of fruits and now that of grains. It does not intoxicate them. In an age that used intricate machines to an extent almost inconceivable by us, the common use of alcohol as a beverage would have been an impossibility if it intoxicated.

Asserting that he feels tight, as well he may, our hero shoulders his newspapers and trudges from the saloon, followed by cries of "Good Luck!" to protect him to his domicile.

He arrives without mishap at his hotel and begins the ascent of the innumerable ladders. Does he never recoil at the prospect of this toilsome ascent? Does he never resolve to move into the green and pleasant country, leaving the city with its arduous labors, its smoky and vitiated air, its lurking dangers and its lack of growing things and sunshine? No, he does not. He is at home in this artificial desert; its bedlam is soothing to him. He is a child of the echoing and noisome caverns.

He arrives at his chamber. Unseen hands have swept and garnished it for him, doing all domestic tasks. His couch has been combed and brushed, his pail filled with fresh water; charcoal burns cheeringly in the brazier at which he lights his new candle. He sees to his security, shooting his bolts and setting his gins, disrobes and lies down for a quiet evening.

And so we leave him, drawing placidly at his pipe, eating his tobacco. Again our acknowledgments to the men who have enabled us to cross an unthinkable gulf of time and to pass a day with our remote ancestor.

What have we learned? What of edification, instruction and warning do we bring home from our pious pilgrimage?

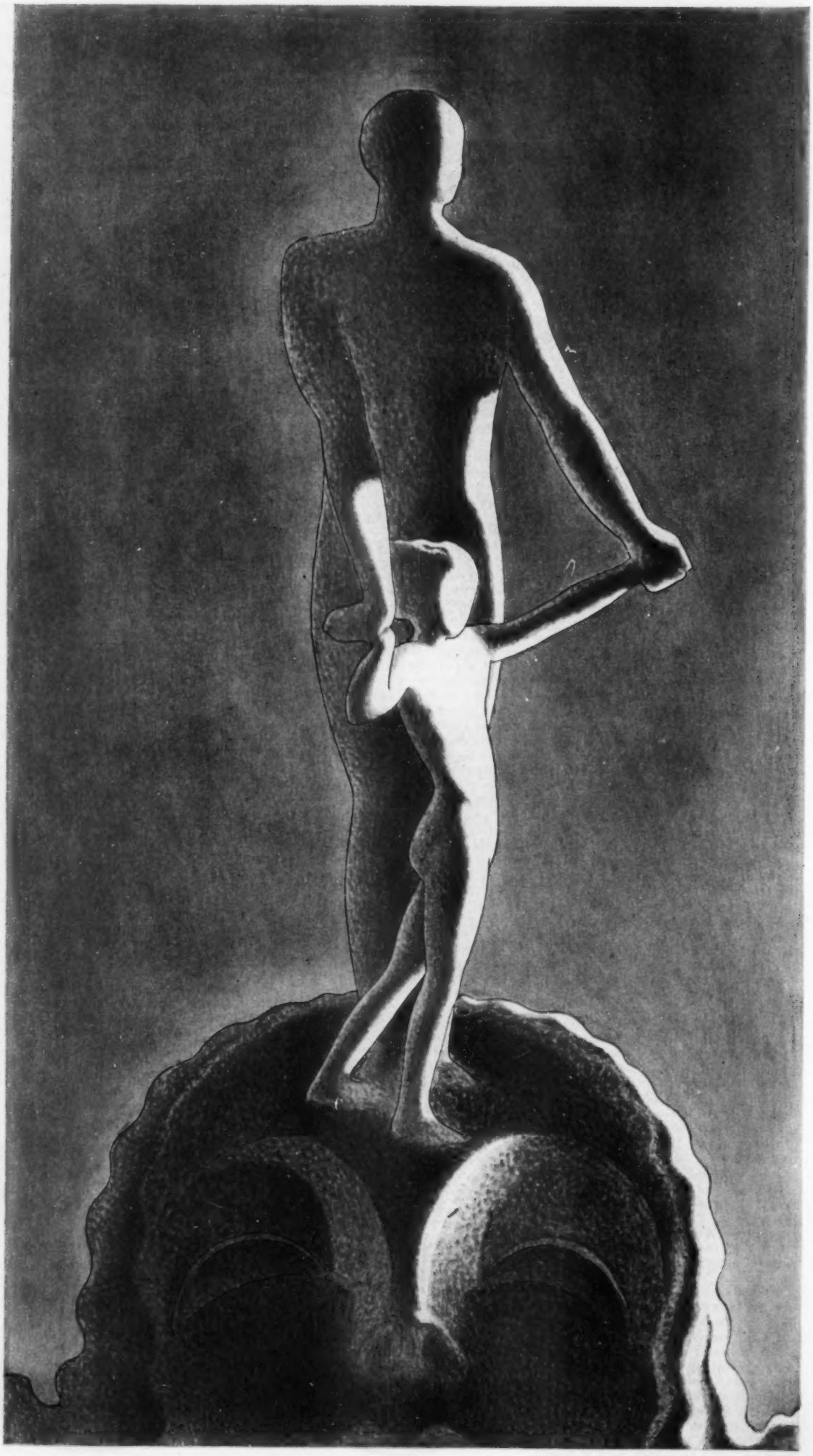
We return with little if we do not perceive that prehistoric man was much such a being as ourselves. He was not a brute; his moral nature was poorly developed, but he was our equal in intelligence and vastly our superior in most fields of material achievement. In astronomy and meteorology, certainly, he lagged; he was not acquainted with the principle of the Whirling Pool, but made telescopes with lenses of glass, small and inefficient.

We do not need to accept the tales of our childhood—tales of flying men and ogres, of speaking boxes and light-bearing stones, of ships swimming under water, and all the farrago of the nursery—to be assured that beyond the Dark Ages lies a complex civilization; beyond peradventure of a reasonable doubt, the ancients possessed an endless variety of machines, the secrets of which are lost to us. Perhaps they had access to a source of power that is denied us; the giant buildings of New Ark, towering a thousand feet and more, could not have been raised if the force of gravity was let exert itself on them. Suffice it to point out that the superincumbent weight would have ground the stones of the base course to powder.

Its cunningly levitated buildings did not fail for ages, but ancient civilization itself failed at its foundations, for it was founded on force. Might was right; therefore, differences between nations could be justly settled only by battle. Local wars ended inevitably in the defeat of a contestant, but at last, we must suppose, there came a war that enveloped the whole world, that burned for generations and that did not stop while it had aught to feed upon. The wretched survivors were done with war forever! If such a war was not waged, the historian of morals would have to invent it.

Editor's Note—A new edition of this work is now in preparation, which will take a less patronizing attitude toward the ancients and which will breathe less assurance of our modern superiority. Perhaps their fierce virtues are virtues still. Recent well-known developments in Interplanetary Relations have bred an exceeding interest in the weapons and war-making methods of the ancients, and excavations on the site of New Ark are being pushed with the utmost energy.

HOPE



You will remember that when Pandora opened the box forbidden to mortals all the ills of humanity flew out. And Hope—there in the box to counterbalance these ills—was only saved by Pandora's frightened speed in snapping shut the lid.

Hope has remained to all of us—an inestimable boon. But only to women is given that hope which takes into account so small a part of self. Only a woman can envision success and happiness for others, with herself as a minor participant.

Castles are less to her than contentment; it is her nature to be concerned with the hope for things that are wise and kind and good. And that she has found more strength, more serenity, more comfort in her Hope is because it lies—the part of it which may be realized here—well within the bounds of ordinary human capabilities.

Any magazine that serves the women of today is incomplete without fostering a belief in the ultimate goodness of things. We like to think that every issue of McCall's magazine contains some such encouragement for its 2,450,000 women readers.

A MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN McCALL'S

Makes them
LIKE Milk

MANY mothers and school officials have discovered that children who ordinarily rebel at milk, drink it readily when served with Stone's Straws. Children like to drink milk through straws because it's just like sipping a "soda."

Get a 10-cent Home Package of Stone's Straws at your druggist's or delicatessen store today. Serve them with drinks on all occasions. Smart hostesses and their guests invariably agree that these dainty, golden-tinted straws make the best drink taste better and look better, too.

To be sure of the genuine, always ask for *Stone's* Straws by name. They're used throughout the world. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name and 10c and we will send you a package postpaid. Stone Straw Corp., Washington, D.C.

STONE'S
Sanitary
STRAWS

GOLDEN WORDS

(Continued from Page 18)

fail to pour out a stream of golden words. And whenever she brought up the subject of the Chinese vases, she reproached herself and used up handkerchief after handkerchief in vain attempts to dry her eyes. The more I said, "Please don't think any more about it," the more grateful she got. On the day when I gave her what might be called a provisional appointment to take the place lately occupied by Berry Spillane, she went on for about five minutes with a flow of golden words rarely if ever equaled.

"Oh, Romanzo—please excuse me, Mr. Timball, but your kindness has made you seem so near to me that I can't help thinking of you by your first name—never will I forget this wonderful—this generous act. Probably what I say means nothing to you, but I want you to realize how sincere I am when I say those two little words, 'Thank you!' Yes, thank you, and thank you again, Romanzo—I mean, Mr. Timball. And please excuse me if I can't help giving way a little. I'm so overcome with gratitude that it's not my fault if I can't control myself. Nobody was ever so kind and thoughtful to me as you are, Mr. Timball." With this, she fell forward, obliging me to catch her. Resting her head on my shoulder, she continued the flow of golden words.

As there was a possibility of the office door opening at any moment, I should probably have acted much embarrassed if I had not been, as you might say, so washed around with gratitude that everything else was swept from my mind. Raising my right hand, I patted her gently on the back.

"I can't imagine," she went on, "how you ever think of such kind, sweet things to do for a poor, friendless girl like myself. Never forget, Romanzo—I mean, Mr. Timball—that in me you have one who carries in her heart the memory of every good turn she has received. Please let me cry a little; I am so overcome with gratitude that it's not my fault."

She continued in the same position, sobbing quietly while I continued in the same position, patting her on the shoulder. Finally she wiped her eyes.

"And now please, please let me begin my duties at once, because I am sure you have been working too hard lately. A moment ago, when I came in, you looked so low-spirited I felt almost afraid. Has something been going wrong? Please tell me what has been worrying you, because you are so good and kind that if poor little me can help you in the slightest way, I want to do it."

My low spirits had been due to a variety of causes, but in order to respond to the question, I answered—and truthfully enough—that in the morning paper I had read a large ad saying that everybody had ought to make a will, and I had felt a little blue at the thought: Why should I make a will, when I had nobody to leave my property to? Then I added—and also truthfully—that now I was not feeling so blue as before.

In making these statements I did not mean what she seemed to think I meant; consequently, it is putting it mildly when I say I was astonished when Addie Understreet grabbed tight hold of my neck, and drawing my head down to hers, sobbed out, "Oh, Romanzo, this is so sudden! But your sentiments are reciprocated, Romanzo, and have been from the first minute I saw you. Oh, never will you know, Romanzo, the feelings that are surging up in me now. Of all the kind, kind, generous people on earth, you are the kindest and most generous. What did poor little me ever do to attract your attention enough to make you ask me to become your wife? Romanzo, it is all too wonderful."

And this was just the start of a flood of golden words that surpassed anything I had ever before heard in my entire existence.

Some twelve hours later, at three o'clock the next morning, I looked up suddenly at the stovepipe hole in the wall of my room. "What was that sound?" I whispered to myself. "Did I really hear it or was it just my fever made me think so?"

From seven at night until two in the morning I had walked about in a drizzling rain, wondering what a man ought to do when he was expected to marry a woman he didn't want to marry. Accompanied by my promised bride, I had spent the afternoon at a lawyer's office making a will which, in case of my decease, would leave her everything. On quitting the lawyer, she had left for Chicago on a buying trip suggested by herself. Shortly after, I had started walking in the rain, and without hat, overcoat, umbrella or rubbers.

The sound came again, and this time no mistake was possible. It was like a rusty chain scraping against the wall. Summoning all my resolution, I raised up on one elbow.

"Uncle Ben," I asked aloud, "what is the matter? What are you laughing at?"

The silence that followed was more terrifying than the laughter itself.

IV

AT HALF-PAST ten that morning I collapsed while dictating a letter. The doctor looked me over, told me to go to bed, and sent me home in a taxi.

"It's nothing, my boy, but a slightly nervous state complicated by exposure. We'll just open up those pores; your fever will disappear and you'll feel like a newborn baby."

This sounded simple enough, and personally I asked for nothing better than to have my pores opened. But in spite of pills and powders and hot baths, the pores remained closed and my temperature, instead of descending, climbed steadily.

At nine o'clock that evening, when the doctor dropped in for the fourth time, he said in a hearty voice, "Well, well, my boy, you're looking fine. I've just managed to get a nurse to come over and hold your hand."

"What for, doctor?" I asked. "I hope I'm not sick enough to have a nurse."

"You're not sick at all," he answered with a ringing laugh. "But you need somebody to talk to you and see that you get your medicines at the proper hours. By the way, somebody was asking me if the Timballs over on the North Side are your cousins."

"No, doctor," I replied. "My uncle was my last living relative."

"Well, well," he said. "I suppose you'd get pretty lonely if you didn't belong to some church or lodge."

"I go to church, but I do not belong regularly, and I have never joined a lodge."

"In that case," he said, "probably you haven't run into this campaign that is being waged all over the city to induce every adult to make his will before it is too late."

I explained that I had already made my will.

"That is fine, my boy; that is splendid. There is nothing like making a will in time, and thus avoiding worry. Hello, I guess there is our nurse now." He left the room just as an unfamiliar step sounded on the stairs.

As a result of the construction of the staircase, walls and ceiling, every sound from the hall without seemed to be amplified in passing through the stovepipe hole opening into my room. Though up to this time I had always tried to avoid eavesdropping, I was now unable to keep myself from sitting up in bed and listening with both ears.

"I'm certainly glad you're here, nurse."

"How is the patient getting on, doctor?"

"He isn't getting on at all. It looks as though he's getting off. It's a stubborn condition complicated with nerves. It won't clear up unless he sweats, and I'm prepared to bet money he won't."

"Is there anything special to be done, doctor?"

"You can hope for the best; that may help a little." There was a moment's silence. Then he added: "I passed Riverview Cemetery yesterday, and it certainly looked well tended. Personally, though, I believe in cremation."

That was the way the night began.

"Where did you come from?" I asked as I opened my eyes and saw the morning sun and also observed that there was a hand on my forehead and that the hand belonged to Berry Spillane. "Did you climb in through the stovepipe hole?"

"Only walked in through the door," she said. "It was just last night that I heard you were sick. Your nurse is all in from trying to keep you in bed, so I'm staying away from work and taking her place while she gets a bit of sleep."

I lay there waiting for my head to get clearer. Then I explained to Berry about how the sounds came in from the hall and what I had overheard when the doctor spoke to the nurse.

"So you see it is all a question of pores," I concluded. "They are still closed, and if they stay closed, that means all hope is lost."

"You mustn't say that, Romanzo."

"I do say it. And since science has exhausted herself, I am going to take a last desperate chance. As a result of what I hope to do, either the pores will open and allow me to perspire freely and thus pass the crisis, or, if this is impossible and if the pores do not open, at least I will cross the river with a smile on my face, and in my ears the echo of the golden words which I hope I have merited."

"What are you thinking of doing, Romanzo?"

"I suppose you know, Berry, that there is something very warming about a few well-chosen words of praise, especially when overheard in one of life's darker hours. They make the heart beat faster."

"That's the accepted idea, Romanzo."

"And I suppose you know that at the store the little favors which I have done to the persons employed there have been warmly appreciated."

"I'm beginning to understand, Romanzo. You want your benefactees to come here to your bedroom and express their gratitude?"

"Yes, Berry. And if the golden words don't result in a cure, at least they will help me to leave the world with a smile on my countenance."

Berry walked up and down the room. Up to this moment her face had been rather tight and frowning; twice she had had to reach for her handkerchief. But now she seemed an entirely different person. Her eyes sparkled and her smile was certainly genuine.

"There's an idea there, Romanzo. I'm going to herd your boys and girls up here and let them talk."

"It must be a spontaneous and sincere outpouring," I said feebly, for the conversation had left me exhausted. "There must be no prompting. Just grateful hearts expressing themselves."

"That's just what it will be, Romanzo. I'm prepared to and hereby do swear by all that is solemn and sacred not even to hint at what is expected of them in the way of conversation. By the way, is Addie Understreet still on the job?"

In a few words I explained what had passed between us.

"I rather supposed that would happen, Romanzo. Addie is a fast, competent worker. It's too bad she's in Chicago, because she is one of the best golden-worders in the business. Well, if there's no other way, maybe we can get her here by plane."

It seemed a long while before Berry tiptoed back. I was still alive, but my mouth seemed dryer than the inside of a blast furnace; the mirror showed my face was as red as the Chinese dragons on the vases; my heart was stamping and thumping; and all over the entire body my skin was

(Continued on Page 97)

Taste It! . . . Just Taste It!

HERE'S a vivacious newcomer for your refrigerator and your table . . . that familiar health-drink . . . orange juice . . . in a lively new role. From the moment you flick the cap from your first black bottle . . . you'll decide that life hasn't many luxuries like a refreshing glass of MISSION DRY . . . MISSION DRY captures the luscious full-bodied flavor of tree-ripe oranges . . . the juice bottled and sealed right at the California groves with a dash of sweetened lemon juice and sparkling carbonated water. Here's an amazing new fruit beverage to conjure with . . . a never-failing delight when thirsty guests drop in . . . MISSION DRY comes in three distinct juices . . . sparkling orange or lemon or grapefruit. It's served and sold almost everywhere these days. But for your protection . . . be sure to remember the exact name . . . MISSION DRY . . . and insist on the black bottle.

Bottled at the groves by

CALIFORNIA CRUSHED FRUIT CORPORATION

CHICAGO LOS ANGELES NEW YORK

Nerves much calmer now

—*since she discovered this delicious food drink*

"I USED TO GET *so* tired. Four children to take care of—meals to prepare—dishes to wash—is it any wonder I sometimes got so nervous I could scream?

"I had never been very strong anyway . . . especially since my last child came. I used to get so weary toward the end of the day, I'd almost drop. That would make me so irritable, even my own children got on my nerves.

"I took a friend's advice and began drinking Cocomalt and milk with my lunch instead of coffee. I liked it so much, I took another glass every afternoon about four. I soon discovered that this added nourishment was not only helping to build me up, but I wasn't nearly so nervous any more.

"Now I drink Cocomalt at night, too, because I find that I sleep more soundly and wake feeling wonderfully rested. I give Cocomalt to the children instead of plain milk four times a day, and they love it! The extra nourishment is doing them the world of good; they're gaining weight and look fine."

The story this mother tells is not unusual. "Nerves" and fatigue are more often than not the result of *devitalized energy*—a condition easily corrected by proper diet and rest.

Proper diet means *well-balanced food.* Not overeating, for that disturbs digestion and causes sleeplessness. But *the right kind of food* recharges the body with energy, and helps incredibly to throw off that tired, nervous, all-gone-to-pieces feeling.

What Cocomalt is

Cocomalt mixed with milk provides the varied nourishment of a hearty meal . . . *without burdening the digestion.*

Cocomalt actually adds 70% more nourishment to a glass of milk, almost doubling its food value. Yet it is easily digested, quickly converted into vital energy. One reason is because it contains the enzymes which help to digest the starches in other foods.

Physicians everywhere recommend this delicious chocolate flavor food drink for nervous, run-down men and women—convalescents—growing children—and for expectant and nursing mothers.

Contains Vitamin D

In addition to proteins, carbohydrates and minerals, Cocomalt contains that vital element produced by summer sunshine . . . Vitamin D . . . so helpful in building vitality and resistance.

Special trial offer—send coupon

Cocomalt comes in powder form, ready to mix with milk—hot or cold. Three sizes: ½ lb., 1 lb., and the 5 lb. family size. As high as Cocomalt is in concentrated food value, the cost is surprisingly low. On sale at all grocers and leading drug stores.

Or mail this coupon and 10c (to cover cost of packing and mailing), for a generous trial can—enough for the whole family to judge what a wonderful food drink Cocomalt is!

Cocomalt

ADDS 70% MORE NOURISHMENT TO MILK

DELICIOUS HOT OR COLD

R. B. Davis Co., Dept. 79, Hoboken, N. J.

I am enclosing 10c. Please send me a trial-size can of Cocomalt.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

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stretched so tight that it made me think of a toy balloon.

Berry knelt by the side of the bed. "The first batch are almost here, Romanzo. And now remember: not a sound, not a word, not even a syllable."

"Why not?" I asked, much surprised.

"Because that would spoil everything. You see, they have been told that your room is on the third floor and that they are to wait here in the hall on the second until they are sent for. While they are waiting, the chances are they will talk about you, and nobody will be present to cramp their style. It will be a spontaneous and sincere outpouring. The glowing tributes will float in through the stovepipe hole, and all you will have to do will be to lie quiet and let human nature take its course. And then, assuming that you don't perspire, you can waft across the dark river with the golden words still tinkling."

Seating herself on the bed, she rested her left hand on my forehead. From the staircase came the clump of feet and the murmur of voices. With my heart beating faster and harder, I waited for them to begin.

V

THE first remark, after a considerable scraping of chairs, came from Mr. Mifflin, the floorwalker. I had recently raised Mr. Mifflin's salary to enable him to keep up his payments on his new car.

"Well, where is our boy scout?" he asked in a tone far from serious. "And if Romie stays in bed all morning, when does he expect to do his good turn?"

Miss Gatchit spoke up. Owing to the recent illness of an aunt by marriage, she had just returned to corsets and lingerie after three days' vacation with pay. "This is the first time a boss ever called me to his sickroom. Well, sometimes a little cheap sympathy helps a lot. If Romie wants golden words from his wage slaves, he's just the boy that can get 'em."

"And if solid gold is out of the question, then gold-plated will do," added Miss Johnson, the stenographer, to whom I had presented tuition money for a postgraduate course in spelling.

"Romie's like a famine sufferer," said the paralytic delivery man, to whom I had given a job two weeks before. "What he wants isn't quality, but quantity."

The titters became a snickering, snorting chorus. My chest was so contracted that it was almost impossible for me to speak.

"Did you hear what I heard?" I whispered to Berry Spillane.

"Sh-h-h," she said. "It is just because they are racked by painful emotions. They can't bring themselves to feel that you are really sick. They don't want to face the bitter fact. Just be patient a little longer, till their nervousness dies off, and golden words will well up like spring water in a thirsty land."

As the laughter died down I recognized the next voice as belonging to a widow lady in reduced circumstances who, when given a job at the notion counter, had expressed herself in a wave of golden words that had almost knocked me off my feet.

"Romie may not be very bright, but he doesn't bite the hand that feeds him. He's a gratitude hound. Give him enough gratitude and sirup, and you can get away with murder."

Before the chuckles had died away, Chris, the janitor, spoke up in a heavy Scandinavian accent: "Ay told Meestar Timball ay ban grateful if he halp me open boxes. He halp me two hours and ay say ay got gratitude and, oh, boy, see him smile. Haw-haw! Ay have to laugh."

"Easy, Romanzo," said Berry, pushing me back under the comforter. "Remember, people don't wear their hearts on their sleeves. If your employes out there gave vent to their true emotions, maybe they'd break into tears. Keep snuggled up in those bedclothes and wait for the golden words to begin."

"They'd better begin quick," I said between gasps. "I don't think I can last much longer. If Miss Understreet was just here, this would never have happened."

"Addie's due any minute, Romanzo. She'd left Chicago before I telegraphed, and I've got a taxi at the station now, waiting for her when she comes in on the 10:47. Whether or not these other people help you, I know Addie will do you good."

"Cut out the frivolity," said Mr. Mifflin, as the subdued laughter became even more subdued. "It's not Romie's fault. When he was born, the family made a mistake and saved the wrong one."

"And anybody can have lots of fun with Romie," said Miss Johnson, "and that's something. Why, up there in the office I've kept him miserable for hours at a time by pretending not to notice something he'd done for me."

"Berry," I whispered, "I am passing on, and I am glad of it. It won't be long now, because every word they say brings me nearer to the end."

All over my body the skin felt stretched like a rubber air cushion under a two-hundred-pounder. Waves of agony ran up and down my body. My heart seemed to be beating directly behind my eyeballs.

"It's no use hoping now, Berry."

"Hold on, Romanzo. Remember, Addie is coming. Don't forget you are going to hear a spontaneous outpouring from your little blond fiancée before you answer the final summons."

"That's the only thing that's holding me up, Berry. How long must I wait?"

"It's after 10:55. She might be here any minute. Quiet! What's that?"

"It's Addie," I answered, so excited I almost forgot to whisper. "I know her footstep. I'm feeling better already."

"You'll feel still better when you've heard her talk a little. I've known Addie Understreet for the last five years, and when it comes to sincere gratitude, Addie is in a class by herself. Wait and listen."

The familiar footfalls resounded on the staircase, and then I heard the tones I knew so well:

"Oh, are you all here? Is it as serious as that? Where is dear Mr. Timball?"

I pressed Berry's right hand. "Hear that?" I breathed.

"I did, Romanzo, and I hope nothing will stop Addie from going right on."

"Are you referring to Romie?" asked Miss Gatchit.

"I mean Mr. Timball and no one else. I was certainly shocked to hear he was ill, and if you treat his illness as a joke, then I'm afraid we don't understand each other."

"Get off the stage, Addie," said Mr. Mifflin brusquely. "You're among friends. Romie's room is upstairs, so he doesn't hear what you're saying and you can talk naturally. It's all in the family. So take off your coat and put your feet on the table and make yourself at home."

"Oh, yeah?" demanded Addie in a voice I had never heard her use before. "Have I asked you for any advice? Listen, Mifflin, I happen to be assistant manager of Romie's business, so don't get too familiar or you'll find yourself hunting another job."

The moment of intense silence which followed was broken by Miss Gatchit: "The little slicker! She's cleaned up. Listen, Addie, did you turn on the tears when you told Romie how grateful you were?"

"And you pipe down, too, Gatchit," continued Addie in the same voice. "From now on you can call me Miss Understreet, and if you hold your job a few weeks longer, you'll be calling me Mrs. Timball. And now laugh some more. I want to hear you laugh."

"This is the end," I managed to whisper. "The pains are coming back again, and harder than ever."

It was the simple truth. The moment of well-being had given place to physical sensation that might well be called unendurable. Around neck and temples the skin was swollen as though it had been cut too small and was being stretched to fit. My heart was hammering with each beat like the kick of a mule.

"Wait a minute, Romanzo," Berry said, wiping my forehead with a damp towel. "Wait and everything will come out all right; especially just as soon as Addie gets into her stride. In about two minutes you'll hear her express her real opinion of you in golden words that will either cure you or make your passage to the next world a pleasure."

Miss Gatchit laughed shrilly. "Congratulations! And what is the boy friend going to be at the wedding? Best man?"

Addie snapped back viciously: "What do you mean—'boy friend'?"

"I suppose the wedding present will be just one more Chinese vase."

"Are you talking about my cousin?"

"Yes, if the Prince of Wales is your cousin."

"Don't strain yourself wisecracking, Gatchit. Save your strength for your next job. He is my cousin, and I can prove it."

"Sez you. He didn't know he was your cousin when you stole him from me. 'Hello,' he says to me the first time he saw you, 'who's that skinny blonde?'"

Addie's voice was a scream: "All right, Gatchit, save time by not coming around to the store tomorrow! And as for the rest of you, understand here and now that I'm running my own life, and I don't want any interference. If I feel like having a flock of boy friends, I'm going to have them; so tell that to the National Guard."

First it seemed as though my heart would stop beating; then it speeded up till it was like a circus man pounding stakes. Death Valley in August was what the inside of my mouth felt like. I tried to scream, but the only sound that passed my lips was a dry hissing. I knew that my eyes were seeing their last glimpses of this world.

"Berry," I gasped, "give me some sleeping tablets or something and never let me wake up."

Addie was still talking: "He wanted gratitude, and I gave him what he wanted, and if the rest of you didn't, that's just your own bad news. And now here's something else to laugh off: He's made a will in my favor. If he kicks the can, everything comes to me. And get a laugh out of this: If Boobanzo don't kick the can, I'll get it all just the same, because he's got to have his gratitude and I produce his favorite brand. Now then, Gatchit and the rest of you, laugh. Laugh out loud. I want to hear you laugh."

At that instant, just as distinct as Addie's voice, it came: the sound of a rusty chain scraping against the wall.

The frantic leap that took me out of the bedclothes and left me standing on the bed was done solely by my legs and body, and was independent of any conscious effort. And the wild cry that burst from my lungs surprised me as much as it did anybody else. It was a long, despairing scream that made the pictures shake on the wall. And it was still echoing when I felt a warm trickle start down my spinal column.

"I am dying, Berry—dying," I said as my knees gave way. "I have ruptured an artery in my neck and am slowly bleeding to death. But it doesn't matter."

"You have ruptured nothing, Romanzo," said Berry, who was laughing with the lower half of her face and crying with the upper half. "You have merely broken out into a sweat. Your pores are wide open and the keys are thrown away. Your forehead is like a window in an April shower; there's a river running down your back. And let it run, Romanzo—let it run. Cover up now while I shoo your friends and admirers back to the store and find you a few more blankets. And in case you miss your fever, here's a little something to keep the home fires burning."

Bending over, she kissed me square on the lips.

VI

NEXT morning, when I appeared at the store, it was a surprise to all concerned, including the doctor.

"Mr. Mifflin," I said, when the floorwalker appeared at my office, "for various reasons I have been obliged to reduce your pay to what it was before the recent raise. If you feel you're not getting enough, your resignation will be accepted with regret, but alacrity. When you pass out, kindly ask Miss Johnson to step in. . . . Miss Johnson, on this paper are ten words in common use that you habitually misspell. If you're not interested in learning how to spell them by tomorrow morning, that is perfectly all right with me, because I know just what to do about it. Please tell Miss Gatchit I want to see her."

I kept Addie out till I had talked with all the rest.

"Oh, Romanzo," she began when finally admitted—"oh, Romanzo, to see you here once again, alive and well; to be here together ——"

"Yes," I interrupted, "I am here and you are here and we are both here, but only one of us is going to stay here. Be good enough to take your arms off my neck and accept this check for two weeks' salary in advance and also my sincere wishes that you will find a job where your good qualities will be appreciated. . . . No, I don't believe I ever asked you to marry me or came anywhere near it. That was just one of your ideas. But if you think otherwise, you will find a list of attorneys at law in the back of the telephone book. That gentleman coming from behind the screen is a police-headquarters man, but he has orders not to use force unless it is absolutely necessary."

Addie left of her own accord, but not before expressing herself in such language as to leave me glowing from head to foot.

Shortly after, I managed to get Berry Spillane back on the old job. Her first move was to fit wire gadgets around the necks of those Chinese vases and put the lot on the market as Samurai Indirect Lighting Fixtures—$1.59 each—no more than six to a customer. The 3011 went like greased lightning, with a net profit on the whole transaction of $3654.27.

Last month we opened the annex with a reception and dance in honor of everybody connected with the store. On the way home from the occasion I noticed that my wife had something to say to me and was having difficulty in getting started.

"It's a hard problem, Romanzo. I'm not sure whether I should or I shouldn't. But I really think that by this time your mental and emotional muscles are in shape and you can stand the shock."

"What are you getting at, Berry?" I asked anxiously.

"A heavy responsibility has been unloaded on me, Romanzo. Everybody in the store is mixed up in it and they all are trusting yours sincerely. They feel I ought to know how to handle a delicate situation. But several times over they emphasized the fact that unless you were going to take it the right way, the whole affair had better be forgotten for a couple of years."

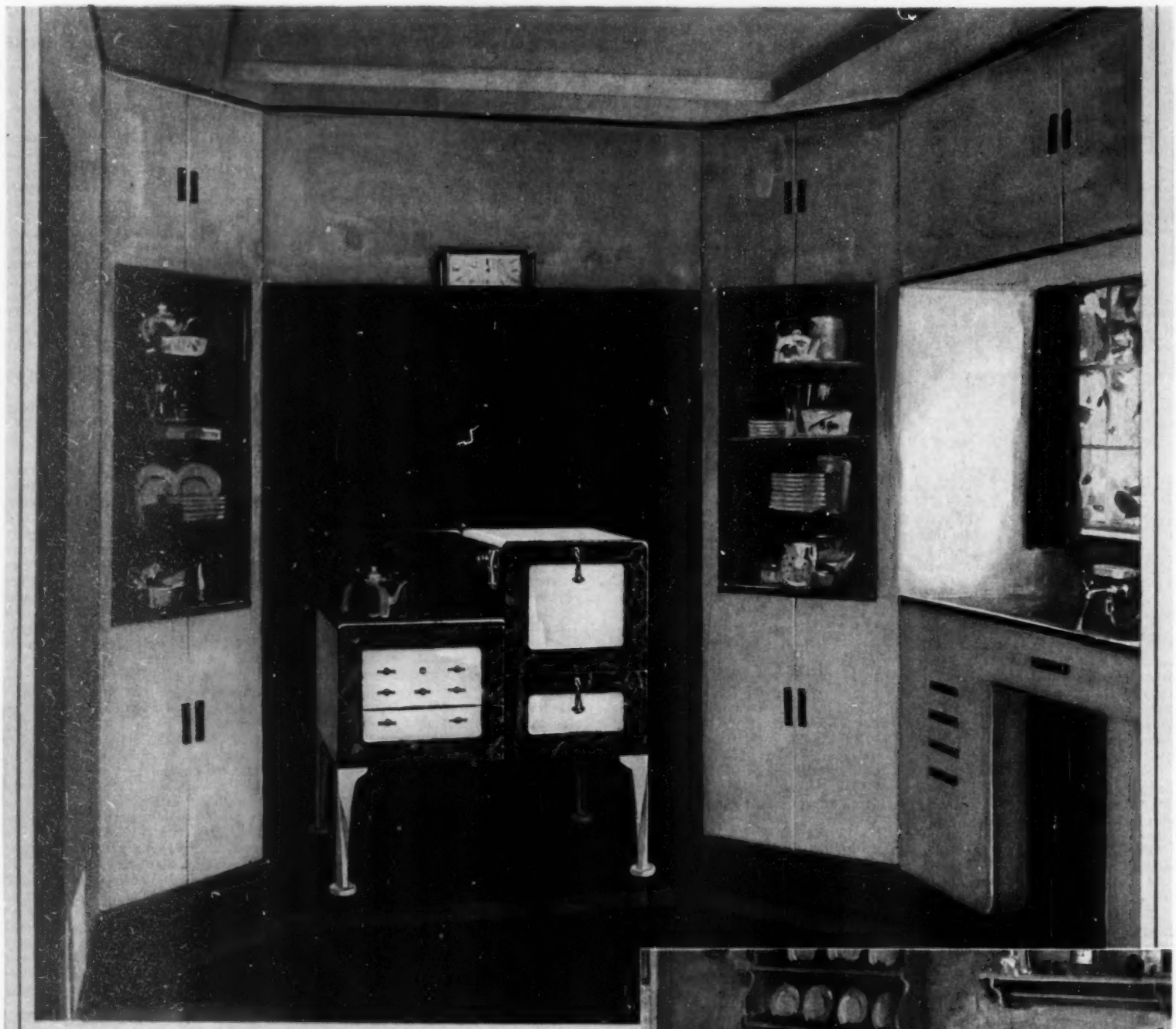
Berry leaned back in the car and looked me over.

"Well, Romanzo, I may be wrong, but I believe you're cured. I don't think the contents of this little package will hurt you. Take it, and remember it's not backed up by hot air, but by a lot of honestly earned affection and respect."

I stopped the car to look. It was a watch and chain of solid gold, and on the back case was engraved a blindfolded figure holding a pair of scales.

"But why the laugh?" Berry asked. "I don't understand. What were you laughing for?"

"Well," I said as I got my face back to normal, "I was laughing because I thought it was my turn."



Patents Pending

TIFFIN · $99.75 CASH PRICE
MODEL ($112.75 West of the Rockies)

This American adaptation of a simple Dutch kitchen shows how well this new MAGIC CHEF Model lends itself to any style or color scheme.

Magic Chef will Harmonize with any Kitchen

No matter what kind of a kitchen you have—old style or modern, large or small, irregular-shaped or square, plain or colorful—MAGIC CHEF will beautify it and add a pleasing note of charm and distinction.

Magic Chef
PRODUCT OF
AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY

Patents Pending

PATRICIAN · $195 CASH PRICE
MODEL ($210 West of the Rockies)

A larger MAGIC CHEF Model in Italian Grand Antique marble finish with Old Ivory trim and handles of Onyx Green Bakelite.

NEW BEAUTY FOR YOUR KITCHEN

Woman's desire to modernize and beautify her kitchen won universal response to the beauty appeal of the MAGIC CHEF first announced a year ago. Now a new MAGIC CHEF . . . the **TIFFIN** *. . . in a more compact and convenient size . . . has been created to satisfy the demands of women who want Magic Chef charm and style at a more moderate price.*

THINK of it . . . a new MAGIC CHEF for your very own . . . delightfully modern in its design . . . daintily harmonious in its color scheme . . . charming and graceful as a piece of fine furniture . . . yet built so conveniently compact that it will fit your kitchen and be in perfect keeping with its proportions.

Like the larger MAGIC CHEF models, the new Tiffin is beautifully enameled throughout. The exterior finish is in Old Ivory with Verd Antique marble trim. The handles are of cool, onyx green bakelite mounted on chromium finished fittings that will not tarnish.

A new type folding cover conceals the cooking top, giving a smooth, clean appearance to the stove when not in use. Raised, the cover forms a back splasher.

With all its attractive style the Tiffin is thoroughly serviceable and complete with the modern MAGIC CHEF features that have won the approval of gas-engineering and home economics experts. These features include the famous Lorain (Red Wheel) Oven Heat Regulator, the Insulated Oven and Broiler, the Safety-Type Valves, the reversible, rackless Broiler Pan and the roomy Service Drawer.

And while compactly built to fit into small space the Tiffin has ample cooking capacity for ten people. You really cannot appreciate how completely this stove will meet your requirements . . . of beauty, of convenience, of labor-saving efficiency . . . until you see it. And when you do you'll agree that it cannot be matched by any gas range at anywhere near its remarkably moderate price. Visit the Red Wheel dealer today!

CASH PRICE **$99.75**

($112.75 West of the Rockies) Arrangements can be made to pay out of income.

It is a
GOOD GAS RANGE
that has this
RED WHEEL

If gas service is not available in your community, let us tell you how to obtain tank-gas-service for use in a Red Wheel Gas Range.

Write for Free Booklet containing illustrations of Handsome Modern Kitchens in full color.

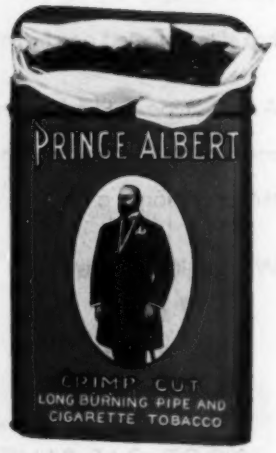
AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY
Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World
DEPT. B-19 CHOUTEAU AVENUE, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Why fiddle around?

WHY waste a lot of time and matches trying to find the one smoking-tobacco you can tie to for life? I can give you a passport to pipe-joy in two words: *Prince Albert!* I ought to know. I was already a pipe-smoking veteran when some of you fellows were still on the bottle.

Just get yourself a tidy red tin of P. A. and you won't need any ballyhoo from me. Throw back the hinged lid and let that P. A. aroma broadcast its message. Then fill-up and light-up. Cool as the shock of a bill you'd forgotten. Sweet as the stamp reading "Paid in full."

Mellow and mild and refreshing, as no other tobacco ever was. That's P. A., whether you smoke it in a pipe or the makin's papers. Why fiddle around? Skip straight across lots to the one smoking-tobacco that sets the pace for all others. There must be a reason . . . there *is!*



Quality and quantity BOTH *—you get* TWO *full ounces in every tin.*

PRINCE ALBERT

—the national joy-smoke!

© 1930, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

RIVER TO THE SEA

(Continued from Page 32)

either for his part in Lorry's departure or for his share in causing the dramatic appearance of her mother. He would have liked to say something to show his understanding and gratitude for a continued welcome, but the old man definitely closed the incident by the manner in which he turned to resume his work. Nevertheless, it seemed to Le May that immediate departure would appear ungracious; besides, he wished to linger on his own account. Casting around for an excuse, his eyes fell on the group of children and he joined them on the floor.

"Could I use your scissors, Maddie?"

"No."

"What about yours, Dora; just for one picture?"

"Of course you may," said Dora sweetly, but kept on employing her scissors for her own purposes.

"Let me help you, Molly," said Le May, turning to the youngest of the three. "I'll hold your hand for a while; then you can hold mine."

Molly nodded her golden head in approval. He sat down close beside her, settled her in the crook of his arm, and together they began to snip to a much truer line than she had been able to attain alone; but before many minutes had passed the other girls ceased clipping and Molly also grew tired of the play. He had broken the fragile circle of their restless content.

He arose with a sigh. "Who's for a ride?" he asked.

Instantly all three were on tiptoe, surrounding him and begging to be taken. He gained Beale's permission, and placing the two older children in the rumble seat and with Molly at his side, he drove halfway down the lane. By speeding up a little, he induced a chorus of shrieks at every bump.

"Here's where we stop," he said, slowing at the turnout nearest the house.

But Dora and Maddie protested loudly and Molly burst into sobs. The same thing happened at the next turnout, and the next. After that there was no reason for pausing, and when he reached the turnpike he himself had attained a mood of in-for-a-penny-in-for-a-pound. He continued straight through and up Becker Hill to his own house. There he unloaded the children, took them into the main room and tried to tell them the history of some of his treasures.

He was amazed at the effect produced upon them by entering a strange house; through instinct alone they assumed company manners of which he had not dreamed them capable. For his own amusement he called in Mrs. Thorndyke and asked her to bring her finest apples. She shot gimlet glances at the three youngsters, but failed to betray herself in any other way. He was disappointed. When she came back a moment later with a plate of apples, rubbed until they shone, he made a formal introduction.

"This is Molly, Mrs. Thorndyke, and that's Maddie and this is Dora."

"Dora who?" asked Mrs. Thorndyke maliciously.

"Just Dora," he answered quickly with a shrug of his shoulders. He took the plate and offered an apple to Molly first.

She looked up at him and said in a loud whisper, "I should be last, please, because I'm the youngest."

"Oh, Molly!" exclaimed Dora and Maddie in chorus.

"I don't care," cried Molly, kicking at the rung of the chair on which she sat. "I'm the youngest and I ought to be last."

"You ought to be ashamed," murmured Dora. "It's because you want the biggest."

VIII

NO BUSINESS was more subject to fits and starts than Le May's. His most frequent sales were made at the house, but the prospect of a chance customer never held him back from starting out on meandering excursions of exploration. Nor was Mrs. Thorndyke authorized to sell anything at any price, and therein lay much of his inborn salesmanship. She could show people about the place, but that was all. If they craved any object badly enough they would return, not once but two and three times, until good fortune happened to find the proprietor at home. There was also a circle who trusted in his judgment sufficiently to place definite orders for certain specified pieces. These, when found, he would ship directly from the place of purchase to his customer, always accompanied by the guaranty that he was willing to retain the piece himself.

His genius had originated another potential source of wealth. Troubled by the overwhelming importance of working capital to any collector, combined with the dead weight of indefinite storage, he had devised an original scheme. He would sign a written contract with anyone to furnish a room or a house complete, binding himself to take back the entire collection at any time after five years at the exact price of sale. The word "entire" was the small nigger in this woodpile, but did not hinder the plan from proving a tremendous selling argument. Only the shrewdest of his patrons realized they were being used as bankers and warehouses, for since he was no tyro, he knew positively that any piece of furniture of his choice, any rug, bowl or picture, would increase in value during five years—an occasional article to ten times its selling price.

"Buy the best furniture made today," he would say, "and at the end of a year some secondhand dealer will offer you one-tenth of what you paid for it and laugh at your pain. Buy from me and after five years I'll hand you back your money intact."

Seldom did the argument fail, and on those not infrequent occasions when his offer to rebuy was taken up, great profit invariably resulted. On the whole, his was an easy life and a pleasant one, but it did not stop at that. It opened many a door on the world of beauty, broadened and aired his mind at the same time, and from time to time provided him with an unforgettable thrill. Of course, there were moments when his pocketbook went flat. Faced by necessity, he would never bother with small economies, but would grit his teeth and sell some treasure, long withheld, for a large sum. Such an event was in the character of a funeral, depressing him for a time. But a fresh purchase, a sunny day, or even a plunge into the icy pool in the woods at the hidden foot of Yellow Mountain was enough to set him up again. Returning from any foray to the west, he never thought of Log House or its inmates, but whenever he came in from the north or south along the Torrington Pike he yielded to the impulse to turn east up the long lane.

He had received only a single letter from his sister, made up of a series of statements, the main one of which was to the effect that Lorry would stay with her for the time being. The rest referred to what she had done, was doing and was planning to do, but throughout there had been no hint as to how either Mrs. Darling or Lorry felt in regard to any matter whatever. His first impulse had been to hand the letter to Beale, but remembering how apathetic the old man had been to the recital of Lorry's arrival in New York, he was on the point of tearing it up when a brand-new thought came to stay his hand.

The three little girls had come to accept him, if not as one of themselves, at least on the level of a piece of familiar furniture, a doll or the family dog. They would sit on him, play with him objectively, or abuse him, all with an air of proprietorship which permitted few liberties in return. Sensing this inclusion with reservations, he remembered his sister's letter and, seated on his heels with the children squatted about him, he took it out and held it balanced on the tips of his fingers.

(Continued on Page 103)

Hair Falling?

Baldness need not follow

If your hair is falling out, don't worry about it. Brush out the dead, loose hair, and concentrate your efforts on the scalp. If the scalp is in healthy condition, new hair will grow in fast enough to replace what is lost. It's up to you to keep the scalp clean and vigorous.

Use "Vaseline" Hair Tonic to soften encrusted dust and perspiration and free the tiny follicles, so new hairs can come through. Before your weekly shampoo, apply the Tonic and massage it in thoroughly. Make the scalp move loosely. Work it round and round, from the neck and temples up to the crown. This treatment is a double feature — the Tonic cleanses and lubricates, and the massage tones the scalp and stimulates the circulation of nourishing blood to the hair roots.

Now's the time to encourage a new crop of hair if you want to guard against baldness. Start the sensible, simple "Vaseline" Hair Tonic treatment tonight — and follow it regularly every week.

Buy your supply of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic at any drug store. It comes in handy bottles of 2 sizes, with a convenient shaker-type top. Made by the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 17 State Street, N.Y.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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. . . not a *SOUND*— not a movement

Electrolux freezes your ice and makes your cold—noiselessly, not only when new, but always

SUPPOSE an automobile salesman said to you:

"Here's a car that can't grow old. It can't squeak or rattle. You'll never hear the engine. No matter how long you have this car, it stays brand new."

"Impossible!" you'd say. And right you'd be. For where there's machinery there must be some wear, some noise as time goes on.

Yet Electrolux can make you that same promise with entire truth. For Electrolux has no machinery of any kind. Not a single moving part to wear, to vibrate, to grow noisy with age.

A tiny, inexpensive gas flame and a simple trickle of water do all the work. The cold is steady, constant. There's no stopping and starting. And ice cubes freeze quickly. The refrigerant never needs renewal—it is sealed for life within rigid steel. Even the tiny gas flame is protected by an automatic shut-off.

Best of all, the operating cost of Electrolux is insignificant. As little as 50 cents a month in some localities. And practically always, no matter where you live, the cost is far below that of any other automatic refrigerator.

No wonder Electrolux is going into so many fine new apartments and homes all over the country. Yet prices are only $195 to $430, f.o.b. factory. Liberal purchase terms. Can be operated with Pyrofax Gas where there are no city mains. See your gas company or other Electrolux distributor, or write for complete literature to Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, Inc., Evansville, Ind.

ELECTROLUX

THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

A tiny gas flame takes the place of all moving parts

Hostess Model Electrolux shown above has 9.2 square feet of shelf space and makes 45 large ice cubes

(Continued from Page 101)

"Here's a letter about Lorry," he said. "Which one of you wants to take it to your mother?"

To his consternation, there was no movement; on the contrary, he witnessed a strange cessation even of expression. They stared at him stolidly—so stolidly that he could feel two spots of color mounting to his cheek bones.

"Well," he said, letting the letter slip to the ground, "there it is; I don't care whether she gets it or not."

Perhaps this incident, now two weeks old, had had its share in thrusting Lorry deeper into the background than ever. At any rate, it tended to modify his relations with Log House and thus lessened the occasions when his thoughts would naturally turn to her. At intervals he might think Edie was a pig not to let him know what was happening, but that couldn't be termed interest; it was mere curiosity. Consequently, when Mrs. Darling did call upon him, and loudly, the summons came out of a clear sky. It was a telegram:

COME AT ONCE BIRD FLOWN

His first impulse was to call her up, but he realized promptly that if a telephone conversation could have cleared the situation she would have thought of it herself. He answered to expect him by dinnertime, packed a bag and started out. That evening, lounging before the open fire in the spacious studio, he strove to piece together his sister's disjointed tale. The trouble with it was a vividness too hectic for calm telling, since there are tales which lose their inner truth by being truthfully told. He observed the perplexed narrator with an amused and enraging smile.

"What are you laughing at?" she demanded impatiently. "Is it my fault I can't describe a sunset and a volcano with one set of words?"

"That's just it," he answered soothingly. "You're a calm, truthful person who has no business trying to describe Lorry. Your observation is perfect, but your comprehension reels and totters before contradiction. If you'd just try to tell me what happened and leave out why you think it happened perhaps we'd get somewhere."

"I've told you what happened," replied his sister incisively. "At first she was as smooth as the inside of a buttercup. She was happy, Ken; I've never known anybody who could be happy so easily or with so little. I fitted her out with a simple outfit and one sweet evening dress. After that she didn't care whether she left the house or not. She would eat anything, drink anything, read anything, as if it was just a part of breathing—something you did without thinking, much less with a lot of fussy talk. But whenever we went to the piano she would come alive. I don't mean she would brighten up; I mean coming alive like a thing being born before your eyes. Hours of it every day. She would play and sing, or I would play for her and she would sing and dance. I've never lived like that myself before, and now it's over forever!"

"Oh, I don't know. She isn't dead; she's gone around the corner."

"Then conscience got busy. I thought I had to do something, so I took her to Legendre. She sang for him—once. He accepted her for a pupil and I left her. The first explosion must have come almost immediately. They got into some technical argument in French on voice placing, and from all I can find out, it degenerated into a battle. I don't mean they actually pulled hair, but they came so near it that Legendre had to deny himself to his pupils for three days."

"That's interesting," observed Le May. "If Lorry hadn't been at least half right he wouldn't have got excited at all."

"Of course not. It ended up with his saying a heavenly voice was no use to a wildcat and with her calling him an old fool. As you suggest, they probably admire and respect each other, but that's no help. Face to face, they would always fight, and next time it might come to finger nails."

"Did you try somebody else?"

"Yes, after an interval of sublime peace I took her to three. One was a faker and the other two admitted reluctantly she knew as much as they did, and probably meant she knew more. They said what they could do for her would be to give her the habit of regular vocalization and hold her back from straining her voice."

"Then what happened?"

"They pestered her, keen to have the credit of launching such a pupil, but she despised them, and said so. After that, more divine peace back here. I guess I grew drunk on it; anyway, my conscience did—so drunk it passed out completely. What makes me furious at myself is that I don't know at all what was going on inside Lorry during my long debauch; I only know the dull thud of the end. One morning she packed up her things and said she was going."

"You must have had some sort of disagreement."

"You're wrong. No quarrel, no discussion, no anything. You say I'm calm—you should have seen me! I've read about distraction and it's never meant anything to me—only a word. But that day I had it the way you have measles, or the flu, or smallpox. To make it ten times worse, there was Lorry, giving an exhibition of what calm really is. I'd never seen it before and neither have you. It's something that stands like a granite bowlder while you tear your hair, and then grows feet like a tortoise and moves slowly out and away without saying a word."

"While she was staying here, did she use to go out alone?"

"Quite often. From the first I never had the slightest hesitation about letting her do anything she wanted to do. I had to go to luncheons and things, and she'd never accept any invitation where she would have to meet anybody else. She said she didn't come here to meet people, and it sounded so sensible it was like an ax. Quite often I'd come back and find she was still out on her own."

"So she could have skipped quite easily without telling you she was going?"

"You're clever, Ken. Of course she could, except that she isn't that kind."

"When did she leave?"

"Three days ago. I know I ought to have sent for you at once, but I was trying to find her."

"Did you try the Three Arts Club, the Rehearsal—that sort of thing?"

"No, what are they?"

"Semiphilanthropical hangouts for girls trying for the stage. They're pretty careful though, and she couldn't have had a reference."

"She wouldn't need it," said Mrs. Darling with prompt conviction. "Are they in the telephone book?"

"Yes, and any one of them would give you the names of the others. But I'll call them up."

After fruitless inquiries by telephone to various addresses, he sought out Arthur Broadwater, who probably knew more about the habits of arriving ambitious youth than any other man in New York. Bred in the theater, he had occupied all its positions—usher, super, stage manager, actor, casting director, managing director, producer, co-author—and still was not above mingling half a dozen of these callings at necessity's demand. Ken's problem promptly became his.

"She wouldn't go to any of those clubs until she knew somebody," he declared; "she'd go to a hotel in the West Forties. Her voice is her best bet, though you say she can dance. I'll have somebody make out a list of everything in the song-and-dance line that's been casting this last week, then I'll have somebody else telephone them in my name, because they wouldn't answer you. Outside of that, there's ten million cabarets I don't know anything about. She's probably in one of them, and they're up to you."

For his midnight peregrinations Le May picked on his erstwhile boon companion, Frederick Talbot Smith. Bot had grown weary in the night life of his native city, but the difficult prospect of finding a needle in a haystack immediately enlivened him. Ordinarily his night prowlings were undertaken because he had nothing to do; to reverse the process and start out with a well-nigh hopeless object in view presented all the relief of variety. He guided Ken up and down the scale of early morning entertainment and finally gave up.

"There's only one hole left," he declared, "and that's Brodie Bodine's."

"Let's go," said Le May.

"No, and for two reasons: The last time I went somebody stole my wallet and added painful insult to injury by having me thrown out. Also she wouldn't be there."

"Why not?"

"It's good, but tough. I'd say Brodie is the best picker of talent and beauty combined the town has ever produced, but there's a blight on him. He can't divorce his art from an inborn hankering for the penitentiary."

"Let's go anyway," said Le May. "I'll protect your wallet or you can park it in the safe at the Astor."

"Hardly worth while," said Bot, and added reluctantly: "Well, come along, though we're a bit early for the show."

Bodine welcomed him as though he were a long-lost friend. "Where you been, Mr. Smith? I ain't seen you since ——"

"Since you threw me out," interrupted Bot sourly.

"Threw you out, Mr. Smith? Never! What I mean, it was a mistake—one of those early morning mistakes that comes and goes with a hangover. I don't hold it against you, and I hope you won't against me. Where you gentlemen like to sit?"

Bot knowingly chose a table for two against the side wall and they settled down to await the event of the cabaret. The sparse audience began to thicken, and never had Le May seen such a turgid mixture of humanity. Graduates and postgraduates of Sing Sing rubbed elbows with the Social Register; while, as for the women, they ran the gamut from the latest pretty bit of fluff on the arm of a corpulent escort to the heavy dowager who had to throw a party—dinner, theater and supper—as the only means of wedging herself in at a ringside table for six where four would have been crowded.

The show, when it started, proved all and more than Bot had predicted. The beauty and youth of the performers alone were enough to justify superlatives, but where Brodie's genius shone forth was in his uncanny juggling of contrasts. Not only was one extreme type used as a foil to another but there were contrasts within a single individual. The girl who had appeared as a demure violinist on the threshold of her teens would lay aside her fiddle and break into a can-can calculated to curdle the blood in the veins of visiting produce merchants.

"I guess you were right and we're wasting time," said Le May presently. "Want to go?"

But at that moment there came a pause in the maelstrom—more of a hovering hiatus than a pause—and Lorry appeared on the sudden vacancy of the floor. Dressed in the simplest of evening frocks, she had a freshness as foreign to the women at the tables as it was to the performers who had preceded her. Le May stared dumfounded at her fearless bearing, no more tainted with bravado than the boldness of a fawn, ignorant of man.

"Get that!" gasped Talbot, forgetful for the moment of their mission. "I told you Brodie was a picker!"

Unheeded, almost unnoticed, she began to sing, and instantly her voice cut into the general clatter like a scythe mowing grass. Where tongues had been chattering there was silence, such silence as grips the heart by the scruff of the neck and shakes it awake, magically transferred to another world. People did not pause to ask how such a girl and such a song had come to Bodine's, simply because each individual was too preoccupied with the intimate query: "What am I doing here? How did I get here?"

Le May's finger nails bit into his hands. He was consumed, torn apart between the urge to listen only, and rage against her mere presence in such surroundings. Scarcely had the last note of the final encore died, engulfed in too vociferous applause, when he was on his feet, following her through the curtain which fell behind her exit, Bot at his heels and the wondering Bodine rushing up to close the procession.

"Lorry!" called Ken.

She turned, alert, ready for battle, but upon seeing who had spoken, the tenseness went out of her body. "Did you hear me sing?" she asked.

"To the devil with that!" said Le May, his eyes ablaze. "Where are your things?"

"I haven't any; I walk in here from the hotel down the street."

Bodine recovered from his consternation. "Hey, what the hell, you! What the hell, I say!"

"Keep out of this," snapped Le May, without taking his eyes from Lorry.

"That gag goes into the next score!" gasped Bodine, too astounded for active fury. "If I didn't know you was crazy I would have you bumped, stuffed and hung on the wall."

Le May turned, and abruptly his face broke into a winning smile. "You're right, Mr. Bodine, but you've only said the half of it. I'm crazy, you're crazy, and so is my friend Bot Smith, not to mention Miss Steele. I'm her guardian, and she happens to be under the protection of the courts, so don't start anything you can't finish." He sobered as he faced Lorry again. "Are you going to go with me or do you want to be carried out?"

"I'll go," said Lorry.

She showed them the way down the back stairs and into the street. "My hotel's down there," she continued, with a vague wave of her hand.

"Lorry, how did it happen?" he demanded beseechingly. "How did you ever land in such a place?"

She stared at him, troubled and surprised; then turned away dejectedly. "I wanted to sing to people—not only to myself and Mrs. Darling. I tried lots of places and waited around for hours, but nobody wanted to bother. Then I heard a girl tell about Mr. Bodine. He didn't have much time either. He was eating a late lunch and the place was almost empty, so he told me to go ahead, and I did. He engaged me straight off. That's all."

It was Ken's turn to stare, nonplused. "Well," he said finally, "let's get your things."

"Where are you going to take me?" she asked submissively.

"Back to my sister's for tonight. Leave the rest till tomorrow."

"What about our hats?" asked Bot.

"They won't rot," said Le May, "but go after them if you like."

Mr. Smith chose not to go back, and presently, as the two men were standing around in a nondescript hotel lobby, waiting for Lorry, he murmured, "I need a hat."

"For what?"

"To doff to the uncrowned king of charmers."

"She can sing all right," muttered Le May.

"I said king, my boy, not queen. I wouldn't have believed it of you! You ought to be president emeritus of the lion tamers' union."

Le May turned on him. "Get this, Bot. She's nothing but a kid, playing around with a million-dollar voice she thinks is a bag of marbles. The only reason I can crack the whip over her is because I'm here to say hands off to all Bodines, to you, and principally to myself."

Lorry came down. In silence they entered a night-hawk taxicab and in silence they rode. It was three in the morning when Le May descended to put his thumb on Mrs. Darling's bell and keep it there

(Continued on Page 106)

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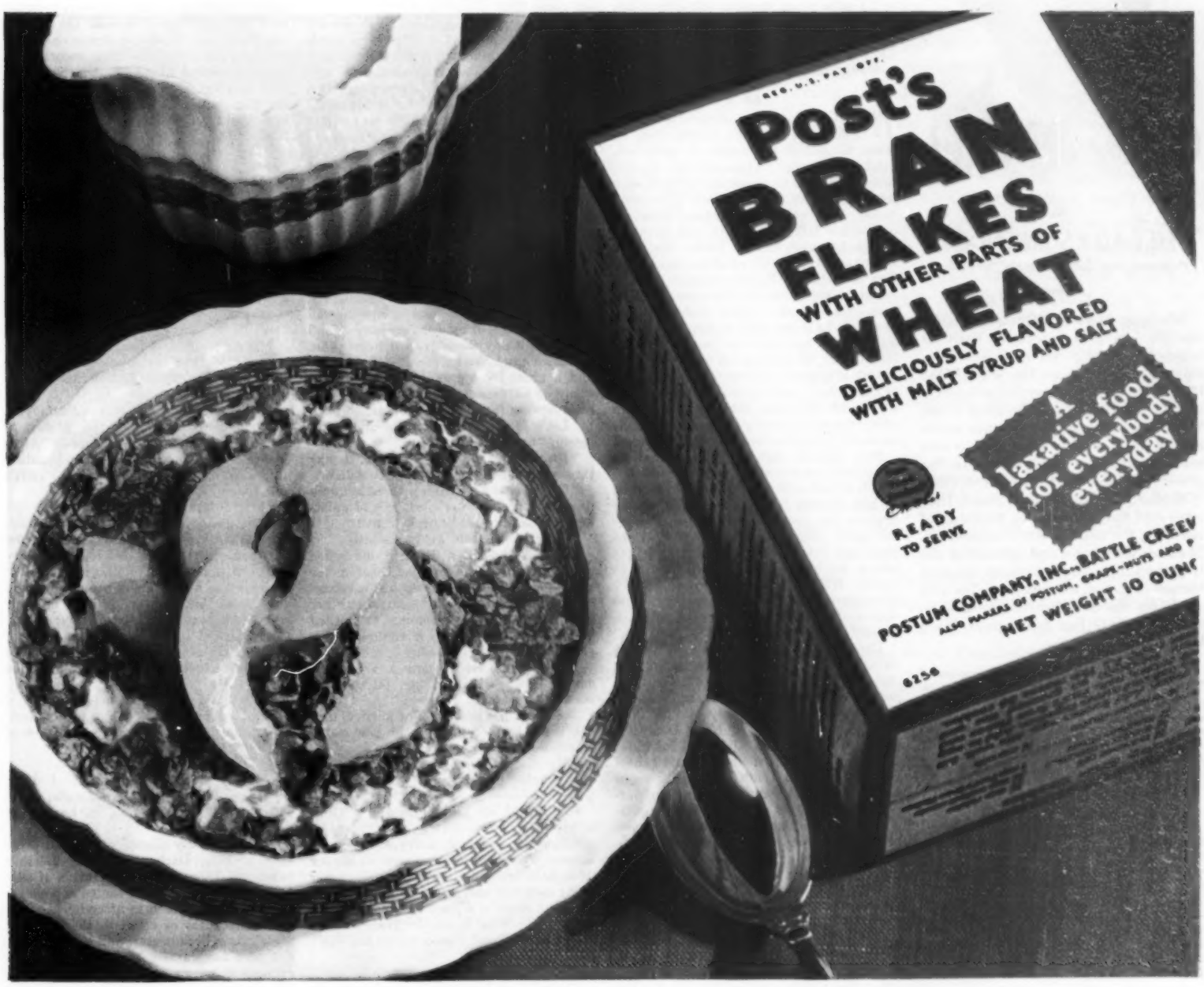

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◆ ◆

Harris Deans, in a splendidly written review of "All Quiet on the Western Front" which appeared in a recent number of The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News of London, England, says in part: "If I were a British Mussolini, I should have marched straight to Downing Street, after seeing this picture, and issued a proclamation ordering every man, woman and child between the ages of fifteen and forty to see it at once."

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(Continued from Page 103)

until her head appeared at the open leaf of the studio window.

"Is it you, Ken?"

"Yes."

"You gave me an awful fright."

"Here's Lorry, Edie. Come, open up."

Bot had stayed with Lorry beside the cab, but now she came to stand so close to Le May that when she shivered her shoulder quivered against his. He felt an impulse to put his arm around her—the same impulse he had often had to open his coat to a shivering puppy—but he stifled it promptly.

"You're a little fool," he muttered. "You probably caught cold chasing from that dump to your hotel without a coat. You're ten kinds of a fool, but I'm not going into that now. You listen to me, Lorry. Are you listening?"

"Yes," she said, her teeth half chattering.

"You're going straight to bed and stay there until I come around in the morning. Then we're going to have this thing out. Do you understand?"

She nodded her head.

IX

LE MAY awoke with a start, to be further confounded when he looked from his window upon a panorama of sandstone, brick and mortar. Where was the familiar domed maple in its shameless livery of scarlet, yellow and green? Then he remembered. This was not his meager bedroom on Becker Hill; it was an equally bleak cubicle in a club in New York. The night before arose out of the subconscious to slap him in the face. Feeling dragged out and soiled, he noted an odd phenomenon. Let a man grease a car, pound stone or clear brush till he is one cake of sweat and dusty grime, and somehow he feels gloriously clean; but let him spend half the effort sitting around in a monotonous sequence of night clubs, soaking up drinks he doesn't want and watching other people strain every nerve to have a good time, and he awakes to a dark-brown taste, outside and in.

Such was his philosophy as he crawled out of bed, but five minutes later, under the simple influence of a drenching cold shower, he laid it aside as functionally as a snake discards last year's skin. He became himself again, vital from pink toes to his rumpled hair. Only when breakfasting at his leisure did his thoughts turn definitely to Lorry. What was he going to say to her? How reach her? How wake her to a practical working consciousness of the vision he himself could so clearly see?

Dressed in his jauntiest town clothes and swinging a stick, he started to walk to his sister's house. It was late October and there was just enough chill in the air to stir one's blood and lift one's eyes to the deep blue of the interrupted sky. Doubtless Lorry would still be in bed, but his sister might be up, and he would welcome a short talk with her before embarking on his major mission. He had avoided telephoning purposely, wishing to dodge a set triangular conference, and was rather pleased, upon arrival, to have the maid open to his ring.

"Good morning, Elsie. Is Mrs. Darling down?"

"No, sir. She's awake, but she hasn't come down. Miss Steele is up; she's in the studio. Shall I tell Mrs. Darling you're here, sir?"

"No," he decided after a slight pause, "don't bother."

He went slowly up the stairs and into the studio. Lorry, clothed in a close-fitting suit which lent an elusive, slender frailty to her shoulders, was sitting erect in a chair near the broad window. She seemed diminished, but not imprisoned, for her hair was loosely done and sufficed alone to free her from the imputation of a set type. Up to her neck she might have been modeling for the tailored woman, but above that point she was human and an individual.

"How long have you been waiting?" he asked.

"Not very long."

"Had your breakfast?"

"Elsie gave me something."

He drew up a chair and sat down facing her. "Have you seen my sister?"

"For a minute." She regarded him thoughtfully, and then continued, "I told her you would want to talk to me, so she's staying in her room."

"I do not want to talk to you, Lorry," he said eagerly, seizing upon the opening so deliberately provided. Doubts fell from him and he met frankness with frankness, his earnestness bringing a shining look into his face as he leaned toward her. "I'm not going into what it did to me to find you in that night hole, because—because somehow it doesn't seem to have done anything to you at all! I—I can't get over your being completely unchanged."

"Why should a thing like that change me?"

"That's a question! Tell me; didn't Bodine or anybody else try to get fresh with you?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "People are people," she said slowly; "they can never come nearer to you than you come to them."

He frowned, reassured by her manner, and yet baffled by the words themselves. But as he stared into her sober face their meaning seemed to clarify, and he drew a sigh of relief. "I guess it's no use worrying about you, ever. If it's so easy for you to take care of yourself on the ground level of Manhattan, it's foolish for anybody to lie awake nights wondering what's happening to you."

"I didn't like that place," she confided, "but I didn't know it was particularly bad."

For a flash he was enabled to see through her eyes, and the revelation made a fool of him. With her background and upbringing, what reason had she to discover any unusual evil in Bodine's, or by what measure should she judge it any worse than the rest of an unknown city? With a recluse for a mother and a cynic for a grandfather, she might easily be pardoned if she took Brodie and his following for the metropolitan norm.

"Let's forget about it," he urged sincerely, "and look ahead."

"I was to get a hundred a week. I sang three nights, so they owe me fifty dollars."

"Forget that too. Here's three hundred from your grandfather's last sale of paintings. I told him I'd bring it to you."

"Thank you," said Lorry absently.

She took the notes, unrolled and rolled them. Presently she dropped them on the table at her side, picked up her handkerchief and unconsciously began to rub her fingers clean. The pantomime astonished him; it was so veritably in the manner of old Clayton Beale himself.

"You don't really care a lot about money," he stated. Then, puzzled, he asked the question, "Do you?"

She shook her head. "Not particularly, but it's a sort of measure of how much you're wanted."

"My dear girl, you could be one of the most wanted people in the world, if you'd only—only ——"

She looked at him curiously. "Only what?"

"Give me a chance, Lorry," he begged earnestly. "Hand yourself over to me for six months or a year. Let me introduce you in my own way and promise me you won't put your name to a piece of paper unless I tell you to. What if you don't understand what it's all about? You can trust me, can't you?"

"Yes," she answered slowly.

"It isn't as if I wanted a thing for myself; I don't. I want success for you—the sort of triumph that's the natural right of a voice like yours—and there are two or three ways to get it. Don't you know I'm telling the whole truth? Don't you feel it?"

"Oh, yes," she said, regarding him from within a calm which approached indifference. "I promise. I'll do anything you say."

He leaped to his feet under the impulse of her unqualified submission and went to lay his hands on her shoulders. "That's fine, Lorry. We'll show them!"

She rose also and stood looking into his face. "It's what you want, Ken, isn't it?"

"Of course. Haven't I been telling you?"

Her eyes seemed fathomless and for a moment he had an absurd sense of falling forward into their depths. He broke away brusquely and left the house with his brows knotted in a frown. The faster he walked, and the farther he went, the tighter grew the knot, but once he had begun to substitute action for anxious speculation his forehead resumed its habitual smoothness and his spirits more than their usual buoyancy. The classic thing would have been to ship Lorry abroad for a year's study, give her a debut at the Scala, a European tour, as much cabled front-page publicity as she could get, and finally launch her in New York. But that was old style, and besides, Lorry was Lorry. No, there was a straighter road, leading ultimately to the same goal.

He laid out his campaign and within a few days his efforts, ably seconded by Bot Smith's widespread influence, were crowned with the beginnings of success. On a Saturday night Lorry made her bow at one of the smartest restaurants in town, escorted going and coming by no less a person than Mrs. Herbert Darling, elected to office at her own request. She undertook the rôle of dragon again on Monday and battled for it on Tuesday.

"Say, Edie," remarked her brother, "enough's enough. Cut out the duenna stuff. Lorry can take a taxi to the restaurant alone, and it's no trouble for Bot and me to drop around to bring her home."

"Your thoughtfulness is overwhelming, but leaves me cold," replied Mrs. Darling. "I've never had so much fun in all my life! Though I do nothing but sit in a corner of a dressing room you have to put on with a shoehorn, I listen, I look, I see, and two hours go by on the wings of a minute."

"You'll get sick of it quick enough."

"Perhaps, but in the meantime Lorry won't earn the reputation of running two men at once."

To her surprise, Ken was not annoyed. "I'll tell you a secret for the comfort of your own heart," he remarked. "After Bodine's, the question of her reputation quit worrying me once and for all. That's out, thank God."

"Why?" asked his sister curiously.

"Because, to her, people are only people, one and indivisible, while to you and to me they're always divided—the rogue's gallery and us, with the Jordan rolling in between." He smiled at her. "Think it out when you have time. And by the way, put on your fancy duds tomorrow night, will you?"

"What for?"

"Broadwater is suppering with us, so you'll have to come out from behind the scenes."

"Can't you do without me?"

"Not on your life. You're too modest, Edie; you underestimate the influence of your distinguished aura."

"Have you told Lorry?"

"Hadn't given it a thought. I don't think it would fuss her for a minute; so, if she asks where you're off to, tell her; if she doesn't, don't."

Lorry naturally missed the familiar presence of Mrs. Darling from the dressing room, but there was no indication of surprise when she beheld her seated at a choice table with three men in attendance. The most important of these to the occasion was Arthur Broadwater, and since he had not been forewarned, he looked upon the evening as purely and refreshingly social. The first song seemed to make no particular impression upon him, and Le May, dismayed, was on the point of combating the questioning eyes of his sister and Talbot Smith when Broadwater's heavy frame stirred into slow action. The man of many callings turned halfway round in his seat and remained thus fixed throughout the second song; then he pivoted back to normal. When the turn was over, including the encores, he summoned the captain to his side by a mere dropping of his hand.

"Leo around?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Tell him I want to speak to him."

(Continued on Page 108)

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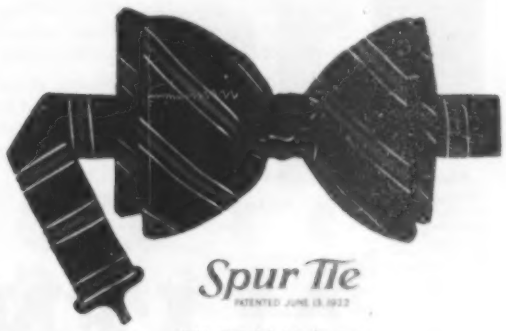

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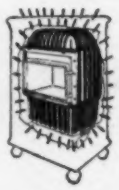

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(Continued from Page 106)

Presently the proprietor bustled forward. "Yes, Mr. Broadwater?"

"Who's the girl with the voice?"

"The one just finished singing?"

"I said the girl with the voice."

Leo darted a puzzled look from Mrs. Darling to Mr. Smith and on to Le May, who aided him to the extent of drooping one eyelid.

"Her name is Steele, sir," he said, after a scarcely perceptible pause—"Miss Lora Steele."

"Got anything against her?"

"Not a thing."

"Nor I against you," said Broadwater. "I didn't drop in here to rob you, but if you feel like letting her have her chance, tell her to go around to Sam Tierney for a hearing."

"Where will that be?"

"She'll know. Whoever gave her what she's got already has probably pestered Sam in the past with ten thousand tin whistles on legs. The only reason this real bet hasn't shown up is because we started casting for my new show only this afternoon."

"I'll tell her, Mr. Broadwater, but I hope you realize it's going to be a real sacrifice to me. It was me found the girl, see? If I had any sense I'd slip out and sign her up for five years. But you know me, Mr. Broadwater; I'm honest."

"The only reason you haven't signed her up for five years or twenty," said Broadwater, gazing into space, "is because she wouldn't sign. I'll send you an orchestra seat for the opening night, whether she's in it or not, and you're lucky to get that."

"Make it two," said Leo with a friendly grin, and departed.

Broadwater sat staring vacantly at his empty plate for some time; then his brows began slowly to gather, and finally his eyes came up with an almost audible snap to Le May's contented face.

"Hooked!" he muttered. "What's your price?"

Ken's cheeks burned red, not with shame, but with enthusiasm. "Do you mean it, Arthur?"

"It was a dirty trick, letting me think all you wanted was my sweet company, that all I had to do was to eat, drink and be merry, but it worked." He stared again into space and proceeded solemnly, "The trouble people take makes me laugh. Here's Sam Tierney, yelling his head off over the telephone to every agency in town for one good voice inside a young face, and here are you, laying a trap to catch me as if I was some exceptionally shy breed of woodchuck."

"The shyest ever," interpolated Mr. Smith.

"I said a good voice," resumed Broadwater, "and I meant just that. We can build up the ordinary kind right in our shop. Things have changed, Ken, even since your recent boyhood. Today all we ask is youth and looks, and there's one revue going to make the brag this season of not a girl in the chorus over sixteen. When that lot signed on they couldn't sing, dance or think; now every one of them can sing and dance."

"So can Lorry," murmured Le May.

"This girl friend of yours, unless she's got dyspepsia or a wooden leg, is one in a thousand simply because she's young and has got a voice will carry over tenth row center. I know we'll want her, and the only reason I said send her around to Sam is not to have her head swell too sudden. So now be fair with me; what's your price?"

"Six hundred a week for the run of the show if you find you have to give her the lead," was the unhesitating answer, "but it's only three hundred if you hold her down to second place for a full season."

"That's a queer one," said Broadwater, his brows gathering in concentrated thought, "but I've got it. You want to start her slow because you think she's going a long way. Well, you may be right at that. What about a rising scale for five years?"

"Nothing doing. I'm sorry as far as you're concerned, Arthur, but she's got so much stuff you haven't seen I'd be a traitor to tie her down."

"What stuff?"

"She can talk French like a native."

"Discard. We can teach them more French overnight than the audience knows."

"She can dance the way she sings."

"Better, but unimportant. We could teach her that too."

"She's the granddaughter of Clayton Beale and no contract on earth could hold her to doing anything she didn't want to do."

"You've said something at last," murmured Broadwater, thrusting back his chair and rising. "Since we're being frank, I might as well tell you I'm not half so keen about her for one year as I would be for five. If Sam starts yelling 'Gimme, gimme!' I'll have to take you at your figure, but somehow I half hope he won't." He bowed with his head only. "Good night, Mrs. Darling; good night, all."

As he disappeared, shouldering his way along the edge of the dance floor, Mrs. Darling half arose.

"Where are you going?" asked her brother.

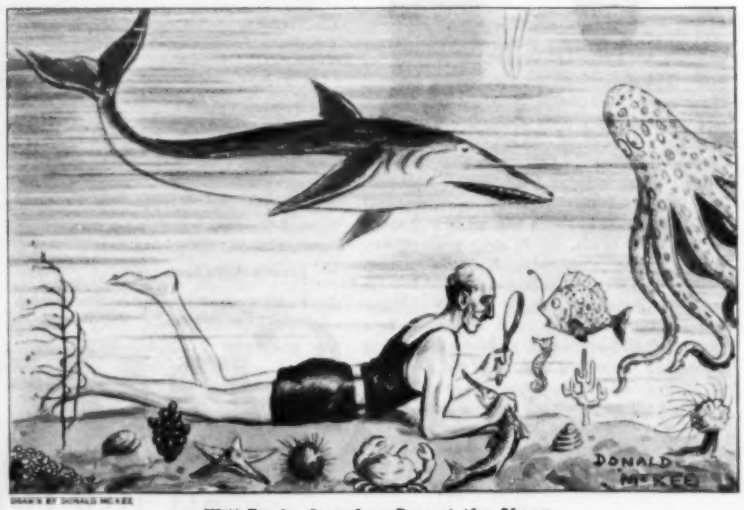
"To tell Lorry."

"I thought so. Well, you don't tell her anything—not a word, now or hereafter."

"I'm sorry, Ken," said his sister, with one of those annoyingly knowing smiles. "Of course you'd like to tell her yourself."

"Once in a long while," said Le May, "you haven't any sense. Do you think it would give her great joy to feel she's feeding out of somebody's hand? Leo is going to tell her—he's going to tell her to go around to Sam Tierney's hearing exactly as Broadwater told him to. I'll see to that."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



DRAWN BY DONALD McKEE

Will Beebe Spends a Day at the Shore

Floors to admire . . . not to slave over

Beautiful floors that do not require constant polishing and care, floors that are safe, not slippery . . . such are floors finished with "61" Quick Drying Varnish . . . heelproof, marproof and waterproof. Floor drudgery is banished! When you want to clean a "61" floor, simply use a dry mop or a damp cloth. If you are a believer in plenty of soap and water, wash it as often as you wish. The smooth, rich finish is not affected. "61" Quick Drying Varnish dries in four hours . . . two or three coats may be applied in a day! An occasional coat over linoleum brightens the pattern and prolongs its life indefinitely. Just as useful on furniture and woodwork and lasts even longer than on floors. In addition to the high luster Gloss and the satiny Dull Finish, there are several woodstain colors. See these attractive finishes at paint and hardware stores or write for names of local dealers. Color card free on request.

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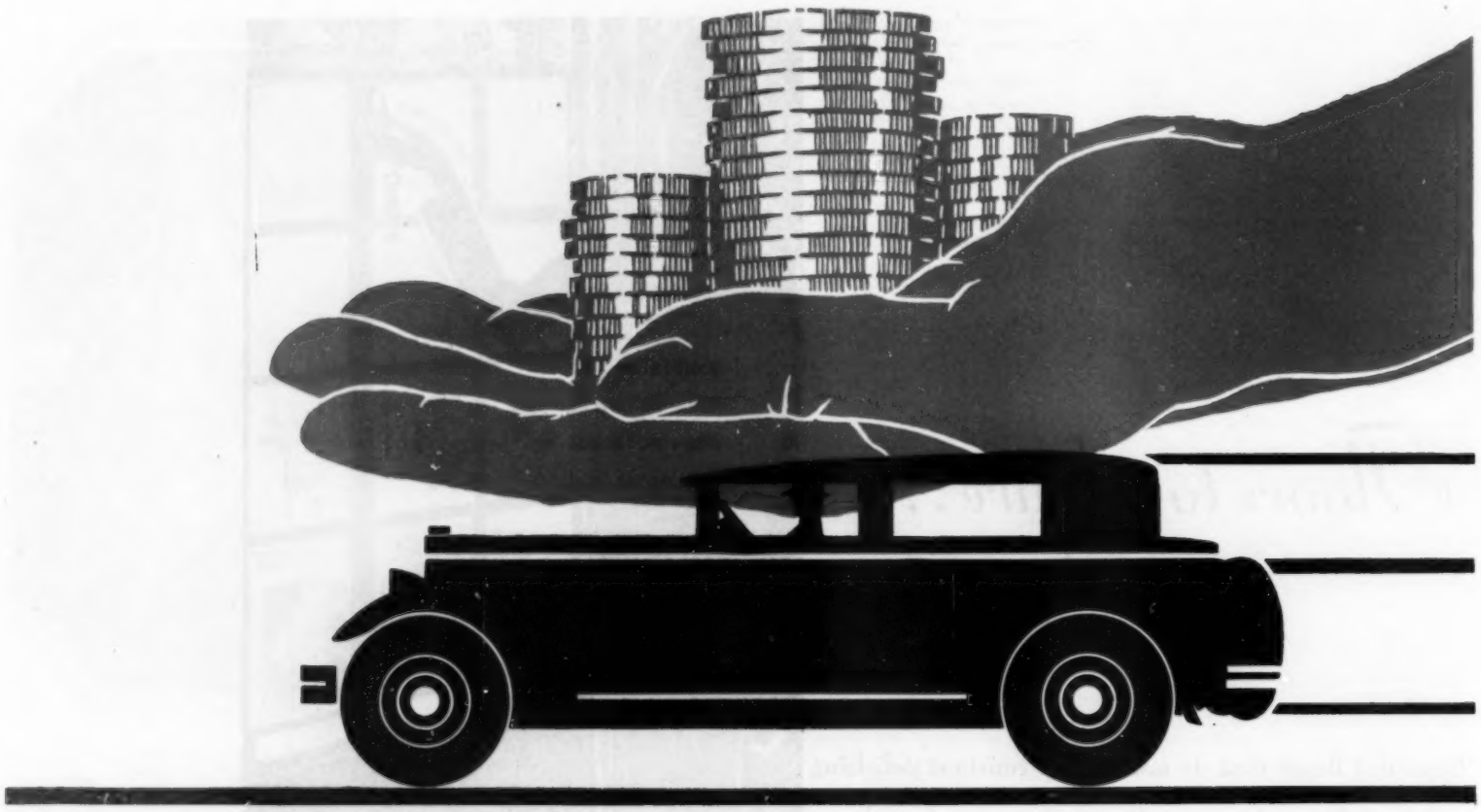
PRATT & LAMBERT
VARNISH PRODUCTS



You Get EXTRA SAVINGS from OPALINE, the EXTRA SERVICE Motor Oil . . .

If you can get more mileage from your gasoline—if you can lessen your carbon trouble and lower your repair bills—*simply by using Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil*—it certainly is worth trying. Opaline *will* save you money and trouble because it supplies not only lubrication for moving parts but also *piston seal in the cylinders.*

When you buy Opaline tell the Authorized Opaline Dealer how many miles your car has been driven—*for the mileage on your speedometer indicates the wear in your engine, the space between pistons and cylinder walls.* If your mileage is small or large, the piston space is equally small or large—your oil must be equally light or heavy to seal it and prevent power from blowing by! That's piston seal! That's precaution against excessive engine wear, gas dilution and carbon accumulation. That's the basis of the Sinclair Law of Lubrication.* And that's the extra service you get from Opaline—not only the right quality motor oil but also the *right grade* to fit your engine's degree of wear!

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SLIPPERY ROAD

(Continued from Page 17)

"Ferget it! I ain't sore at you for throwing me down."

Her jaw dropped. "Me throwin' you down?"

"Sure." Then, catching a sudden gleam in her eye, he added hastily, "But it's too late to do anything about it now, as long as you're going to marry this old guy. I'll bet he's got money."

"I'll say!" Triumph restored Mrs. Allen's good nature. "He's going to buy a filling station and auto camp out at Saugus."

Waltz and schottish and *varsovienne*—called the Susie Annie at the Strangers' Social Club—followed in rapid succession, and she danced most of them with Pegrini. She was like a tramp bark sailing before the wind with all sails set for the last time before tying up for life in an estuary.

The hall grew closer. Pegrini wiped his face on a silk handkerchief and the pomade on his hair trickled down his collar.

"A cold drink wouldn't go so bad," he suggested. "Let's go out and get one."

"I'm afraid O'Malley won't like it."

"Who's going to tell him? We won't be gone over five minutes."

Mrs. Allen hesitated. Over in the corner, like a statue to stepfatherhood, O'Malley slept with Buster in his lap and Bunny's head against his shoulder. Even Pete's watchful eyes had struck their colors before the repeated charges of sleep.

"Will you bring me right back?"

"Sure. I ain't no more anxious to have him wake up than you are."

They found a pool room around the corner where soft drinks were served. Pegrini whispered to the man behind the counter.

"Not for me," said Mrs. Allen firmly. "Just give me straight lemon pop, and I'll open the bottle myself."

"All right with me," shrugged Pegrini. "You only cost me a nickel instead of fifteen cents. Make mine double, Charley."

Having finished their drinks, they started back to the hall.

"Swell night," said Pegrini.

A waning moon, with the rueful look it wears just after it has been full, looked down on them as if debating whether or not to call it a night and go home. The light from the Strangers' Social Club fell on the rusty, dusty frame of a motorcycle parked beside the curb. Mrs. Allen sighed and ran her hand fondly over the handlebars as if they were the neck of a favorite horse.

"I'm crazy about motorcycles. If I was rich I'd buy one for me and all the kids."

"Remember the first ride you ever had on that?"

"I'll say!"

"How about going out for a little ride now to cool off?"

"O'Malley might wake up."

"I'll have you back in ten minutes." He climbed on and looked at her tantalizingly over his shoulder.

She climbed on behind him. "Go fast!" she urged.

Looping and spiraling, they darted in and out of traffic between trucks and speeding cars. She remembered the beflourished scrolls and birds she had seen penmen make at carnivals without lifting their pens.

"Bet that old man of yours would be scared to do this!" yelled Pegrini. "Watch me slide around this truck!"

But while his head was turned a red light flashed on at the crossing and the huge, empty van ahead stopped suddenly—much more suddenly than he could stop. Its mouth opened blackly before them, and Mrs. Allen shot into it like a train into a tunnel. She lay limp on a heap of quilts on the floor. The lights changed and the van moved on.

II

COMING in to put out the lights after the last straggler had left the hall, the proprietor of the Strangers' Social Club stopped suddenly at the sight of a sleeping group in the corner.

"Hey," he called back to the anteroom, "do any of you folks know where Mrs. Allen is?"

"I seen her going off about ten o'clock with that Pegrini," volunteered one man. "They was on a motorcycle."

"Did anybody see her come back?"

Nobody had.

"She's gone off and left her family asleep with their new stepdaddy," said the proprietor, scratching his head. "Well, I can't wait for her to come back."

He shook O'Malley's shoulder. "Hey, time to close up, mister." He shook each one of the children. Bunny and Buster sank back limply, but Pete opened his dark eyes at once and looked around. O'Malley yawned and put on his shoes.

"Tell yer mother to get her bonnet, Pete."

"She's stepped out somewhere," said the proprietor uneasily. "I wouldn't wait for her if I were you."

"We'll wait," said O'Malley, scowling.

"You can't wait here, mister. It's past twelve and I've got to close up. Just take the children and go along home. She's all right. She's used to going around by herself."

O'Malley put on his hat and started through the lobby with two sleepy children staggering against him.

"I seen her start off about ten with this here Eyetalian," said a man at the head of the stairs helpfully. "Maybe something's happened to her. If I was you I'd ring up the hospital and the police station."

The younger children burst into a wail, and O'Malley tried to comfort them. "Most likely the motorcycle broke down and she ain't hurted at all."

"It ain't that," sobbed Bunny. "I'll bet she's run off and got married to that old Pegrini."

"The wan that bossed the grand march?"

"Yes."

"Oh, him!" said O'Malley grimly. He turned to the proprietor. "I ain't very used to tillyphones, mister. Would ye be so kind as to ring up the hospital?"

She was not at the receiving hospital, and the police had no record of any motorcycle arrest or accident that evening.

"You just go along home with the children, and most likely you'll find her home when you get there," said the proprietor, turning off the lights and closing the door after them.

They stood on the corner a long time waiting for a street car. Bunny and Buster whimpered monotonously, but Pete was still and wide-eyed.

"What kind of a fella is this Eyetalian?" asked O'Malley.

"No good," said Pete briefly.

When they got home they turned on the lights hopefully, but the tent was just as they had left it. The children climbed into bed. O'Malley took off his coat and shoes, and lay down beside Pete.

"Mr. O'Malley," said Pete, his voice starting deep and then going treble, "can I go out and live with you at your auto camp if mom gets married to Pegrini?"

"You wouldn't want to be leavin' the other kids alone, Pete."

"There'll be plenty of them without me. There's four Pegrini kids besides, and if I stay round here I'll kill them sure."

"I dunno, Pete. I think I'll be goin' back to the comp'ny and gettin' me ould job back ag'in. It'll seem real peaceful to get back to the desert. I don't guess I'll buy that fillin' station afther all."

They woke in the morning to the sound of Gambler bleating softly, persistently, and an answer of sharp little tinkling bleats like an *appoggiatura* to a pastoral. Pete sat up in bed.

"Gambler!" he called joyfully. "I'll bet she's got her kids!" And leaping out of bed in his underwear, he made his way to the castle which he and his mother had salvaged from a movie dump for a goat nursery.

He came back in a minute with a little white kid in his arms and laid it beside Buster. O'Malley went back with him, his tousled gray hair on end, and they came back, each carrying a black-and-white kid.

"Wake up and see what's in bed with you!" Pete shouted. "Hey, don't roll over! You'll smash it!"

Joyous uproar filled the tent, rising above the bleating of Gambler outside the door. She pushed it open and clattered into the group.

"Lookit!" exclaimed Pete.

O'Malley laced up his shoes and watched the children with friendly blue eyes. All recollections of their troubles of last night had left them. They trooped out into the yard to watch the kids leaping on the battlements and clambering across the drawbridge of the castle. Even Pete was just a boy playing with a goat.

"They're just alike," mused O'Malley. "No wonder they call thim kids. Leapin' and bleatin' in the sunshine with not a care in the world. Oh, well!"

But just then Pete looked up soberly. "Why, mom ain't home yet."

"I'll go over to the office and tillyphone ag'in," said O'Malley.

"No news," he reported. "So she ain't hurted and she ain't in jail."

"I'm going to run away before they get home," said Pete.

O'Malley laid down the broom with which he was sweeping the long-undisturbed floor under the bed.

"How would yiz all like to come with me?" he asked.

There was a moment of incredulous silence, followed by delighted assent.

"Then we'll go," said O'Malley firmly. "I'll adopt the lot of yiz. Get yer things together and we'll star-rt."

They found a basket and a suitcase without a handle and began to pack with the ease of long practice. More room being needed, they added a gunny sack to their luggage and stuffed into it indiscriminately sweaters and hats and shoes. The toes of Bunny's silver slippers, sticking out of the top like a pair of horns, reminded her of Gambler.

"Oh!" she said ruefully. "What will become of Gambler? We can't take her on the bus, and besides, there's her kids and her house."

"I'll hire a truck," said O'Malley handsomely.

He braved the office telephone again to ring up a transfer company.

"How much will ye charge," he demanded, standing at arm's length from the telephone, "to take me and me three childern and a goat and three kids out to Saugus? . . . I said how much will ye charge to take me and me three kids and a goat and her three kids out to Saugus?" He rattled the phone and tried again. "How much will ye char'rge fer a truck to take me and six kids and a goat out to Saugus? . . . Yis. Three of thim's human and three of thim's goat. . . . All right. . . . And there's a goat house too. . . . Yis, sir. The Golden Home Auto Camp on Mesa Sthreet, just off the booleyvard to Hollywood. We'll be waitin' out in front, so ye can't miss us."

III

MRS. ALLEN sat up dazedly and watched trees and cattle receding into misty gray against a whitening horizon. Earthquake? Then the events of the night before galloped across her memory with a clatter. She felt herself all over for broken bones; then, rising painfully, made her way to the front of the empty van, stumbling over pads and comforters. On the high seat two men sat with their backs to her. She thrust her wild-looking head between them.

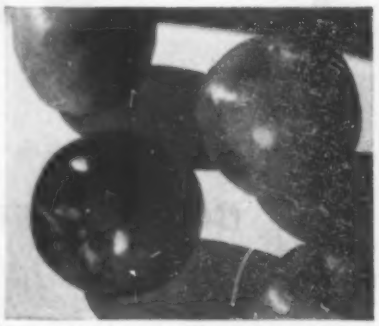
"Hey, stop!"

The sleeper woke with a leap that almost sent him off the seat. "The bobbed-hair bandit, Bill!"

(Continued on Page 114)

BLUE GOOSE

SEPTEMBER SHOPPING TIPS



UM! IT'S APPLE TIME AGAIN!

SUMMER'S last smile brings us to harvest time—and plenty of good news for our market baskets. From garden, grove, and orchard come new varieties in fruits and vegetables—with the cream of each crop selected and marked for you by the American Fruit Growers.

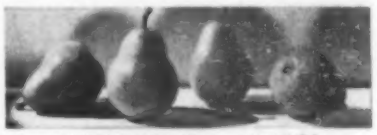
First of all, September suggests apples, and Blue Goose picks Jonathans, Grimes Goldens,

ICEBERG LETTUCE . . . TABLE GRAPES

Winter Bananas, and many others marked on box, bushel basket, and barrel with the Blue Goose sign of excellence.

This is grape time, too. The very choicest Malagas, Tokays, and Thompson Seedless are shipped to you by Blue Goose. Another marketing tip—try some crispy Iceberg Lettuce. Blue Goose offers the finest.

And by all means, let's not overlook pears—Bartletts and Boscs are at their best right



PLENTY OF PEARS . . . ALL KINDS

now if you look for Blue Goose on the wrapper or box. The Anjou and Comice pear season is also close at hand.

This is not the last of the Blue Goose list. That's why we would like to send you the "Blue Goose Buying Guide," a bookful of shopping secrets that tells you what's in season and when, and how to always get the best. It's free. Address American Fruit Growers Inc., 2100 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

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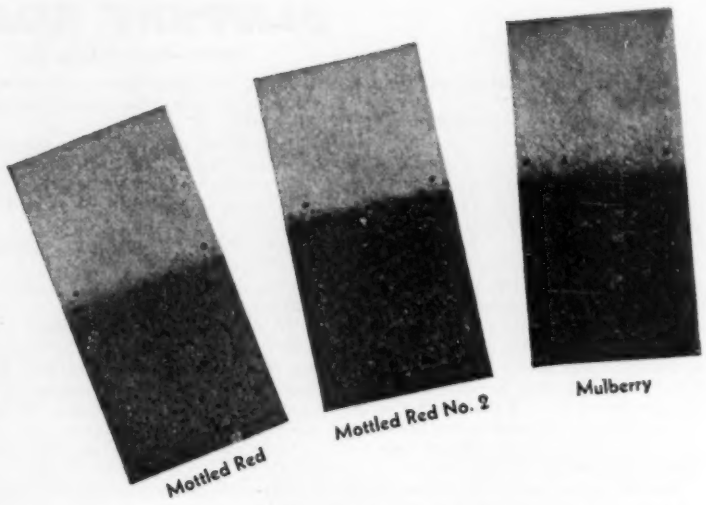


you can have a ROOF of Permanent, Fireproof, Rigid

J-M ASBESTOS SHINGLES

NEW *Colors* « « «

NEW *Low Prices*

LIVING under an old, worn out roof is not a real economy. And with the new low prices of Johns-Manville Rigid Asbestos Shingles there is less reason than ever before for taking this chance. One rain may easily do more harm than a new roof will cost, and there is still the roof to pay for. And now there is no excuse for not having the absolute protection which J-M Asbestos Shingles provide against fire.

Improved manufacturing processes and increased volume have made possible substantial reductions in the price of J-M American Method Asbestos Shingles. Take advantage of these lower costs and put a safe, everlasting roof on your home, now!

As for colors, when you look at the newest J-M shades you will be looking for the first time at a completely rounded out variety of roofing colors. There are ten colors, and an endless variety of blends and combinations.

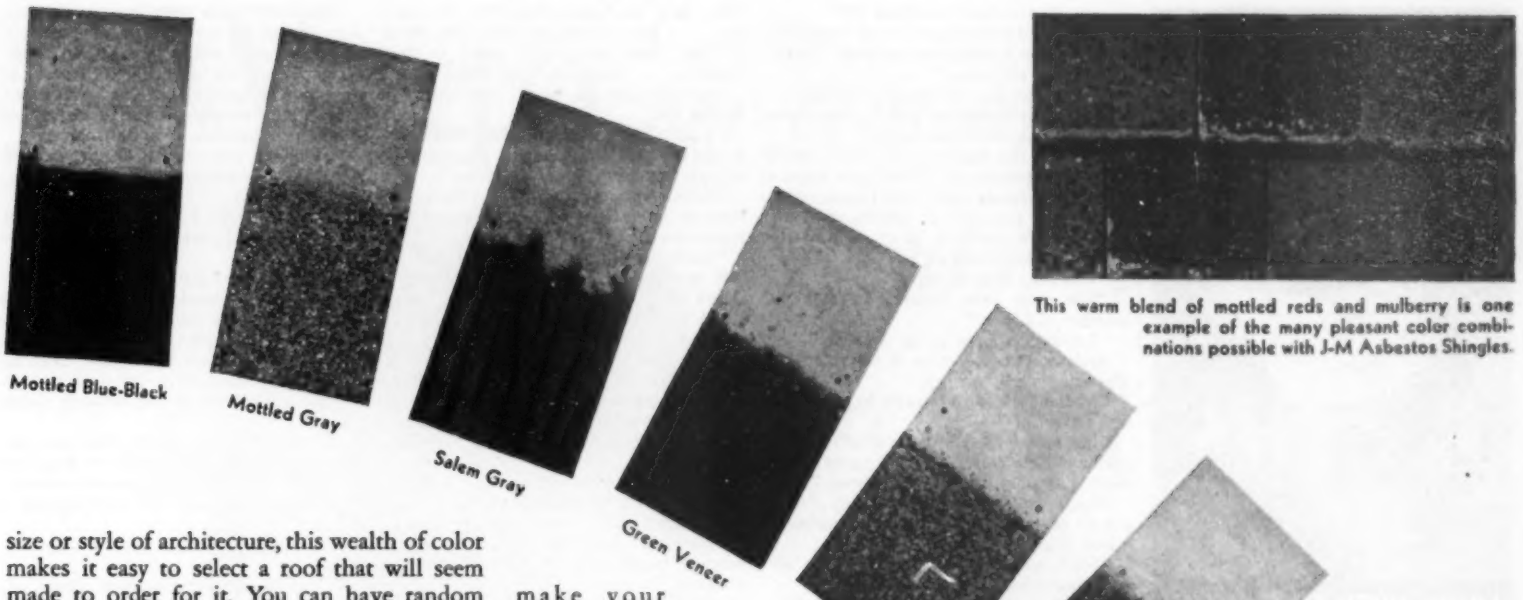
Wherever your home is located, whatever its

YOU'LL SAVE MONEY BY RE-ROOFING NOW

COULD THIS happen in your home? This couple thought their roof was good for another season but they learned quite suddenly that there is no economy in postponing re-roofing. The cost of repairing damage done by a single rainstorm may easily exceed the entire cost of re-roofing. Such expense is money thrown away because you can avoid it entirely by re-roofing in time. Why not be sure of the condition of your roof? Let a local Johns-Manville representative inspect your roof. This service will cost you nothing, but will perhaps save you much.

AND WHEN you decide to re-roof, plan carefully. Be sure of just what you are buying. Consider the important matter of color. Ask whether the materials are fireproof. The pleasant, convenient way to select a safe roof is to have a salesman bring to your home samples of Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles. This allows you to see all of the colors, and to decide on the blend or shade which will best suit your own home. You can also discuss details of applying and choose the style whose cost meets your budget, for you will find a J-M Roof to fit every pocketbook.

ON THEY GO. Right over the old worn out roofing the carpenter lays handsome, fireproof Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles. This scene, which we have photographed in its natural colors, can be just as easily duplicated on your own home—with, of course, any of the many J-M colors. And when the work is done you will have a colorful roof which will add to the value of your home—but you will have more. You will have a safe roof, fireproof, weather-proof. You will have ended roof expense because to use J-M Asbestos Shingles is to re-roof for the last time.



This warm blend of mottled reds and mulberry is one example of the many pleasant color combinations possible with J-M Asbestos Shingles.

size or style of architecture, this wealth of color makes it easy to select a roof that will seem made to order for it. You can have random widths and staggered butts too if you wish. You can choose from several sizes and shapes. You can, in short, readily select a roof which will satisfy you in every way, which is fireproof and which you will never have to replace.

And remember once you have J-M Rigid Asbestos Shingles on your house, you have re-roofed for the last time. This will be welcome news, if your present roof has proved as short-lived as has been the case with many.

Make Your Choice at Home

The fact is that when you bought your home, or built it, you probably did not give quite as much thought to the roof as you might have. But you can avoid that mistake this time. You can study the matter at your convenience, right in your own home. It is actually easier to select a J-M Roof than to buy a new hat!

At your request your local dealer will bring samples to your home. Take the shingles in your hand. Look at their sturdy, rigid construction. You can see at a glance that they cannot burn. And such color! The only difficulty is to choose among the variety of pleasant tints.

Turn a shingle over. See the letters "J-M" on the back. That trade-mark proves that you are handling a real Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingle, an article backed by years of experience in the production of roofing materials.

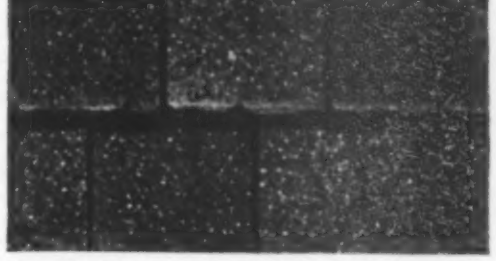
Then perhaps you will want to step out into your yard to picture exactly how the J-M Shingles will look on your home, and to make your choice of colors. Thus with no trouble, and at home, you can see how handsome your new roof will be, and you can quickly appreciate the true economy of an investment in unburnable, weather-proof, good looking Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles.

Made of asbestos fibres and Portland cement, there is nothing in J-M Asbestos Shingles that can burn, or wear out. The weather of years passes over them harmlessly, leaving them as sturdy as on the day they were laid. They will not rot, corrode, rust or warp.

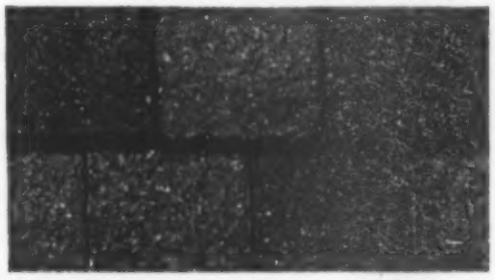
Look at Your Roof Frankly

A leaking roof is an annoying and unnecessary expense. Size up your own roof today. Is it shabby? Does its appearance reduce the charm and value of your home? For these are points of importance, too. Is the roofing warped or wrinkled? Will it be leaking soon? Answer these questions frankly. After all, you are acting in your own interest. It is your home, your own property, that you are considering.

And after you've looked at your roof, send us the coupon. You'll get free of cost "The New Book of Roofs," a mine of information in itself, and if you wish we can arrange to have the nearest J-M Dealer call. He will be glad to arrange to show you the shingles and to help you make your decision. And remember, when you buy J-M Asbestos Shingles, you have made a permanent investment. Send the coupon now.



Here the Johns-Manville Mottled Greens have been arranged to produce a roof of a distinctive, cool green tone, particularly pleasing on a house with white walls.



This is one of the Cornwall blends of Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles. Such combinations can be rearranged in a great variety of effects to produce varying red tones.

Johns-Manville

RIGID ASBESTOS SHINGLES

JOHNS MANVILLE JM PRODUCTS

The J-M trade-mark is also the stamp of quality on Asphalt Shingles, heat insulations of every variety — Johns-Manville Home Insulation, the new Johns-Manville Insulating Board, Asbestocel Heater Pipe Insulation, Built-up Roofing, Industrial Flooring and Acoustical Materials used to control noise in offices and auditoriums, hospitals or other structures. You can buy safely where you see the J-M trade-mark.

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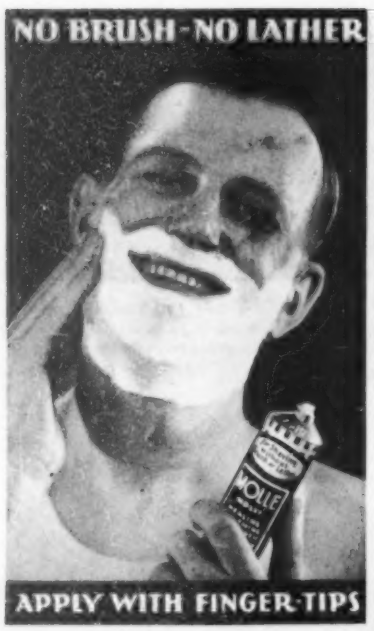

The Best Shave in all your life or Your Money Back

To prove that MOLLÉ will give you the quickest, cleanest and smoothest shave in all your life, we make this exceptional offer!

Get a tube of MOLLÉ (pronounced Mō-lay) at your nearest drug store—shave ten times the MOLLÉ way—if you are not convinced that MOLLÉ is the best shaving cream you have ever used, return the balance of the tube and we will refund your purchase price.

A Shaving Revelation

To get a quick, easy shave that leaves a most delightful after-feel, simply do this:

(1) *Wash your face—leave it wet*

(2) *Apply MOLLÉ with finger-tips like a fragrant cold cream*

(3) *Shave with your favorite razor*

More than a million shavers now use and like MOLLÉ. You, too, will like everything about MOLLÉ—the simplicity and convenience of use—the quick, thorough softening of the beard—the incomparable smoothness of the shave—the grateful relief from razor smart and burn; and best of all, the delightful after-feel of face comfort that requires neither lotions nor balms.

Give your face a treat—get a tube of MOLLÉ today at any druggist—and don't forget—we pay the cost if MOLLÉ doesn't win "hands down."

THE MOLLÉ COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio

(Continued from Page 111)

And the driver threw on his brakes so that the van lurched and swayed. "Don't shoot! I'm stopping!"

They faced her with hands held high.

"Get it over and get out," growled the driver. "You won't find much."

"What's the matter with you?" asked Mrs. Allen petulantly. "Don't you know a lady when you see one? I ain't no bandit."

"Well, if you ain't no bandit, what are you doing in the back of a truck at five o'clock in the morning?"

"I've been here all night."

"She must have climbed in when we stopped at Lebec."

"I never clumb in at all. I fell in."

And she told the story of her ride with Pegrini.

"It don't sound reasonable to me," said the driver.

"Me neither," agreed the other. "She's stalling till the rest of her gang comes along. Let's dump her out and get moving."

Mrs. Allen gripped the seat firmly. "You got to take me back to Sunset Boulevard, where you picked me up."

"She's nutty, Bill. We better take her into Bakersfield and turn her in."

"Bakersfield!" said Mrs. Allen shrilly. "Why, that's more'n a hundred miles out of my way!"

"Sure it is. Next time you steal a ride you better find out which way the truck is going."

"But I got to get back! I got three children home alone, and they don't know where I'm at!"

"Darned if I don't believe she's telling the truth," said the driver. Both men dropped their arms. "Tell you what you better do, sister. Ride on to Bakersfield with us and get breakfast, then catch an early stage back down south."

"I haven't any money."

"H'm." There was a murmured colloquy on the front seat. "We'll each give you a dollar. That won't be enough to pay your fare, but it will feed you, and if you start walking you'll pick up enough rides so you'll get home in a day or two."

They bought her breakfast and handed her two dollars.

"This is sure kind of you boys."

She waved till they were out of sight, then started down the highway, limping. It was still very early, and traffic was light and swift. After some time she saw a car coming behind her, and standing well out in the road, she signaled hopefully, but it passed her at sixty miles an hour. She walked on, stopping with arm out like a semaphore whenever a car approached, and starting up again with rising resentment when it whizzed by. A tractor overtook her, and without asking permission, she hopped on beside the astonished rancher who was driving it.

"It ain't very fast, but it's better than nothing," she panted, "and take it from me, it feels good to sit down."

At the end of half an hour she left it, two miles farther on her way. Then a Jap with a load of watermelons carried her for thirty miles, listening to her detailed story for an hour with such polite evidence of pleasure that not until he turned off the road with frantic pantomime did she realize that he had understood none of it. But the intervals of walking grew shorter, the rides longer, as traffic increased, and mid-afternoon found her well on her way.

"Why don't you telephone to your family to let them know where you are?" asked a bean buyer to whom, as to everyone who picked her up, she had recited her Odyssey.

"I never thought of that! I'll ring up the auto camp the very next town I come to."

After considerable difficulty, she got the office of the Golden Home Auto Camp.

"This is Mrs. Allen. Will you run over to my tent and tell my kids I'll be home as soon as I can, but go ahead and eat supper, and be nice to Mr. O'Malley till I get there? . . . My land, where did they go? . . . Well, they must of said something. . . . The goat too? . . . Well, how did they carry all that stuff? . . . Oh, a truck. . . . Yes, he's the gentleman I'm engaged to. . . . But they must of left some word for me. How am I ever going to find them? . . . Well, why didn't you ask?"

She slammed up the receiver with a baffled air.

"I guess the best thing for me to do now is take the bus," she decided. "I got money enough to pay my way from here."

The bus was nearly empty and the driver listened attentively to her recital of her wanderings.

"Darned if that ain't a good story!" he said admiringly. "I'm going to remember it and try it myself some day."

"It's the truth," said Mrs. Allen indignantly.

"Sure, that's the stuff! Keep saying that over and over to yourself like you meant it, and you'll get by."

"I'll bet O'Malley and the kids have moved out to his new filling station to give me a scare."

"Do you know where it is?"

Mrs. Allen's brow, marked by a large and colorful bump, contracted in thought. "It seems to me he said it was on this highway. It begins with 'seen,' or something like that."

"Saugus?"

"Yeh, that's it. I knew it began with 'seen.'"

"We go right through it. Get there in about an hour."

For the rest of the way she sat on the edge of her seat, peering out at everything that looked like a filling station or an auto camp.

"That's it! That's it!" she exclaimed at last, clutching the driver's arm. "I can tell by that castle out in front with the goat sticking her head out. And—oh, look, there's O'Malley up on that ladder painting his name on the sign! There's the kids working out in back chopping weeds!"

"Don't try to get out till I stop, lady." He grinned at her. "You've got a good story. Now tell it like you meant it."

She came up quietly behind O'Malley, who stood on a stepladder intent on painting out the old sign over the filling station.

"Well, here I am, Dan!"

He turned around and looked down on her coldly, with red paint dripping from his brush.

"Gee, I'm glad to get home," she added, with sudden misgivings.

"You're taking too much fer granted, Mrs. Allen. This ain't home as far as ye're concerned."

"Are you mad at me, Dan?"

"Nobody gets a chance to make a monkey out of Dan O'Malley twice. Ye'd bether go down to the deepo' and wait fer the next bus back to town."

"If you knew what a hard time I've had you wouldn't be treating me like this," she whimpered.

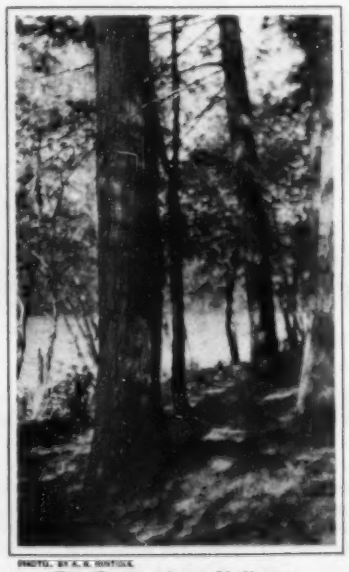

PHOTO. BY A. R. HOSTICK

The Banks of the McKenzie River, Oregon

The sound of her voice brought the children around the corner with expressions of mingled relief and apprehension. They threw themselves on her with a score of questions, mingled with recent family news. O'Malley, turning his back on them, painted a small *e* in between a capital *L* and *Y*.

"Phwere's that Eyetalian ye run off with?" he demanded over his shoulder, still painting.

"I don't know. I left him last night at ten o'clock in the middle of Sunset Boulevard."

"Thin phwere have ye been ever since?" O'Malley brandished his dripping brush toward the gaping children. "Go around in back, the lot of yiz. . . . Bunny, finish sweepin' out that tint, and Buster, clean up the yard, and Pete, ye've got sense enough to find something to do without being tould."

"I'll thank you to let me boss my own kids, Dan O'Malley. I've done nothing I'm ashamed of." She eased herself down to the ground and rested her back against a post.

"Are you sick, mom?" asked Bunny concernedly.

"No, I'm just lame all over, that's all, and you'd be, too, if you'd been pitched into the back of a truck like I was. 'Twas a lucky thing for me it was one of them moving vans with plenty of blankets in it. Buster, get mamma a sweater or something to sit on."

"How did you get pitched off?" asked Pete.

"I told him his brakes wasn't no good, but he just laughed at me."

"The truck man?"

"No; Joe Pegrini, the old spaghetti eater! And I kep' telling him not to go so fast, but he wouldn't stop. He never pays any attention to stop lights, on account of working for the street department like he does. But this here truck ahead of us stopped suddenly, and I went right over his head and clean into the back of it."

Bunny snickered.

"Where's yer teeth?" asked O'Malley sternly.

"I must of lost them when we hit. I'll ring up the street department soon as I get rested a little bit and see if they picked them up when they swep' up Pegrini." She broke off and looked around plaintively. "When are we going to have supper? I ain't had a thing but a Hamburger since I left Bakersfield this morning."

"Bakersfield!" O'Malley all but lost his balance.

"Uh-huh. I hitch-hiked from there. It was just on 'n' off, and on 'n' off all day."

"Where did you leave Pegrini?"

"Didn't I just tell you I left him when we hit the truck?"

"Was he hurted?"

"How do I know?" asked Mrs. Allen indifferently.

"It's against the law to hit and run," said Pete. "That truck could have had him arrested."

"They never knew about it till I stuck my head up between them this morning."

"Why didn't you stop them last night?"

Mrs. Allen's patience was giving out. "You folks are sure dumb! How could I tell them last night when I didn't know nothing myself?"

"Not nothing?"

"Not nothing at all. The last I remember was Pegrini lifting me on that motorcycle of his and steppin' on the gas before I could even yell for help. I must of been struggling when we hit the truck."

O'Malley leaped down from the ladder with the red paint slopping over everything.

"The kidnapin' wop! The saints was watchin' over ye!"

She scrambled to her feet and threw both arms around his neck, adding red paint to her already highly colored forehead.

"I'll have the law on him!" said O'Malley explosively as his Millie gathered him to her bosom.

"No, he's punished enough losing me," she said.

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YEARS AGO we realized that our railroad could never succeed without the good-will of women travelers. Women are the most loyal friends any business can have.

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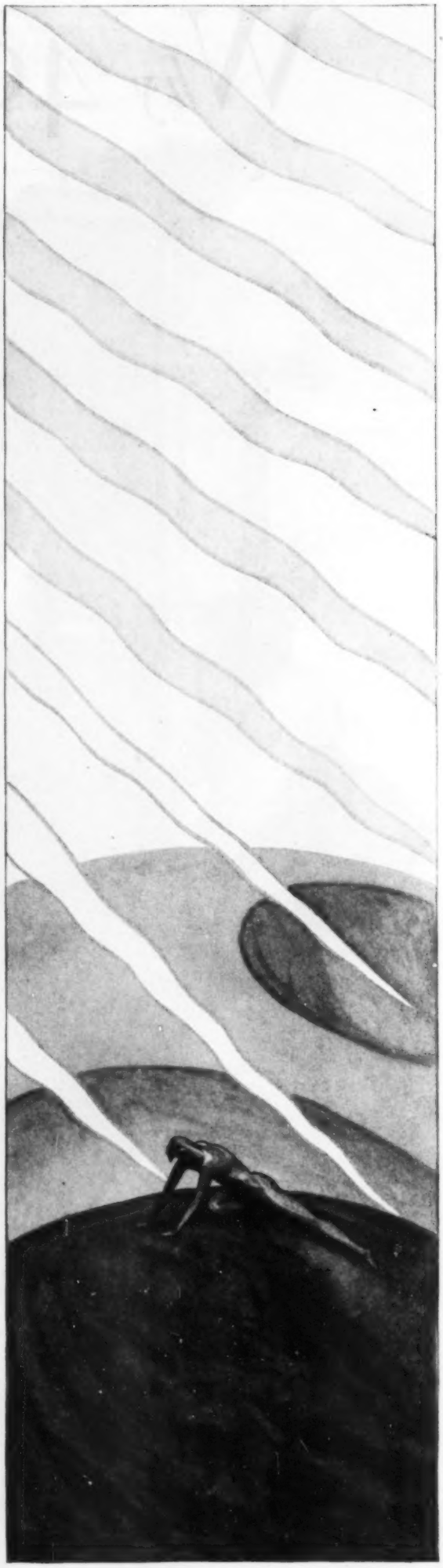

WHY STUDENTS FAIL

(Continued from Page 27)

long as they can, misunderstand the nature of the educational process. The plan they advise, which is really the one that in this country is only too often being followed, is a poor one for two reasons. In the first place, it is bad for the boy. In the second, it is possibly even worse for the college. No one in his right mind who understands educational psychology would advise a high-school boy who is bound to be dropped by the university to enter college, even if the college is foolish enough to admit him.

There is all the difference in the world between starting life as a success and starting it as a failure. One of the first requisites of good mental hygiene is to give a boy something that he can do. That is the treatment always recommended by good psychologists and psychiatrists. To have finished one thing makes him feel that he can do others, gives him at least some sense of proficiency and lays the foundation for later confidence and initiative. To assign him tasks which are hopelessly beyond him is to beget in him that unfortunate defeatist attitude, the sense that he is beaten before he ever begins, which follows some men through life. A boy who is not really intellectual, but who by dint of hard work finally graduates from his high school, goes out with a sense of success. He has finished the task he began. He has put his hand to the plow and run his furrow to the end of the field. If he then goes to work he does so with the feeling that he has accomplished his last job and that the determination and effort of which he has already proved himself capable will see him through. One can predict for him success within the range of his limitations, and there are many fields in which they will never work against him. Prediction of probable success in the case of this same young man will be considerably altered if with his hard-earned high-school diploma he enters college with high hopes and is dismissed as a failure at midyears. The unfortunate effect upon the boy is, of course, the most distressing aspect of the majority of these college failures.

The Handicap of Incompetents

That this policy is equally bad for the college is not so clearly understood. It is worth considering for a moment what happens in actual practice. In the course of a careful study, a well-known educator in the South made the following statement:

"Cases are not wanting in which schools have graduated boys and girls whose graduation could by no conceivable process of reasoning be excused. If freshmen failures were solely traceable to failures to respond to the efforts of instructors in college, another story might be told; but when entrants into the freshman classes, bearing the stamp of official approval of an accredited high school with reputable teachers in charge, are totally unable to use the English language for simple tasks without the exhibition of blunders beyond the power of excuse to justify, one knows that there can be no other explanation than inexcusably poor teaching. When college students cannot perform the fundamental operations of arithmetic, and do not understand at all the principle of the use of negative quantities in algebra, one needs no further proof of the inferior work that has been done and accepted in the high school. Specific cases of such improper graduation from high school and admission to college are abundant."

The man in the street can with only a slight effort of the imagination visualize what must happen in the freshman class in a college that is clogged with material of this sort. Let us assume that the instructor is trying to teach English composition to a class of twenty boys. Fifteen of them are really prepared to do this work, five are of the type described above. They are continually making mistakes in spelling, grammar and simple sentence structure, which the teacher must correct. While he is doing this the brighter freshmen must mark time and lose interest, for to them all this is an old story. And since an educational chain can rarely be much stronger than its weakest links, if the professor is going to carry poor Jim and his dull or ill-prepared friends along, he must slow down his pace to their level. This means that he must deliberately hold back the fifteen brighter boys who with the same amount of his time and instruction could learn far more if the incompetents were eliminated. If the university is to be fair to the dull boy, as some parents insist, they should remember that by the same act it must be unfair to his brighter classmates. In vulgar terms, it must weaken the intellectual gruel, water the educational soup and give the fifteen deserving students less than a college man's ration. This is the problem which the college is trying to solve when it asks to be relieved of the handicap imposed by the incompetent. Whether these incompetents are poorly prepared, whether they are duller than average, or whether they are merely loafers, makes but little difference.

Not Fitted for College Work

If as a people we are to do anything with a situation which tends to beget failures, let us at least begin by confessing that something is wrong with a plan that admits to college so many men who will not profit by the experience and who are in addition a drag upon the works. That at least is the view of a great many of the teachers and administrators who are struggling with this problem and see its results. We have been too much inclined to look upon our entire system of education as one single unit. Every American citizen who has the time and inclination is supposed to be able to begin in kindergarten and finish in a college cap and gown and be presented with a sheepskin. The high school is merely a continuation of primary school, and the college is a prolongation of high school. This foolish assumption alone makes possible the system which still prevails in most of our states and allows every graduate from any accredited school to present his certificate and enter the state university.

Against all the facts, we persist in holding that all men are born intellectually equal. However they may have been at birth, anyone who has ever taught a kindergarten or a college class knows that somewhere along the line his students have become decidedly unequal. Hard as it may be to swallow, we must admit that at least a few otherwise good Americans, in spite of all their educational opportunities, remain or become duller than the rest. For college purposes they are mentally too slow on the pick-up.

Other countries have long since recognized that the innate aptitudes of the children in any community are so different that different types of training are called for. Some who have little linguistic or literary ability or who can never really master abstract mathematics will do excellently in vocational schools, and it is found that for these various types of children society can well afford to discontinue formal education at different age levels.

As a prosperous country we can clearly afford to extend educational facilities more generously than is done abroad, and we should provide opportunities freely to all so long as the recipients are capable of profiting by them. They will pay dividends to the state later in more intelligent service. There is, however, clearly a point where many cease to profit under our own system. This point of diminishing returns is frequently reached at the close of the high-school period.

Three years ago Mr. J. Edward Allen, the superintendent of education, Warren County School System, at Warrenton, North Carolina, published an interesting study on freshman mortality. His first general conclusion was: "High schools should make a sharp distinction between graduation and college entrance. Many students are qualified for graduation from high school who are in no sense fitted for college work. This fact must, in the present changed status of the high school, in our system of education, be clearly recognized."

Probably all competent high-school and university teachers would agree. From the opposite side of our country the dean of one of the state universities on the Pacific Coast, in assigning the most common reason for student failure, wrote as follows: "Much of the material that has met the formal requirements for admission is in reality unfit to profit by instruction and meet the requirements of a standard university. In the case of state universities, public support implies that the instruction is a part of the public-school system and that universities are under a certain obligation to take and attempt to train all who have met in a formal way the entrance requirements. . . . As long as universities and colleges take the mill run of students, many will be called and few chosen for academic degrees later on."

Another dean of one of the largest Middle Western state universities puts the case in much the same way: "In spite of the fact that before being admitted to college a student must pass either an entrance examination or receive a certificate from an accredited school, there are many instances of students' being admitted to college without adequate preparation. They know just enough to get in, but after they arrive the pace is too fast and they fall by the wayside."

Still another from the Far West tells the same story: "In my contact as dean of men I have observed the chief reason for students' failure has been the faulty high-school preparation experience in the small high schools in the Western states. After this experience to be thrown into large classes with no particular follow-up work, maladjustment results and failure is the logical outcome. The transition from the text-recitation method of high school to the lecture and note-taking method of college is too great for many of them. This accounts for a great number of failures."

Admission Without Examination

There are in large universities where students are admitted without examination cases in which, without anyone's intending to do him an injustice, a freshman gets the worst of it. He becomes in a sense the victim of his personality. The psychological phenomenon involved is one which even the man in the street can understand if he will consult his own experience. You go out Sunday morning to buy your paper and meet a busy, besmudged and bedraggled newsboy with his cart. He is in a hurry to take care of his next customer, pulls the paper off the pile and slaps it into your hand. You pay him five cents, the regular price. The following week you meet a different boy. He is neat and friendly and makes an effort to be obliging. He bids you good morning and hands you the paper with a smile. You give him a dime and tell him to keep the change. It is twice what you paid the other boy for exactly the same service rendered, but you have no sense of having done an injustice to either. Teachers—even good teachers—are subject to this same weakness, if we may call it so, and it sometimes has serious consequences later for the boy who has been treated with what might be called unnecessary generosity.

There are a great many high schools in which the graduate was never called upon to take a strictly impersonal test. He passes a course and is exempted from examination if in the opinion of his teacher

(Continued on Page 120)

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HIGHLIGHTS & SHADOWS

TO THE RATTLE OF GUNS IN THE SMOKE-FILLED PRISON . . . REPORTER PHONES CITY'S BIGGEST STORY . . . Armed and rebellious, in the grip of hatred and fear, convicts battled the guards of a burning State prison. Throughout hours of vicious guerrilla warfare a Scripps-Howard reporter stayed at the telephone at a window within gun range of the battle, dictating his story to his paper.

AN ORPHAN OF THE STORM GETS A NEW DEAL . . . Here is James Robert Byers, wounded in the head, but still smiling bravely. A hurricane hit his town (Argo, Ala.) and blew away his mother, father and all the home he had, leaving Robert and four brothers homeless and penniless. The Birmingham Post, a Scripps-Howard Newspaper, promptly raised a fund, that will pay for the education of these five unfortunate children until they reach a self-supporting age.

RELEASES 1,132 UNEMPLOYED FROM THE BREADLINES (*at left*) No one expects a brilliant columnist personally to do an outstanding social welfare job. But Heywood Broun of the New York Telegram found jobs for 1,132 in a "Give a job" campaign conducted through his daily column.

POST MEN RESCUE FLOOD REFUGEES . . . During the devastating floods in Southern Alabama, Jack C. York, Lewey Robinson, William O. Player and Fred Powell of the Birmingham Post, cruised the stricken district in a row-boat, and rendered rescue service to homeless victims. Forty-six refugees were brought down from trees and house-tops, and were delivered safely to food and shelter.

STARTS STORM OF NEARLY 7,000 ANTI-TARIFF TELEGRAMS . . . Just before the new tariff bill came up for passage, the New York Telegram published an appeal to voters, urging them to wire their protests. Within 48 hours Senator Copeland received nearly 7,000 of these protesting telegrams! P. S.—Senator Copeland voted against the bill.

in gathering the day's news

RISKS LIFE TO GET PICTURE OF MANIAC BLASTED FROM HOUSE . . . Clarence Bailey, Toledo News-Bee photographer, snapped his shutter as police dynamited Hubert Floehr from his machine gun nest. For seven hours Floehr had kept scores of police at bay in his barricaded dwelling. At the climax of the tragedy the Scripps-Howard photographer took this actual picture at peril of his life.

A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND . . . A ten-year-old crippled waif wanted a dog, so he wrote to a Scripps-Howard editor. His plaintive plea was published in Mr. Fixit's column. And twenty-five kennels arranged a dog show for the boy . . . and gave the youngster his choice of 25 pedigreed pups.

HELPS STOP BANK RUNS . . . AVERTING FINANCIAL DISASTER . . . A prominent bank in Cincinnati was found insolvent and closed by state officials. Rumors that other banks were involved spread like wildfire. A tremendous run started on another bank. This bank also was closed. Wilder rumors flew. New runs were started on many local banks! Then Editor Frank W. Rostock, of The Cincinnati Post, communicated with the city's biggest bankers, and published their definite statements. The bigger banks met and agreed to back all going banks in the county. An extra was issued. It helped calm many depositors. Next day depositors gathered again, but another edition, announcing additional U. S. aid, thinned out the "withdrawal lines" and helped restore normal conditions.

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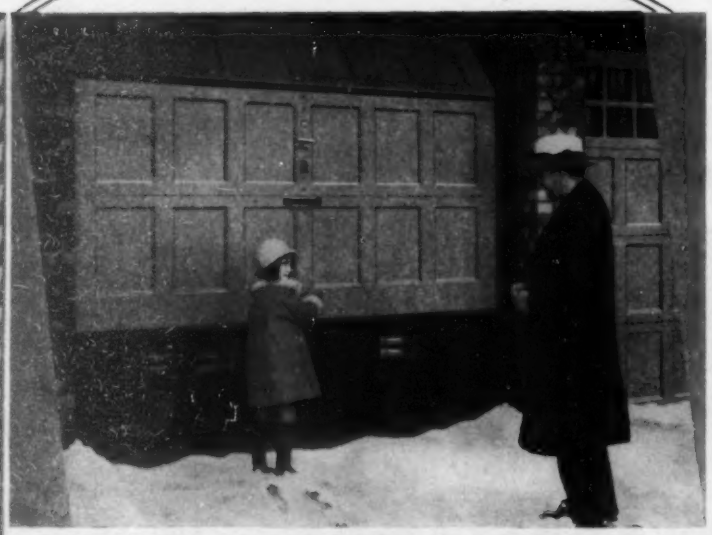

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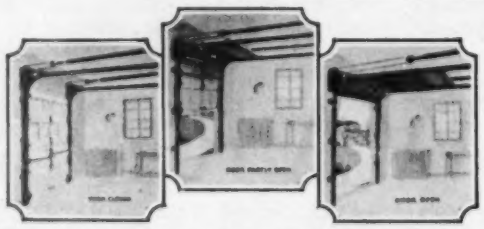

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(Continued from Page 117)

his daily work in that subject reaches a certain grade. This works out in favor of the boy with a good personality, even in so seemingly scientific a subject as mathematics. Jim Smith is such a boy, let us say—always courteous and friendly, always attends classes and listens with interest. He is not really bright, but everybody likes him, including his teachers, and he is an officer of his class. The boys are sent to the blackboard to work out problems in geometry, the teacher watching them from her desk. Jim makes a wrong start. The teacher shakes her head. Jim erases and starts over again several times, and with the help of such often unconscious assistance, after a longer time than it should have taken him, finally hits the right method and answer and earns a fairly good grade for a rather poor day's work in which most of the knowledge was really contributed by the teacher. This phenomenon is so frequent that in school slang such a boy is said to have a drag. Had he, with all the other members of his class, been placed in a room by himself and given ten such problems to solve, say, in three hours, the chances are that in his slow, blundering way he would have had time to try only seven and that five of them would have been wrong.

The Boy With a Drag

When Jim, on his certificate from the high school, enters the large freshman classes of college he loses the benefit of what might be called this intellectually unearned increment in his rating. In his class in history the professor now lectures to 300 men three days a week. Jim has come to lean heavily on his teachers. He has never developed intellectual independence, has never really been mentally weaned, and, without this support, is lost. Every month an hour is devoted to a written test on which he is graded by a young reader or graduate student who does not know Jim from Adam. Such impersonal tests, plus an equally impersonal final examination, now determine whether he passes or fails. With the inevitable loss of his drag, it may well be that Jim, who had a fair rating in his school, will be found to have less than that degree of proficiency required for college work. He is dropped, to everybody's regret.

It is unpopular to advocate introducing any barrier between high school and college, but the harm that has been done to many otherwise deserving boys who have been branded as failures, and the inevitable slowing down of the process of higher education, particularly in freshman and sophomore years, would seem to justify the introduction of a set of examinations to be corrected by some impartial body, if only a competent state board of examiners. This is certainly true unless we are to select only those in the upper sections of their high-school classes. Such impersonal examinations are, of course, at present conducted by the college-entrance examination board and are required by many of the endowed colleges. To a fairly large number of such institutions they have proved of considerable assistance in making a wiser selection of candidates.

The mere necessity of passing such examinations would cut out of freshman classes that large number who now enter college not really because they wish further education, but from sheer inertia. They have a high-school diploma and ask hopefully, "Where do we go from here?" The answer of their friends, naturally, is, "On to college." Even if such examinations were otherwise valueless, the introduction of a hurdle which the candidate would have to prepare for and take would at least give him pause and make him think twice before he followed the crowd.

I am far from believing that this should be the only test. Previous school record, properly appraised, should also count, and intelligence or scholastic-aptitude tests, when competently prepared and competently given, can certainly be of help in the process. Let us admit that further experimentation here is necessary. The obstacle in the way of reducing the percentage of failures has, however, not arisen because the colleges have been unwilling to face their problem. Virtually everywhere they have been at work upon it. If in so many parts of the country, and particularly in tax-supported institutions, they have had so little success in dealing with it, it is because of the determined resistance they have encountered on the part of their clientele. In too many cases the taxpayer objects at the same time to the large number of failures in colleges, to the heavily increasing costs, and also to any attempt to eliminate at an earlier stage those who seem subsequently bound to fail. Throughout the country generally the most frequent cause, therefore, of our wholesale failures is to be found in the fact that many colleges accept—and are, indeed, forced to accept—men who for their own good and for that of higher education should never have been admitted. In such cases we are only beginning to realize that it is cruel to be too kind. The public and parents still insist that everyone be given a chance, no matter how much harm it does to him or to others in the college.

Although conditions vary greatly in different parts of the country and in different types of institutions, I was surprised to find, in collecting data from a large number of administrative officers who had been concerned with this problem, that their answers were really in substantial agreement. In their replies as to why students fail, the various causes assigned were much the same, though the order of their importance varied somewhat.

Let me begin by citing a particular case of a type which, I am sure, would have been distressingly familiar to all my correspondents. This young man had been dropped from college three years before. A few weeks ago at commencement time the father wrote me what could fairly be called a scorching letter. He inclosed the commencement program of another university, which indicated that his son had been graduated there with honors.

"Others succeed with my son," he said, "where you have failed. Why?"

Intelligence and the Will to Work

This was the burden of his indictment. The record showed that the boy was above the average in intelligence. He was evidently capable and always had been. His high-school standing showed, however, that, considering his ability, he had never exerted himself. Much the same was true of the two years he had spent in college with us. His relative ranking had grown steadily worse, warnings had been ineffective, and he was finally dropped after his last examinations, in which he had failed miserably. I understood that he had taken a job and gone to work. The year spent in the fiercer competition of American industrial life, with regular working hours, had done him a world of good. When after this new experience he entered another college, he had evidently carried his new attitude with him. Naturally, I was very glad that he had. He had learned, though his father had not, that in the educational process something at least depends upon the willingness and the efforts of the boy.

The reasons why many students fail will perhaps be plainer if we set forth the two main conditions which ordinarily make for success in college. These are native intelligence, without a certain minimum of which no student can possibly succeed, and willingness to work, without which no student should be allowed to. Where these two prerequisites are present and the proper stimulus is offered by teachers who are also intelligent and willing, success can be predicted with almost absolute certainty. In educational circles this willingness to work, the result of a really effective hunger for knowledge, is sometimes spoken of as motivation, and there is still some question as to which of these two factors is the more important and as to exactly how much weight should be given to the second.

The French philosopher, Bergson, used to put the case in a way that to me seemed essentially sound. Intelligence, he said, was like light. With it alone, however, you could hardly generate power. Will, on the other hand, was like heat. With it you could generate power, and with power generate light. In other words, with a steady willingness to work he held that a man could develop at least a certain amount of that intelligence in which at first sight he might seem to be deficient.

Every professor of long experience can cite some case of an unpromising freshman who finally mastered his subject and won distinction in it in later life. Darwin, who was not brilliant, but possessed this willingness to a very high degree, used to be fond of repeating, "It's doggedness that does it," and history provides many other examples, the most famous of which is probably that of Demosthenes, who, in spite of an impediment in his speech, finally became the world's most famous orator. The curve of young men who possess this quality is almost invariably a steadily rising one throughout school and college. That is why some of us who are perhaps old-fashioned refuse to accept the view of some of the experts who hold that intellectual capacity can be measured and is unalterably constant. I am willing to admit that at any given time it can be measured with a fair degree of accuracy, but the amount of intellectual capacity which a student will eventually have cannot be predicted.

Intelligence might be called a purely mental quality. To be made really effective the boy must also possess what we usually call character. This moral quality, the boy's character, cannot be measured by tests, and yet it is, as I see it, fully as important as, if not more important than, intelligence. No one can tell to what degree it may raise his original endowment. For this reason a boy whose record in school shows steady improvement deserves special consideration, even though his intelligence rating is still lower than that of some man whose curve has been downward. If we eliminate the men who stand consistently at the head of their class, success in life can be predicted more safely for a man whose curve was rising, than for one whose rating was stationary or showed a decline.

Chief Causes of Strain

Any conclusions based upon a consideration of these two fundamental factors—intelligence and motivation—must, however, be altered and may be completely nullified if the student is submitted to abnormal conditions of strain, any one of which may induce failure. The chief causes of such strain—and I make no pretense of rating them in the order of their importance—are poor health, unhappy conditions at home and financial difficulties.

Such cases of strain are so frequent that in listing the causes of failure of the students at Columbia University, Dean Hawkes mentioned as the two principal reasons financial embarrassment and poor health. As a matter of fact, poor health and insufficient funds were listed among the causes of failure by nearly all my correspondents, including Charles Gilman Hyde, dean of men at the University of California. In another Far Western university it was found that of all the students dropped during a fall term, 45 per cent were men who were wholly self-supporting, and two-thirds of the men dropped were attempting to pay one-half or more of their expenses. Such cases are, of course, deeply distressing, but their frequency should be taken as reënforcing the advice now given by virtually all colleges that no young man, however ambitious, should attempt to carry a full college load if he is forced to earn all his expenses.

Before proceeding to more specific diagnoses, there is one widespread misconception which should be corrected. It is frequently held that a very large percentage of the young women who attend colleges, particularly the coeducational universities, do so for purely social reasons. The conclusion is, therefore, drawn that they are poor college material. This may, alas, be true in some cases, but the spirit of our young men should not for this reason be proud. On the whole, and certainly in a great many coeducational universities, the record of these young women for remaining in college and doing their work is considerably higher than that of their male classmates. So, for instance, Earl M. Pallett, the registrar of the University of Oregon, finds:

"It is always true that a very large proportion of those dropped for poor scholarship are men, probably averaging as large as 90 per cent. . . . There are more men in the university than women, but the difference does not in any way correspond to the difference in numbers of men and women who are disqualified."

Students Who Do Not Work

If you ask young men in such institutions for an explanation of this fact they usually tell you with masculine complacency that the girls do nothing for the college anyway, that they are debarred from participating in athletics and in many other extra-curricular activities. It is true that they are largely debarred from such activities, but after all they should still be credited with doing something for the college, if it is only discharging their scholastic responsibilities. Professors in coeducational universities will tell you, as does Mr. Pallett, that "Student girls make their class work a more important part of their college life than do the men—that is, taking the general run of students." They seem to have a somewhat higher sense of responsibility and are probably somewhat more ashamed to fail in class or in examinations.

If we now try to coördinate the causes assigned by officials for the failure of students in different types of institutions and in many parts of the country, we shall find that most men are dismissed for the lack of those two prime qualities, intelligence and will, which normally make for academic success. We have already spoken of lack of intelligence.

Dr. Adam Leroy Jones, director of admissions at Columbia University, assigned as the most important cause of failure lack of motivation. This, as we have seen, means simply lack of will to work. One of the officials of the college-entrance examination board who has studied subsequent college records of 40,000 or 50,000 students also gives this as the most frequent cause.

Dean J. M. Page, of the University of Virginia, puts it with refreshing frankness and in terms that anyone can understand: "I beg to say that in my opinion the great fundamental reason why students fail in college is that they do not work."

President Lovett, of The Rice Institute, of Houston, Texas, sums it up in words that amount to much the same thing: "Among these—reasons for failure—are lack of brains, inclination, proper methods of work and industry."

President Arthur Stanley Pease, of Amherst, agrees: "My own opinion, which I find is pretty thoroughly supported by that of our dean, on the reasons why college students fail is that they are unwilling to work . . . there is far too much unwillingness to face hard and distasteful tasks, and I cannot help feeling that the coddling methods of many schools . . . are largely responsible for this, though laxity of parental discipline doubtless plays its part as well."

The veteran dean, Thomas Arkle Clark, of the University of Illinois, tells the same story: "An overwhelming number of students fail, I think, however, because they are not willing to work hard. The majority of our students who fail have had a rather easy life, have never made any sacrifices, have gotten through high school by the easiest road and come to college with the idea that it is similar to high school and that they can slip through with the minimum amount of work. They say in explanation of their failure that they 'cannot get down to

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A MAN'S TALCUM

work,' which means that they have no appetite for books."

Dean George E. Howes, of Williams, suggests an aspect of the case that is only too common: "Some boys are failures or near failures because they think they are putting in an honest day's work when a little exact mathematics would prove that four hours a day represent their actual working time—I have known this to happen." He is willing, as many deans would be, to give many the benefit of the doubt, and continues: "I think that very few deliberately decide to do nothing or next to nothing, but it is so much easier to work tomorrow than it is to work today. The transition from school to college, with its change from fairly strict supervision to considerable liberty of action, presents a problem that a good many do not solve."

An interesting explanation for all this is given by Dean Raymond Walters, of Swarthmore College: "It is my conviction that the difficulties of students are due largely to their working at a level below their capacities. They spurt and then fail to hold their best pace. This is due not so much, I think, to the exactions of high academic standards as to their wavering and lapses because of other interests. These other interests may be worthy, and indeed essential, for a well-rounded life. The strong character keeps them subordinate. The weaker character permits them to absorb his time and energy; they take his eye off the scholastic ball—and he strikes out."

That some of all this may be merely the result of the restlessness and immaturity of youth is perhaps the conclusion we should draw from the statement of Alfred Powers, dean of the extension division of the University of Oregon. He deals with about 3500 students annually, who, after having interrupted their college course, often for many years, come back evidently as older and wiser men. There are "drop-outs" from colleges all over the country.

"They talk to me," he writes, "very frankly about their new purposes and about what made them quit when they were young. It must be said in favor of college that it gives them this ideal, long allowed to sleep, that finally brings them to us with a determination that generally sees them through." The years of maturity seem to show them their own cases in a different light. "To them," he continues, "in their adolescent days college seemed nonsense—the curriculum wasn't practical enough, four years seemed a long time, the college program didn't seem adapted to their fancied maturity, they wanted to be real men and women with wives and husbands and jobs and a status in the world. Then after ten years, or twenty, they come to us, feeling bereft and fully convinced that the college education abortively relinquished is what is missing; frequently, therefore, overestimating its importance as much as they formerly underestimated it. So you see college at least gave them this rueful mood."

Outside Interests

Though Dean C. W. Mendell, of Yale, feels that the variety of reasons is difficult to classify, in the main his diagnosis corresponds to what has been said: "Lack of ability still accounts for some failures. Men try their best and cannot make the grade. This group is small. I should think that probably the chief factor, as I see it, is the placing of outside interests above the main college interests. Life is very much more diversified for the undergraduate than it used to be and he does not confine his interests to those of the college. When outside interests become more and more important his work is apt to take second place and eventually he is apt to slide out."

It is true that such outside interests are frequently a contributing cause, but they slip in and take first place in the student's mind because his purpose in going to college was not clear to himself and his motivation therefore correspondingly weak.

A similar report comes from Dean J. A. Bursley, of the University of Michigan: "It seems to me that the two principal reasons for student failure are: 1—inadequate preparation; and 2—either inability to grasp what they are here for or a lack of a feeling of responsibility."

Freed From the Apron Strings

Chester N. Greenough, for many years dean at Harvard, feels that the reasons are often so blended that no exact answer is possible, but he lists three causes that are rather closely connected with what has already been said: "1—Insufficient inclination to lead the life of a successful studious undergraduate. 2—Insufficient control of ability, or will power, to make good. This is, as we both know, a hard type of case. Trouble at home, some bad habit or other, jealousy over some more successful man, and so on. These are the more or less psychiatric cases which shade off to the tragic and incurable. 3—Insufficient ability to meet the standard. I am inclined to think," he adds, "that 3 is commoner than 2, but less common than 1."

My own experience corresponds to his, and I agree with him further when he concludes, "What a sad business it is."

Let us pass again to the Pacific Coast. Lucy Ward Stebbins, dean of women at the University of California and for many years a member of the Committee on Disqualified Students, after discussing poor preparation—which, of course, includes lack of intelligence—and students whom we have classified as suffering from strain such as ill health and financial handicaps and private misfortunes, adds: "Under the next classification I should place the student who comes to the university from a background of comfort and social ambition, the object of whose family in sending him to college is chiefly to fulfill a social ambition. Such a student has no urge and often no interest in pursuing scholarship. If he does not attain the social position—that is, membership in a fraternity, sorority or club—or if he does not participate in student activities, he becomes easily discouraged and feels that there is no object in attending college anyway."

Everywhere we find quite general agreement upon the essentials. Put in this way, the problem seems simple—absurdly so. That is because we have tried to deal only with its main aspects and the general responsibility of the taxpayer and the parent. We have omitted altogether that great number who fail because of what we have called abnormal conditions of strain, such as illness, financial worry, lack of any previous experience in self-discipline, and troubles at home. The change from the high or preparatory school to college involves that the boy or girl must in most cases for the first time leave home and the closer supervision of earlier schooling. This often calls not only for an intellectual but a moral readjustment. The process is more difficult than most of us in our optimism usually imagine. Anyone can, for a time—as in the army, for instance—certainly adapt himself to a far more arduous régime if the main objectives are kept clearly in mind and recognized as worth while both by him and by those behind the lines—if, in other words, general morale is good.

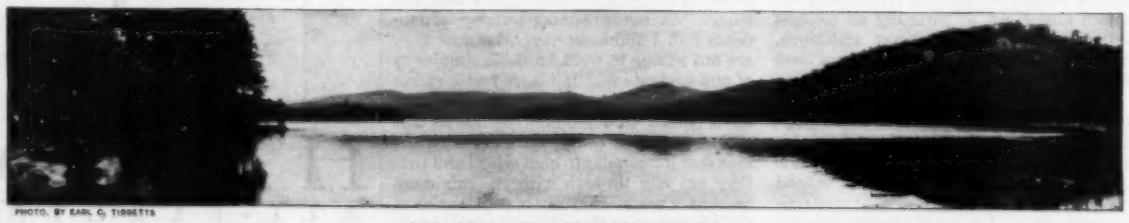
In every part of the country every college official consulted recognizes the seriousness of the problem. He sees, as the public does not, year in and year out, case after case in unhappy procession, with all its pathetic and sometimes tragic consequences. I have refrained from citing such cases, for this is not a matter which sentiment or recrimination alone can cure.

Poor teaching, of course, is a factor in the situation. The success of the freshman in college does not depend upon him alone, yet it is a curious fact that in nearly all technical discussions of this subject the teacher is treated as a negligible, almost a negative, quantity. This is hardly a compliment to the professorial profession. The teacher is, or at least he should be, an active factor. We often find distinguished surgeons, musicians or chemists who attribute their success to the fact that they studied under a particular master. This is true of freshmen as well as of graduate students. The instructor applies at least some of the power necessary to the process. He provides or should provide stimulus which increases motivation and makes effort easier and more profitable. Trumbull used to define a teacher as one who causes others to know. It is a large order, but if teachers may justly receive some credit for the success of their pupils it is only fair to give them some of the blame where there are many failures.

Restricted Enrollment

It will be admitted, then, that poor teaching is a contributing factor in some cases; and a number of my colleagues, such as Dean Otis E. Randall, of Brown University, dealt with it frankly. Though this subject calls for more extended treatment than can be given it here, it should not be allowed to distract our attention from the central issue. The main and simple reason, as Penrod would say, why so many students fail is that tens of thousands are admitted who under any proper system of selection should have been excluded. Here, too, the colleges are not altogether blameless, and one critic of the 600 dismissals in that Western state university was justified when he complained that for years college presidents had been urging everybody to come to college, and now that everybody was doing it, they were sending most of them back home.

The reduction of mortality in endowed colleges that have been forced to restrict enrollment and study admissions proves that a remedy is at hand, if the people have seemingly the courage, but in reality the mercy, to use it. Some of the state universities—the University of Minnesota, for instance—have tried to introduce changes and have made progress. But no matter what effective steps have been taken in public or private institutions, all have met with determined opposition from an adverse public opinion. Many have been able to make no headway whatever against the active hostility of their constituents. Where, as in the United States, higher education is a part of the social system, isolated efforts can do little with so general a condition. The size of our distressing army of failures is, however, sufficient testimony that something here is fundamentally wrong and that we are confronted with a social problem which not the college alone but only a more enlightened public opinion can solve.



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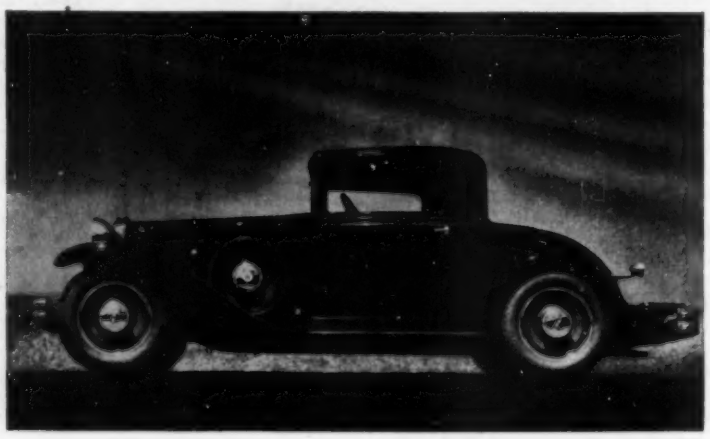


THE COMPLETE 1931 HUPMOBILE LINE

The 1931 CENTURY SIX, 70 H. P. . . from $1145
The 1931 CENTURY EIGHT, 90 H. P. . from $1345
The 1931 100 H. P. EIGHT . . . . . from $1695
The 1931 133 H. P. EIGHT . . . . . from $2080
The 1931 CUSTOM EIGHT, 133 H. P. . from $2645

PRICES AT THE FACTORY

LEAVES FROM THE LIPTON LOGS

(Continued from Page 37)

of adequate supplies. From proprietor to office boy, we worked early and late. Orders were always ahead of fulfillment. New business was constantly coming along and new methods being tried out. One of the heads of the many building firms employed by me about this time tersely described the situation, so far as Lipton's was concerned, when he turned to me rather sharply one morning and remarked, "The trouble with your firm is that it is like a boy who grows so fast that he needs a new suit of clothes every week."

I continued to be one of the largest advertisers in England, using the columns of every paper of any standing, both daily and weekly. At all the big fairs and expositions—as they were sometimes called—I was a competitor. I won so many prizes at functions like this all over the world that I got tired of entering.

It honestly seemed to me that about this time in my business career everything conspired to keep my name always before the public. When a fire occurred which destroyed a large section of my headquarters premises in London, it received far more attention from the newspapers than the event really merited, because, as it so happened, there was left standing, grim, gaunt and prominent, an immense signboard built of iron and bearing the name of the firm—triumphant, the papers pointed out, over the devouring element.

For many years after establishing my organization in London, I lived, as the phrase has it, for nothing else but my work. It was my joy to be continually immersed in the big developments of the business and to take a fatherly interest in the great human machine which had grown up around me. Each day was the same—at my desk early in the morning and home late to bed. I had few personal friends apart from my enormous family of employes—10,000 of them, scattered throughout the world in plantations, factories, stores and warehouses. With these I tried to keep in close touch always. If I ever entertained at my home, it was to the simplest of dinners, and the party was generally confined to three or four only. I seldom went to the theater or attended any public function. My one luxury—apart from an occasional holiday, which I compelled myself to take and which provided me with the necessary change of scene and reinvigorated mental outlook—was the possession of a team of fast Kentucky trotting horses behind which, the reins in my own hands, I generally drove to and from the office. Later I became one of the first British motor enthusiasts—but my experiences and adventures as a motorist would require a chapter all to themselves!

A Holiday in Mandalay

Though what I have written about my engrossing interest in the affairs of my one-man firm is perfectly true, I would not like anybody to think that I believed in a life completely and wholly devoted to the sterner aspects of existence. Far from it. I certainly worked hard. But, when I did decide to take a holiday, I played just as hard.

Sometimes I combined business with pleasure on my jaunts abroad; at other times I went off to the four corners of the world in the most carefree spirit. And nothing gives me greater pleasure today than to recall some of my experiences as a tourist in different lands.

Only the other day my friend Col. Duncan Neill and I were swapping reminiscences, and we laughed once more over a highly amusing adventure which befell us in Mandalay. We had been doing a holiday trip all over the East and the opportunity occurred to visit a Buddhist temple at the famous Burma city. When we got to the temple we found a congress of native priests in progress. Part of the day's ceremonials was an imposing procession of these dignitaries, and the colonel and I watched the picturesque and stately march of the priests. Noticing that one of their number, a very powerfully built man with a peculiarly piercing eye, turned his head and stared scowlingly in my face, I observed to my companion that "I would not like to meet that fellow alone in the dark." The words had no sooner left my mouth than the formidable-looking Indian priest stepped aside and came up to me, much to my perturbation.

Local Boy Makes Good

"Hullo, Lipton. What brings you out to this part of the world?" he asked, speaking in a strong Irish accent. "I could scarcely believe my eyes when I saw you standing among the crowd, but, of course, I knew you at once, from your photographs in the papers."

I was so amazed that I almost lost the power of speech.

"Who and what are you, for goodness' sake?" I asked.

"I'm Kelly, the Burmese priest," was his reply, and I thought I could detect a roguish glint in his eye, even if he was tanned the color of brown paper and wore the trappings of an Eastern holy man. "I came from Ireland originally," he went on to explain in the most affable fashion, "but I was wrecked off the coast of Burma. Liking the country, I stayed on, became converted to the Buddhist faith and was made a priest. Now I am the chief priest," he concluded proudly.

"Well, Chief Priest Kelly," I said, having by this time got over my nervousness, "I hope you will come and see me at my hotel."

"No, no, that's a place for Christians, and I cannot go there," he protested vigorously.

"But you'll be coming to see me," I reminded him.

"Oh, well, that will be different," he agreed, and sure enough, the same evening he turned up and we had a long chat together on the veranda of the hotel. Profound, indeed, was the astonishment of the other guests to see me sitting in a corner and talking volubly with one of the chief priests of Mandalay.

After Kelly had gone, one of the ladies came up to me and said, "How perfectly wonderful you are, sir, to be able to talk to the natives in their own language!"

Anxious not to spoil the good impression I had made, I explained to the lady that I did a very extensive business in the East and, of course, if one couldn't speak the various languages, it was difficult to get orders!

Many years ago I went as far afield as Turkey for a brief holiday. Some of the incidents of that trip are still fresh in my mind. For instance, I shall never forget an experience I had with the hordes of would-be native guides who plague the lives of the foreign visitors. No sooner did I set foot in Constantinople than an entire regiment of these guides clustered round me. They looked like tearing me limb from limb. Each seemed to regard me as his especial prey, gesticulating wildly, jumping in front of me and behind me, and shouting in pidgin English.

I was at my wit's end how to select one from among the horde, but, I reflected, if I selected one, the others would probably fight for the possession of my dead body, and so I resolved to have no guide at all. I tried to explain this to the rascals and walked off on a sight-seeing round.

For an hour or two a dozen or more followed my every footstep, but later in the day the number was reduced to six, and nothing I could do would prevail upon this faithful band to leave me. Once I sought refuge in a carpet shop to buy a carpet to take home to my mother, but the guides came right in after me. Trying to regard them as nonexistent, I haggled with the shopkeeper over what he was going to charge me for the carpet; it was an exorbitant price, I explained to him, but he protested he could not let me have it for less, because my six guides would each require a commission!

This convinced me that life in Stamboul would be not worth living unless I got rid of my bodyguard of guides. So a bright idea occurred to me. Picking out the most persistent of the robbers, I told him that he could act as my guide if he got rid of all the others. Strangely enough, as soon as I had put this proposition forward and it had sunk into his head, he managed magically to dismiss his rivals with a mere wave of the hand. And for the rest of that day he dogged me closely. I began most cordially to hate him and evolved a plan for getting rid of him on the morrow.

"What o'clock, O master, shall we set forth in the morning?" he asked me as I reached the hotel steps.

"Not before half-past ten," I replied, secretly resolving to be up and about two hours earlier.

But did he believe me? No. On opening my bedroom door very early next morning, I found him sleeping on the mat and nearly tripped over him.

"Here I am, O master. I'm ready," he smiled and, admiring such persistence, I reengaged him for another day's sight-seeing. In business I have always encouraged the man who could prove to me that he was doing his very best. And sure enough this wily old Turk was doing his.

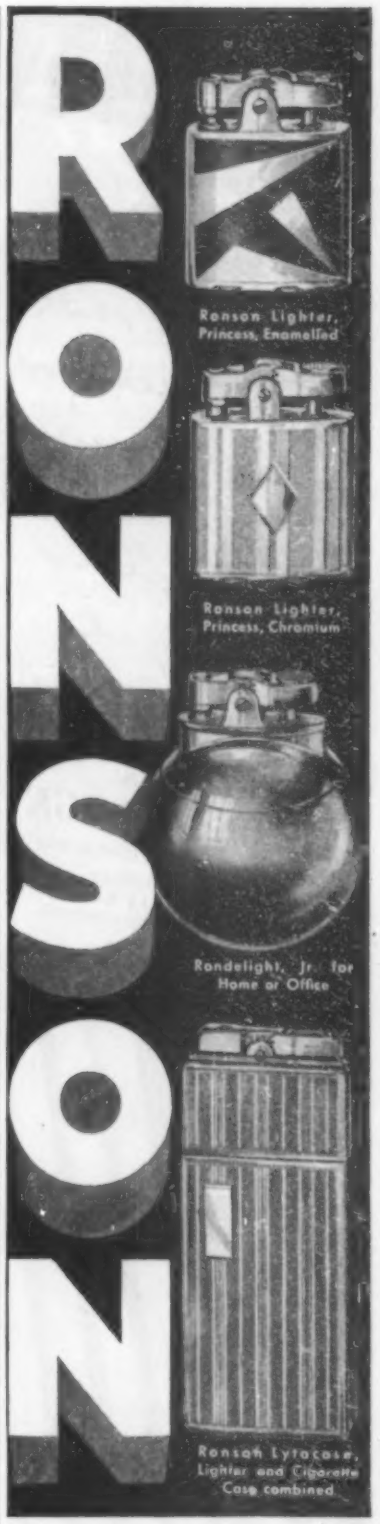
The Clerks Get a Raise

The late Lord Dewar—whose death a few weeks ago was so deplored on both sides of the Atlantic—was one of my best friends for forty years. Many were the trips we made together. No more amusing companion could be imagined. He was my honored guest on many occasions at home and abroad. He went over to America with me for my Cup Challenge in 1920 and delighted the Americans with his witty speeches, full of sparkling epigrams, as well as by his quiet, charming personality. Wherever we happened to be, all over the world, we kept up a bantering correspondence either by letter or cable. Dewar was a very fine artist. He could have made money by his pencil and brush, had he not found it easier to get by selling the brand of liquid with which his name will always be associated. He used to take keen pleasure in drawing my face on a post card and addressing it to the country which I was visiting for the time being. Thus he would sketch me in yachting rig-out and simply put the letters "U.S.A." underneath. The American postal authorities always delivered the card without a minute's delay. Once when he was in Central Africa, he sent me a cable as follows: "You can buy three wives here for six pounds of Lipton's tea. Why not come out?"

I replied: "Am sending out the tea. Send samples of wives." Lord Dewar didn't reply; nor did he send the samples.

On one occasion, Dewar went into one of my shops in Harrogate, Yorkshire, and said he was an inspector from the head office. He was shown all over the premises, he examined the books, and, on leaving, said he was so satisfied with the way the shop was run that he would give everybody on the staff an increase in their salaries of one pound a week. He was easily the most popular inspector that had ever visited Harrogate. This joke was certainly with his lordship, for I had not the heart to stop the increases and went on paying them.

The Two Scotch Toms, as we came to be called, were always trying to score over each other, but ever in the most friendly spirit. On one occasion we were visiting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Ronson Lighter, Princess, Enamelled
Ronson Lighter, Princess, Chromium
Rondelight, Jr. for Home or Office
Ronson Lytocase, Lighter and Cigarette Case combined

WORLD'S
GREATEST LIGHTER

Ronson won the world with *Ease*—*Ease* of operation, *Ease* of maintenance. The automatic Ronson Lighter action is a triumph of mechanical ingenuity and craftsmanlike precision. As easy as pushing an electric light button—*and as sure to give you a light!*

"A flip, and it's lit!
Release, and it's out!"

Ronson Lighters are offered in a great variety of new models for men and women, pocket, home or office. Ask to see them demonstrated. $5.00 and up at smart shops everywhere.

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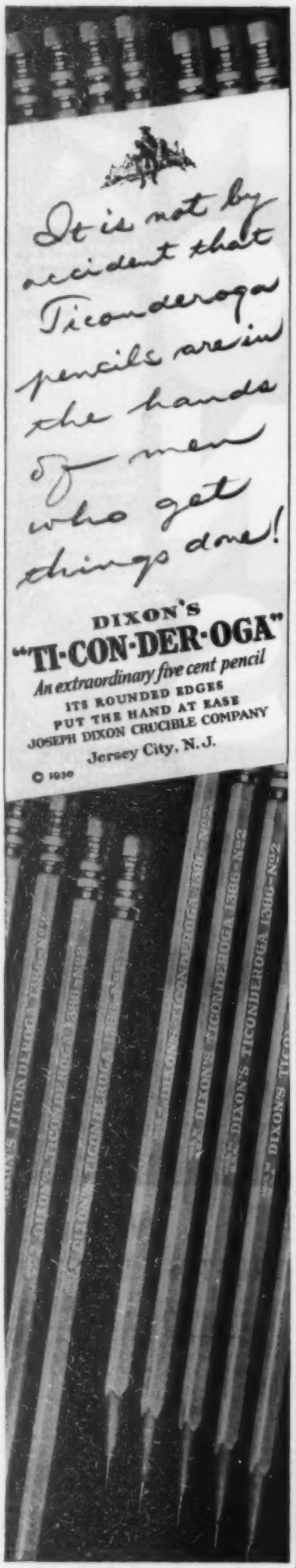
$5.00 AND UP


It is not by accident that Ticonderoga pencils are in the hands of men who get things done!
DIXON'S
"TI-CON-DER-OGA"
An extraordinary five cent pencil
ITS ROUNDED EDGES PUT THE HAND AT EASE
JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY
Jersey City, N.J.
© 1930

Taormina, in Sicily, on board my yacht. With us was the late Kennedy Jones, one of Lord Northcliffe's associates in the founding of the Daily Mail. K. J. wanted to get hold of a copy of his paper, and said he was almost certain to find it on sale in the town.

"You'll have as much chance of getting the Daily Mail down here as Lipton would have of getting a pound of his tea," jocularly declared Dewar.

I said nothing, and we all went ashore together. Later in the day we called at the biggest store in the town and Kennedy Jones asked airily for the Daily Mail. The shopkeeper looked blankly at him; he had never heard of it. Then I chipped in with a request for a bottle of Dewar's whisky. Again the attendant shrugged his shoulders. Thinking then that it was up to him to complete the discomfiture of all three of us, Lord Dewar asked for a pound of Lipton's tea.

The Italian smiled broadly and intelligently. "*Si, si, signor!*" he murmured, and promptly produced the article desired.

You ought to have seen the looks on the faces of my two friends as we left the shop. It was one up for Tea Tom that day!

Lord Dewar and I were returning from a trip to the South of France some years ago. On arrival at Calais his lordship bought several English penny papers and handed them to me to take care of until we got on board the ship. I was one of the first aboard and happened to be standing at the top of the gangway with the papers under my arm and wearing my yachting cap, when an American gentleman came up and addressed me. He evidently took me for a newspaper seller, for he brusquely asked me if I had a New York Herald. Entering into the spirit of the thing, I replied, "No, sir, I don't think I have a New York Herald, but I've got a Daily Telegraph. I hope that will do."

"All right, my man," said the American. "Give me the Telegraph. How much is it?"

Dinner for Four Hundred Thousand

Thinking to make a profit on the transaction and thus have a good story to tell Dewar, I replied that the price was twopence. The stranger took the paper, paid me what I asked and disappeared. Going in search of my friend, I found him in the smoke room and gleefully reported that I had earned him some money.

"I'm always glad to hear that sort of news," Lord Dewar unctuously said. "How did you manage to do it?"

I explained that I had been mistaken for a newsboy and just what happened.

"You are a bit of a fule!" he angrily exclaimed. "Don't ye know that the price o' the Daily Telegraph in France is threepence, and that instead of making a profit, you've lost me a penny—33⅓ per cent dead loss?"

Lord Dewar was fond of telling a story about myself which has gone round the world by "word o' mou'," but which I don't think has ever got into print. It was to the effect that an American tourist once paid a shilling to inspect the famous old cottage at Chalfont St. Giles, Buckinghamshire, in which Milton is reputed to have written the latter part of Paradise Lost. The guide showed his visitor all round the cottage until he came to the poet's chair, and then he exclaimed dramatically, "In this very chair sat Milton!"

"Who did you say?" asked the visitor, a look of disappointment suddenly taking the place of the keen interest he had been displaying. "Milton? I thought you said Lipton! Give me back my shilling!"

* * * * * * * *

In all likelihood I would have remained very much less of a public character than I was latterly destined to become, had it not been for two interests. The first of these was my association with Her Royal Highness, the Princess of Wales—afterward Queen Alexandra of much-loved memory—in her great scheme for providing a dinner to four hundred thousand of the poorest people in Britain in commemoration of the Diamond Jubilee of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria. This wonderful scheme appealed to my democratic instincts from the moment of its inception, and I threw myself heart and soul into the task of bringing it to a successful fruition. It seemed to me that while most of the people in the country were thinking about military and civic pageants, the spectacular entertaining of foreign royalties, ambassadors, and other overseas dignitaries, the Princess had hit upon one of the real human ideas in connection with the Jubilee.

Her appeal for funds was not, to say the least of it, an immediate success. The moneyed classes in England—always generous to a degree, let it be admitted, in subscribing to certain types of charities—did not take kindly to the dinner fund, for some reason or another, and I was so disappointed at the progress being made that I sent a check for £25,000 to the Lord Mayor of London, the custodian of the fund. After this, there was never the slightest doubt of the Poor Folks' Royal Dinner being a successful feature of the national festivities.

The Yachting Virus

Naturally, being in the catering business, I had expert knowledge of what a banquet of the magnitude contemplated would call for in the way of organization and supplies, and I remember how interested Her Royal Highness was in my calculations of costs and quantities. Each of the guests at this unique feast, which took place simultaneously in all the largest halls in the United Kingdom, had meat, bread, plum pudding, cheese and cake, apart from tea and coffee and other liquid refreshments. Altogether more than 700 tons of food were consumed that evening; 400 vans were employed in the delivery of the meals, and 10,000 waiters served them. I doubt if there will ever be such another dinner in the history of the world.

A year or two later I again had the great privilege of working in close association with Her Majesty, Queen Alexandra, on another project to which she was applying her warm-hearted and generous instincts. This was the establishment of a great popular restaurant in London for the purveying of thoroughly good meals at cost price to poor people. Here, also, I was able to help with practical advice as well as financial assistance. The restaurant was duly founded under the name of the Alexandra Trust. I endowed it with sufficient funds to enable it to carry on its work for all time, and I am proud to say that the institution is still to the fore, daily fulfilling its commendable functions and bearing in perpetuity the name of the most gracious and charming lady whose name it carries. For as small a sum as one halfpenny, it is possible, at the Alexandra Trust, to get a portion of wholesome food, while for a few coppers a really good and substantial meal can be obtained. After twenty-five years our cooks prepare and our waitresses serve daily anywhere from 5000 to 10,000 meals to London's poor people and school children.

The second of the interests which began to link me more closely with the outer world in the late 90's was my love of yachting. All through the strenuous years of building up my business I had not lost one spark of my early love for the sea. I simply reveled in my repeated trips to America, for instance, as much for the whiff of the health-giving Atlantic breezes as for any of the tangible rewards which were invariably the results of my journeyings. The best parts of my holidays were the hours spent upon the water. But it was not until the year 1898 that I found my thoughts definitely and longingly turning again to my boyhood's passion—to the wind and the waves and the salt spray lashing and a mast bending under a well-filled sail. At all events, to the actual possession of some craft which would gratify my zest for the sea and give me more frequent respites from the cares of business. The appeal was almost irresistible. And thus it was that I became owner of the Erin, the beautiful steam yacht which, in after happy years, was to be so well-known all over the world.

The acquisition of the Erin spelled for me a new joy. Only then did I begin to realize that it is not good for any man to be tied, neck and heel, to his office desk. No matter how hard I worked, there was always the complete change and pleasure of a week-end on the Erin to break the monotony and to give me fresh vitality. Besides, I found I could have much more companionship on my ship than I could possibly have ashore. By and by the Erin became famous for her visitors. Looking back now, it gives me immense satisfaction to recall the many prominent and distinguished people to whom I had the honor of acting as host aboard my floating home. And here let me say that these people were not merely aristocrats; they were mostly men and women who were pulling their weight in the Ship of Life in one form or another.

King Edward himself honored my yacht and myself with his presence. His Majesty was a lover of the sea and of ships. Queen Alexandra also came aboard to see me, as did Princess Beatrice and her daughter, Princess Ena, now Queen of Spain. Indeed, the Erin's guest books contain the names of practically every royal personage in Europe and of illustrious men and women in every walk of life on both sides of the Atlantic. Yet I hope that to everybody who came on board I was the same plain Tom Lipton and that I put on no airs and graces when I assumed a yachtsman's cap.

The informality which always prevailed upon the Erin once led to a rather awkward predicament. American friends were constantly coming to see me on my ship. None were more welcome. Once, during Cowes Yachting Week—the chief event of the English sailing season—I was entertaining several Americans when suddenly I observed the royal launch making directly for my yacht. I took this to mean that Their Majesties, the King and Queen, were about to pay the Erin a visit. At once my American visitors were agog with excitement. The ladies began anxiously to practice their formal curtseys, while, in honor of Their Majesties, I ordered my crew to line up to attention. Finally the royal launch drew up alongside. And who do you suppose jumped out of it? My old friend Honey Fitz, otherwise Mr. John F. Fitzgerald, the mayor of Boston, and his two young daughters. You could have knocked us all sideways with a feather, so great was our astonishment and bewilderment.

"My word, Fitz," I exclaimed, "but you have arrived in great style!"

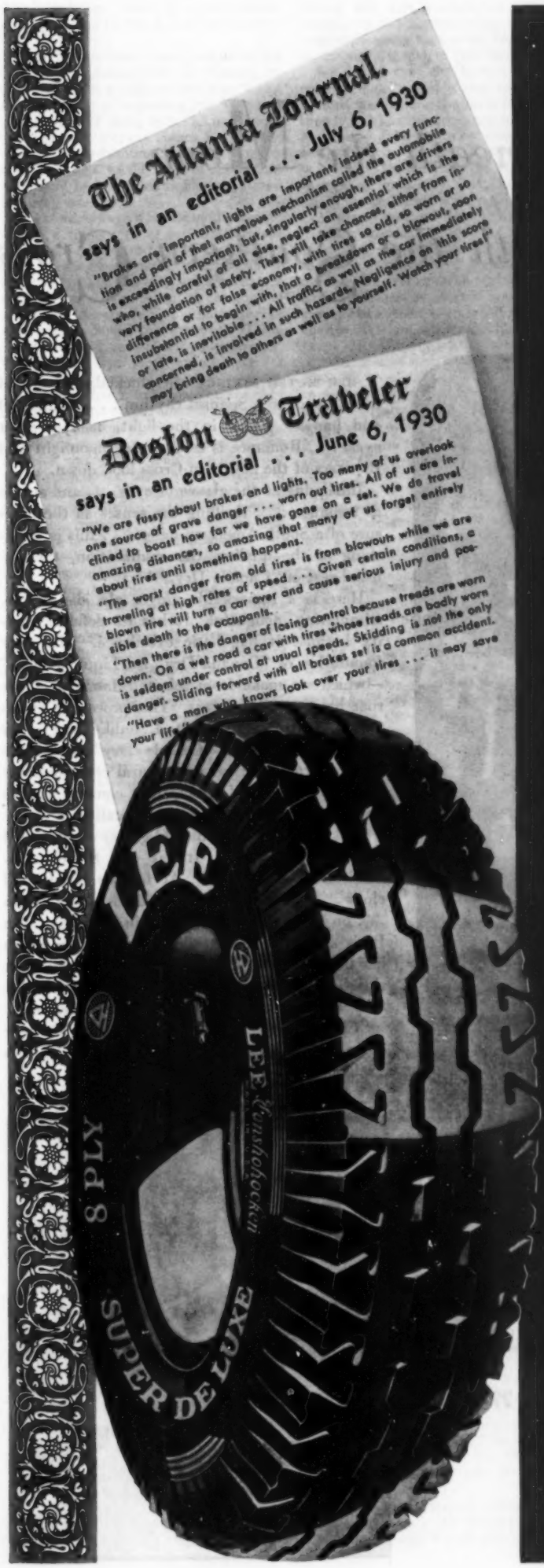
Lord Mayor of Boston

"What do you mean?" he asked blankly. "I took the best boat that was available to bring me over to you." Then he went on to say that, being in London, he had decided to run down for the day and give me a call. Arriving at the sea front of Cowes, he and his family had strolled along to "that building over there," pointing to the sacred steps of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and had "hired the only launch he could see idle at the moment."

It appears he had gone right up to the officer in charge of the royal launch and said, "Take us over, please, to Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht," in such dignified and imperial tones that the officer imagined Mayor Fitzgerald had His Majesty's permission for the use of the launch and promptly did as he was instructed.

But the end of the story is not yet. I learned, afterward, that the King and Queen arrived at the steps expecting that their launch would be waiting for them, to take them to another yacht on which they had an appointment. It was nowhere to be seen, and came back minutes late, after having carried the mayor of Boston and his family out to the Erin. Fancy the extraordinary situation. The King and Queen waiting impatiently on the jetty the while

(Continued on Page 129)


The Atlanta Journal.
says in an editorial . . . July 6, 1930
"Brakes are important, lights are important; indeed every function and part of that marvelous mechanism called the automobile is exceedingly important; but, singularly enough, there are drivers who, while careful of all else, neglect an essential which is the very foundation of safety. They will take chances, either from indifference or for false economy, with tires so old, so worn or so insubstantial to begin with, that a breakdown or a blowout, soon or late, is inevitable . . . All traffic, as well as the car immediately concerned, is involved in such hazards. Negligence on this score may bring death to others as well as to yourself. Watch your tires!"
Boston Traveler
says in an editorial . . . June 6, 1930
"We are fussy about brakes and lights. Too many of us overlook one source of grave danger . . . worn out tires. All of us are inclined to boast how far we have gone on a set. We do travel amazing distances, so amazing that many of us forget entirely about tires until something happens.
"The worst danger from old tires is from blowouts while we are traveling at high rates of speed . . . Given certain conditions, a blown tire will turn a car over and cause serious injury and possible death to the occupants.
"Then there is the danger of losing control because treads are worn down. On a wet road a car with tires whose treads are badly worn is seldom under control at usual speeds. Skidding is not the only danger. Sliding forward with all brakes set is a common accident.
"Have a man who knows look over your tires . . . it may save your life
LEE
LEE of Conshohocken
8 PLY
SUPER DE LUXE

USE QUALITY for SAFETY

So many fatalities are due to faulty tires that newspaper editorials are now warning motorists that "negligence may bring death to others as well as themselves."

33,000 deaths occurred last year from automobile accidents; many of these were due to tires which were "old, worn, or insubstantial to begin with."

We have never subordinated quality for price! We always protect our customers by deliberately building tires in excess of the safety requirements of the day.

When balloon tires were introduced, we at once made the 6-Ply Balloon . . . 2 more plies and a thicker tread. Later, when smaller wheels, four-wheel brakes, and higher speeds became the vogue, we introduced the 8-Ply Super De Luxe, a marvel of riding comfort and safety.

These 8-Ply Giants appreciably lessen all road shocks before they reach the springs. They don't blow out and they bite the road with a vicious grip. They are almost impervious to puncture.

Thousands of motorists are riding in unworried safety and relaxed comfort on sets of these tires. What does a few dollars more for safety mean when disaster haunts you every moment your car is on the road? Play safe! Buy either Lee De Luxe . . . the 6-Ply Heavy Duty, or the Lee 8-Ply Super De Luxe: Quality tires.

No car comes factory-equipped with LEE of Conshohocken tires. Automobile dealers are usually willing to get them for you, charging only the difference in price.

Any LEE of Conshohocken dealer will make you a generous allowance on your new or used tires of any make, when exchanged for a set of these LEE of Conshohocken De Luxe Masterpieces.

LEE of Conshohocken

GENERAL OFFICES: CONSHOHOCKEN, PA., U. S. A.
FACTORIES: CONSHOHOCKEN, PA. and YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

O Magic Nights beneath the Moon where Eyes meet Eyes beneath the Southern Cross

WHILE MUTED STRINGS are plucked, the tap of heels moves to a Spanish rhythm . . . skirts swirl and bangles glitter in the light, as eyes meet eyes. . . . Romance is eery as the moonlight and the stars of the Southern Cross look down.

Intriguing as the glance of eyes . . . and subtle as romance . . . thrilling the senses as the measure of a South American dance . . . this is something of the quality, the exhilaration, the unusual zest of "Canada Dry."

Here is a remarkable ginger ale, distinctive, stimulating, delightful. It has its definite quality because it has basic excellence. The very foundation of "Canada Dry" is "Liquid Ginger" —which we make from selected Jamaica ginger root by a special process. This process is exclusively controlled by us and, unlike any other method, retains for "Canada Dry" all of the original aroma, flavor and natural essence of the ginger root. Rigid laboratory control assures uniformity, purity and highest quality.

And as a result this fine old ginger ale is served the wide world over. It has won the connoisseur's nod of approval. At famous hotels and clubs . . . at the Houses of Parliament at Ottawa . . . on transatlantic liners . . . in London . . . in Paris . . . "Canada Dry" is the beverage which has first call. And in countless homes throughout this country its unforgettable flavor, its delightfully subtle aroma are known and cherished.

"Canada Dry" will bring distinction to your dinner table. Order it today in the Hostess Package of 12 bottles.

HAVE YOU TRIED—?

Canada Dry's new Golden Ginger Ale. Never before have you tasted a golden ginger ale with such a marvelous flavor. The secret of its delight comes from a secret and exclusive process of beverage making. Buy it where you buy "Canada Dry."

Canada Dry's new Sparkling Lime. This wonderfully refreshing beverage brings you the lure and romance of the tropics. Let it win you with its keen, cooling lime taste as it is winning countless others daily. Buy it where you buy "Canada Dry."

"CANADA DRY"

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Champagne of Ginger Ales

© 1930

(Continued from Page 126)

their launch was "hired" by a genial American gentleman to pay a visit to his friend Tom Lipton.

Happily, there was a merry sequel to the incident, for, dining with His Majesty on the royal yacht a night or two later, I had an opportunity of explaining just what had happened. The King was highly amused with the whole story of Honey Fitz and his unintentional effrontery, and finished up by saying that he would have to recall that reprimand he had given to his boat's crew for being late.

But it was always King Edward's custom to take a kindly view of any such incident or mishap, no matter how serious the personal inconvenience caused to himself. This fine trait in His Majesty's character was strikingly evidenced when, at the time of my second America's Cup Challenge, the King was on board the Shamrock II and saw her being dismasted with his own eyes. The mishap was most unfortunate for everybody concerned, and peculiarly unfortunate in that it took place on the very day King Edward had himself selected to be aboard and sail in one of the trials.

This engagement on the part of His Majesty was one of long standing. For many years he had taken a keen interest in yachting, and the performances of his famous cutter, Britannia, were still fresh in the public memory. In making my first challenge for the Cup with Shamrock two years previously, I had had the gratification of knowing that one of my most sincere well-wishers had been His Majesty. He had even fitted out and raced the Britannia against the first Shamrock when there was no other yacht which could be tried against my boat. With Shamrock II, His Majesty's sympathies were equally manifest, but it was a condition of his sailing aboard her that the visit should be entirely informal. Naturally, I looked forward with delight to the afternoon's sailing, and at luncheon on board the Erin we were a most jovial and expectant company. The party included Major General Sir Stanley Clarke, the royal equerry, the Marchioness of Londonderry—whose interest in my yachting exploits was intense—Mr. and Mrs. Jamieson, and Mr. G. L. Watson, the designer of the challenger.

When the Mast Broke

There was a fair roll of sea on, but the brilliant sunshine—typical king's weather, as we call it in England—seemed to be the happiest possible augury as, after luncheon, we set out for the challenger and stepped aboard her. The trial race was to be with the original Shamrock and the yawl Sybarita. The preparatory signal sounded on the Erin about two o'clock and four of the five minutes allowed before the actual start had elapsed when the totally unexpected and sensational accident happened to the new challenger. Suddenly, on being rounded up to take a line on the port tack, she heeled considerably as she came broadside on to the rather fresh breeze that had sprung up and, without a moment's warning, her whole cloud of canvas swayed and toppled and, with the mast, went over the side.

Fortunately, the accident was not so tremendously serious as we all at first imagined it to be. The boom remained intact. His Majesty was standing in the companionway—his favorite position when yachting—and had a view of the accident from first to last. He retained a most wonderful nerve throughout; in this respect being very much calmer than any other person on board. His first inquiry was as to whether anyone had been hurt, and he was much relieved to find that all aboard, including the first mast hand, had escaped injury. He then lit a cigar and went on smoking calmly until the party could be conveyed back to the Erin. Even then, the King refused to rest quietly. Knowing how great was my concern that this terrible thing should have happened to my boat while His Majesty was aboard, he did his utmost to put me at my ease by assuring me that he was as sorry as I was for the mishap and that it could not have been foreseen by any human being. In fact, he insisted on going back in my launch to the Shamrock forthwith to view the damage.

We found that the broken mast had doubled under the ship and, touching the bottom, was holding the yacht fast. Meantime it had become necessary to send over to Cowes for riveters to cut away the mast and so relieve the ship. These men were now busy at the task, and His Majesty took as great an interest in their operations as any of the practical yachtsmen in charge.

At dinner on the Erin that night, before he went back to London on his special train, King Edward was in as cheery spirits as I have ever seen him. He condoled with me over and over again on my bad luck, did his best to keep everybody in good humor and, when someone remarked that it was curious the boom of the yacht had remained intact, His Majesty wittily remarked:

"Yes, it does seem remarkable, for if Sir Thomas' boom did not suffer, how are we to account for the bringing down of his sales." A palpable joke at my expense, which made us all chuckle with merriment.

An Order from King Edward

Actually, I never met a man with a keener sense of humor than King Edward. In his informal moments he loved a joke as well as any man that ever lived. Two incidents illustrative of this are recalled to my mind.

It so happened that at a royal review in Edinburgh at which the King was present, I had—in my capacity as honorary colonel of the Sixth Highland Light Infantry—to appear astride a horse. There was nothing very alarming in this prospect, so far as I was concerned, for I had horses in London and frequently did a good deal of riding. On the occasion of the Edinburgh review, however, a friend in Edinburgh wrote to me saying that there was no call for me to bring north one of my own steeds, as he had a very fine horse which he could loan to me for the day.

My friend's idea of a very good horse was apparently one that had never been broken in! And on coming to mount the animal just before it was time for my regiment to march past His Majesty, I found that the united efforts of four soldiers were necessary to hold it. Immediately I got my feet in the stirrups the wretched beast dashed off with me, far ahead of my battalion, and careered onward until we were opposite the grand stand, on which were seated the King and his nobles and generals and admirals, together with the civic representatives. As if to celebrate my advent under very peculiar circumstances, to say the least of it, twenty massed bands began to blare out at once. This was the last straw. For a few seconds my horse stood stock-still, then he turned his head and gave me a most critical stare, examining carefully, it seemed to me, all the decorations on my chest, including the Grand Order bestowed on me by the King of Italy, and the rest of my medals. Then, making up his mind that he did not like either me or my decorations, before I knew anything about it I was fifteen feet up in the air, and when I came down, the darned horse wasn't there. Later I woke up in an Edinburgh nursing home.

A few days later I had an invitation from His Majesty to complete my convalescence as his guest at Balmoral Castle, his beautiful Highland home on Deeside. King Edward was most sympathetic with me over my accident at the review and, after dinner on the night of my arrival, he singled me out from his other guests with the words:

"And now, Lipton, I am going to bestow upon you a new honor." Saying this, he tapped me lightly on the shoulder and added, "I promote you to the Horse Marines."

Another little story of a great king and a great man: Once His Majesty said to me, "Lipton, I think I shall give you an order shortly."

"That is exceedingly kind of Your Majesty," I replied, with a twinkle in my eye. "It will do me a lot of good in my business. I shall have a price list sent to Your Majesty at once!" Of course, both of us knew that it was not an order for tea that was being hinted at, but King Edward appreciated my little joke. When, shortly afterward, His Majesty gave me this order, he did so with a gracious informality which touched me deeply. "Here is a surprise packet for you, Lipton," was all he said. "Please do not open it until you return home." He then handed me a little box which, when I opened it later, I found to contain the insignia making me a Knight Commander of the Victorian Order.

But no recollections of the distinguished personages who sailed with me on board the Erin would be complete without an allusion to Her Late Majesty, the Empress Eugénie.

In view of this wonderful old lady's great age—she had then passed her eightieth birthday—no one was more surprised than I was, when, on motoring down to her English home at Farnborough, toward the end of 1907, the Empress' secretary, the late Monsieur Pietri, greeted me with this news:

"The Empress would like you to arrange for her to go to Ceylon, Sir Thomas. You praised the beauties of the island so enthusiastically to Her Majesty when you were last here that nothing will dissuade her from going. She has set her heart on the trip and wants you, as a favor, to make all arrangements as soon as ever you can."

My first instinct was to oppose the trip, as being altogether too arduous, although the Empress had traveled with me on more than one long cruise and I knew how hale and hearty she was. A subsequent chat with Her Majesty proving to me that she was very eager to start, however, I decided to do all in my power to make my venerable old friend's stay in the island as happy and comfortable as possible, and in the early days of January, 1908, I sailed for Colombo, a little in advance of the royal party, with that object in view.

Empress Eugénie In Ceylon

Accordingly, when, a few days after my arrival at Colombo, the P. & O. liner Mooltan dropped anchor in the harbor with the Empress and her suite on board, Her Majesty was given a rousing reception, for never in its history had Ceylon been visited by a personage of such historical importance.

I was the first to step on board the vessel to welcome the Empress, and, together with the governor of Ceylon, I accompanied her to the special apartments reserved for the royal party in the Galle Face Hotel. Large crowds cheered the great little old lady as, dressed in black and heavily veiled, she made her first progress through the streets of Colombo. The Empress and her party remained for seven weeks on the island, and in subsequent years she frequently recalled to me the many happy memories of her trip, which, to quote her own words, was "one of the most delightful holidays I have ever spent."

I had the honor of accompanying Her Majesty on another interesting trip—this one a visit of inspection to the Suez Canal. As far back as the year 1869 the Empress, then at the height of her power as a reigning monarch, had performed the formal opening ceremony and always she had had the desire to revisit the scenes of a very wonderful and impressive event. Every possible honor was shown to the exiled Queen on this occasion, and she evinced the deepest interest in everything that she saw. Indeed, the Empress Eugénie remained until the end of her life a most indefatigable sight-seer. She had all the vivacity and curiosity of a young girl on the threshold of youth. I recall how, when she was my guest on board the Erin during a cruise in the Mediterranean, we called at Alicante, in Spain. Her Majesty insisted on visiting every historical spot in the vicinity. She even desired to penetrate the forest interior,

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but I urged that such a trip would be altogether too strenuous for her, as there was no access by road and we would have to travel by rail.

"In any case, Your Majesty," I pleaded, "the only train in the day leaves at seven in the morning, and that is much too early for us!"

"Speak for yourself, Sir Thomas," was her gay reply. "I, at least, shall be ready in good time!"

And she was—fully dressed, eager and full of high spirits, walking about the deck of the Erin at six o'clock, instead of seven!

During the same trip we called in at Algiers. Knowing that Her Majesty would want to go ashore and do some exploration, I made inquiry as to possible transport and was told that the only way of proceeding for any distance was by riding upon donkeys.

When I explained this to the Empress her face lit up with interest. "But what a nice way to travel, Sir Thomas!" she exclaimed. "I would love to ride a donkey." And she certainly did, afterward declaring that she had thoroughly enjoyed the experience.

* * * * * * * * *

You will have observed that I have already made one or two references to the America's Cup and my early challenges on behalf of British yachting for that much-prized trophy. Long before I became owner of the Erin I had been deeply interested in all the British challenges and in the various representative boats which had left our shores from time to time to sail for the Cup in American waters. Several of the challengers had been built on the Clyde and I followed their fortunes with a tense and fervent hope that they might wrest the famous Cup from the nation which had held it so long and defended it so frequently and gallantly.

As a matter of fact, the year before I purchased the Erin from Count Florio, her first owner, I had come into the open as a challenger. I issued my cartel through the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, the premier yachting body of Ireland. It was accepted by the committee of the New York Yacht Club, headed by Mr. J. P. Morgan, Commodore. These gentlemen met with representatives sent over specially to New York by the Royal Ulster Club and myself, and, after most amicable discussions, a series of matches was fixed up, to take place in the late autumn of the following year—1899. Thus did I enter the lists of the America's Cup challengers. That was thirty years ago. I am still in the lists. And more hopeful than ever!

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Sir Thomas Lipton, in association with William Blackwood. The seventh will appear next week.

WHEN THE GHOST WALKS

(Continued from Page 7)

"You will find more operating-company presidents under $40,000 than above, with the general run of vice presidents getting between $15,000 and $30,000 in important companies."

Manufacturing is the most widely varied field of business, with a wide spread of salaries. Yet it is possible by selecting typical companies from different industries to gain a good idea of what might be called typical salaries. Such a study was made recently by a leading manufacturer for his own information, and his data covering twenty companies are before me.

The twenty companies range in size from three that employ fewer than 1000 persons to one having 35,000 on its pay roll. The lowest annual sales volume is $3,000,000 and the highest is $160,000,000. Products manufactured include, among other things, leather, automobiles, rubber goods, locks and hardware, chains, cotton goods, machinery, office supplies and household appliances. The majority of the concerns would be classed as large ones. All are widely known.

Practically all of the twenty pay various forms of compensation additional to salaries to certain officers and managers. This is not always true of the higher officers, but it is frequently the case with men identified with sales. For example, district managers are usually paid a salary plus bonus, the latter often arbitrarily fixed at designated periods, while many general sales managers are paid both salaries and bonuses on a sliding scale which tends to fit compensation to the volume of business done. Works managers usually may count on a bonus, but department heads and foremen as a rule are limited to straight salaries.

The synoptical table printed herewith takes into account both salaries and extras for a normal business year, though in all instances the figures are approximate and designed to indicate the rule rather than extremes. The limits given, in other words, are the usual ones. One salesman earned $60,000, but this figure is so far above the earnings of any other salesman that it has been omitted. All in all, however, the table may be regarded as fairly representing the variation in manufacturing-company salaries in a good business year.

Obviously the maximum salaries are paid, with few exceptions, by the largest of the twenty concerns, and the smallest manufacturer of the list, who employs fewer than 500 people, pays a number of the minimums, though not all. For example, low vice presidents in many large companies might be very close to the minimum stated, and high vice presidents of small companies might be well above it.

One prominent automobile company, not included in the foregoing, pays only nominal salaries to its chief executives. They joined the company at a time of reorganization, staked their own personal funds in the venture through stock purchases, and agreed to take their chances on profits. Excepting in 1930, profits have been large, far in excess of any salaries the company ordinarily could have paid.

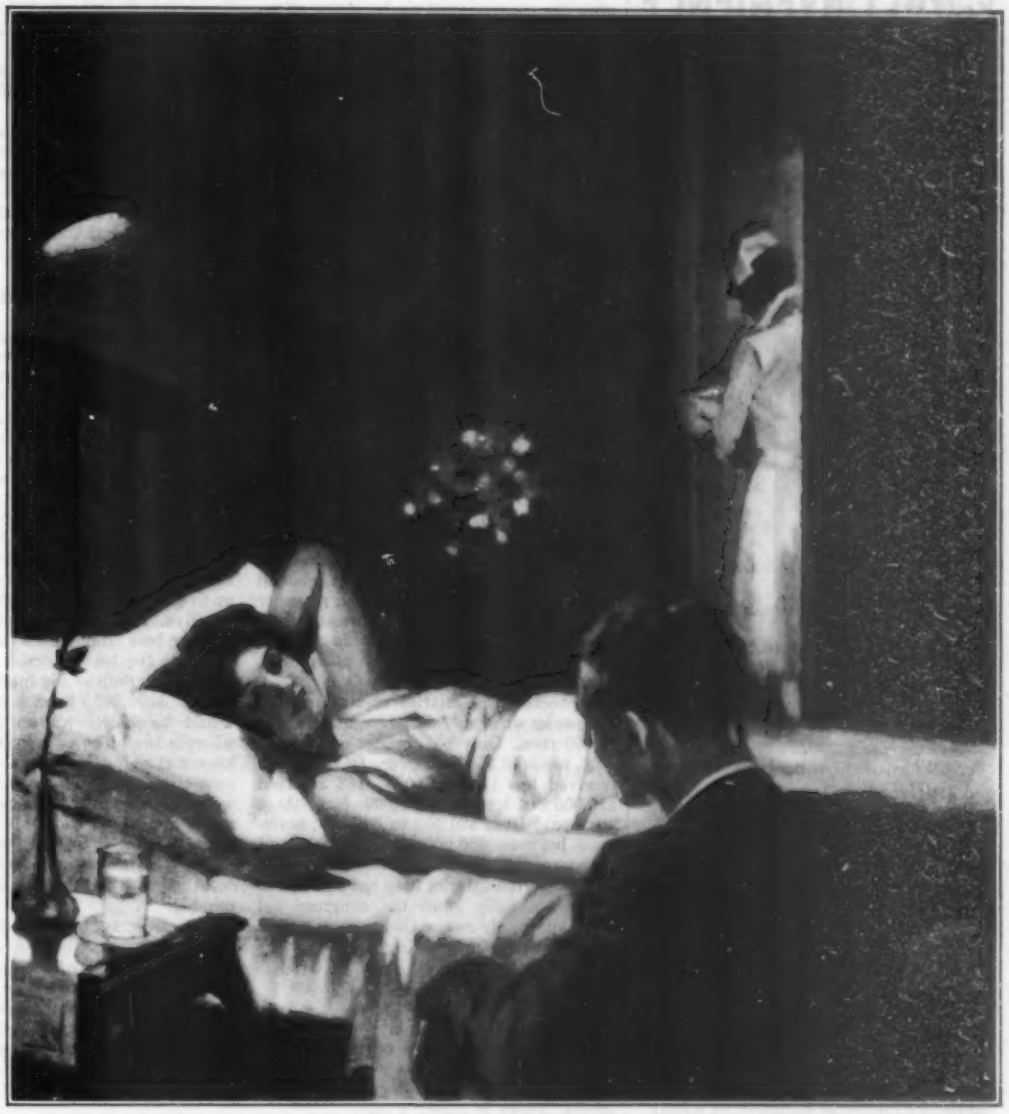
"Practically every big figure in the motor-car industry is a large stockholder in his own company," an automobile man informed me. "I doubt if there is any industry wherein the earnings of chief executives are more dependent on actual business done. The whole industry was organized by men who took a chance, and it is still too young for the control to have passed into other hands entirely."

In steel, despite the enormous bonuses paid a few executives, a salary of $100,000 a year is a high one. The vast majority of big steel companies are quite conservative in their compensations, comparatively speaking. One familiar with the industry through years of close association with it estimated the salaries paid

Position Held	Minimum Salary	Maximum Salary	Approximate Normal
President	$20,000	$150,000	$50,000
Vice president	8,000	125,000	36,000
Treasurer	5,500	50,000	24,500
Auditor or asst. treasurer, comptroller	4,500	30,000	11,500
General sales manager	8,000	41,000	20,000
District manager	4,000	40,000	9,000
Salesman	2,000	14,000	6,000
Works manager	8,500	27,000	15,000
Division superintendent	4,000	13,500	5,500
Department head	3,000	7,500	4,000
Foreman	2,000	5,000	3,100
Purchasing agent	3,500	25,000	12,500
Employment manager	3,500	13,500	7,300
Office manager	4,000	14,000	7,500

(Continued on Page 132)

Man's debt to WOMAN



ONE of the finest traditions of the human race is the sacrifice women make to bear children. Since time began, they have gladly risked health, beauty, life itself, if necessary—and seldom counted the cost. Medical science will never hold a surer claim to immortality than the record of its painstaking efforts to lighten the shadows of child-birth.

Today, motherhood is easier and far safer. And this is due not only to the modern hospital and the great strides made in obstetrics, but also to the spread of beneficial knowledge into the home, to a wider understanding of such things as diet, exercise and simple every-day care.

Since 1858 the House of Squibb has led in producing simple, trustworthy products for the medicine cabinet, many of which contribute to the comfort and welfare of the expectant mother. Into the making of these products goes exactly the same high skill as is devoted to preparing the important vaccines and antitoxins for which the Squibb Laboratories are so well known. And we count it a tribute indeed that numberless physicians instinctively specify the name Squibb when they prescribe milk of magnesia, liquid petrolatum or any of the familiar products used in the home.

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SQUIBB COD-LIVER OIL—a pure, refined product uniformly rich in Vitamins A and D. Widely used by the expectant mother to build reserve strength and also to promote the formation of sound bones and teeth by the baby.

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SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM—made with 50% Squibb Milk of Magnesia—neutralizes acids, protects as it cleans. Guards The Danger Line. Combats "gingival third decay," a form of tooth decay particularly associated with pregnancy.

SQUIBB NURSERY POWDER—an unusually fine, impalpable powder, prepared from the best Italian talc. Pure and non-irritating. Fragrant and soothing.

SQUIBB OLIVE OIL—a pure oil pressed from the finest-quality hand-picked olives. You will prefer its crystal-clearness. Used by many mothers for massaging the baby.

SQUIBB BICARBONATE OF SODA—refined to an unusual degree of purity, hence more palatable and efficacious. Often recommended by physicians for an upset condition of the stomach.

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(Continued from Page 130)

presidents by independent and subsidiary companies at between $50,000 and $75,000, with $35,000 as a probable low for the smaller concerns.

Upon making inquiry as to salaries paid by big oil companies I was referred to the report of the La Follette Committee, made after the congressional probe of the oil industry in 1923. It was added that salaries in the field have not changed substantially since. That report quotes the following total compensations paid by a leading corporation with headquarters in New York City:

President, $125,000; three vice presidents, $100,000 each; a vice president and treasurer, $100,000; a director who devotes his entire time to the company, $85,000; four other directors similarly engaged, $50,000 each; general counsel, $50,000; associate counsel, $30,000; manager, marine department, $30,000; chairman, manufacturing committee, $25,000.

One of the largest of the independents with a long string of oil-producing, refining and selling subsidiaries reported a salary of $75,000 paid the chairman of the board. The president, six vice presidents and the general counsel received $50,000 apiece, while three vice presidents and the general auditor drew $25,000 apiece. Seven managers of various districts and departments also received $25,000 a year each, as did the president of a subsidiary. The general manager in charge of foreign exploration got $30,000; the principal assistant general counsel, $25,000. The production manager and the company's foreign representatives were paid $15,000 per man, while one lone vice president had to worry along with $11,000.

I checked the salaries of six large oil companies with pay rolls aggregating about 90,000 men. Only 832, or not quite 1 per cent, received $5000 or over. Of these, 627 received less than $10,000; 153 received $10,000 but less than $20,000; forty-three were paid from $20,000 to $49,999; seven were between $50,000 and $75,000; and only two did as well as $100,000. Though these reported salaries may not have gone up substantially since the congressional probe, it is only reasonable to expect that they have gone up some.

The Lawyer's Fee

Some of the largest compensations paid out of the strong boxes of big business are the share of lawyers who are expert specialists in corporation legal affairs. There is rarely a big deal consummated that has not a lawyer or two or three in the near background. The fees paid fit the size and importance of the transaction, nor is the lawyer's reputation overlooked.

"Lawyers might be roughly divided into four general classes, with a separate class of its own flourishing in Washington, D. C.," said one of them who has tasted national fame and who is posted on legal conditions in the country at large. "First, there is the general practitioner who corresponds to the family physician in medicine; second, the criminal-practice lawyer; third, the corporation-law specialist, who advises in mergers, reorganizations, promotions and finance; and fourth, the lawyers' lawyer, who has no clients of his own but who tries cases for other lawyers. The Washington class specializes in claims against the Federal Government, and it has a very decided political tinge.

"In the average county-seat town of the South and West, the general practitioner earns between $2000 and $5000 a year. He may augment this income by being elected to Congress or to some other public office, or he may move to a larger town more favored by business. The closer any lawyer is able to get to business, the greater are his expectations. In the East, for example, in a town of 12,000 that is 100 miles from New York City, the leading law firm is able to gather in $25,000 a year; two or three other firms from $15,000 to $20,000 a year; and ordinary firms between $7000 and $10,000. Of course the earnings per man depend upon the number in the firm and its overhead expenses.

"The big earnings in law are made in five or six cities: New York, Boston, Washington, Cleveland, Chicago, and possibly San Francisco. These are the legal centers of business. Detroit and Philadelphia have able lawyers, but the automobile industry is bound by financial ties to New York."

Fees Rise With Political Tide

"Individual partners in the largest New York firms specializing in corporation law, and in this are included lawyers' lawyers, earn from $100,000 to $250,000. That is their average yearly return, corresponding to salary and bonus in business or banking. There are probably a dozen lawyers in New York who earn $250,000 or more from their law practices, about six in Chicago, with a proportionately smaller number in the other four cities I have named. Earnings above $250,000 are rare. In the country at large the number of lawyers who earn from that sum up to $500,000 yearly probably does not exceed five. The latter figure is about the limit.

"The best criminal lawyer may make as much as the least successful of the most successful group of big-business lawyers—that is, $100,000. Such a criminal lawyer would be widely known to the public, whereas the business lawyer might not be known at all outside of legal and inner business circles. The business lawyer doesn't want his name in the newspapers. He only rarely appears in court. If a case is to be tried, he hires a lawyer to try it, or assigns it to a trial lawyer in his firm."

"And the Washington lawyer?" I reminded.

"Regardless of how hard-headed your big business man may be in his own office, he becomes a most credulous person when he comes to Washington. He is firmly convinced that a Republican can do better with a Republican administration and that it is mandatory to get a Democrat if that party holds the political fort.

"I know of a law firm of Democrats that makes about $100,000 a year under Mr. Hoover. It might have made a great deal more if Mr. Smith had been elected, and this is nothing to the discredit of Smith. No President can do anything about the matter except to ignore it. The thing works automatically.

"Now the fact of the matter is, and Washington lawyers themselves will admit it, that the political affiliations of lawyers involved in government suits affect the issue so little as to be negligible. Though administrations may change, the courts and laws do not. At least there is no relationship between the changes. However, I don't think for a moment that any such statement is going to change the ebb and flow of law fees in Washington."

Turning to banks, a prominent bank president advised me that he knows of no bank officer in New York whose annual pay check exceeds $250,000. And he added, "This is with no definite promise of bonus or other compensation."

This salary, if not the top one, is very close to it for public banks. There are private banking firms in Wall Street that earn more for their members, but even in this street of big profits earnings may be exaggerated. A partner in one of the most famous firms, that is reputed to pay its principals $1,000,000 a year and up, said that a third of that sum would be nearer to the fact for most years.

Bank Salaries

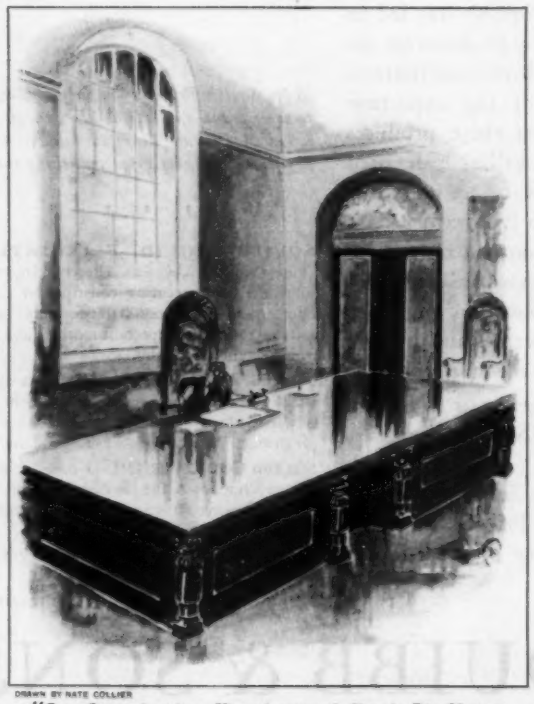
On the whole, bank salaries are conservative. One big Wall Street bank, not so far down the line below the largest three, pays its president $75,000, plus a bonus that normally makes his compensation about $85,000 a year. Not many bank presidents get that much, in New York or elsewhere.

Age, length of service, and other factors besides ability help determine a bank officer's salary. If the bank has a very active and able board of directors, with the result that the president is little more than an administrative officer, his salary may be quite low for the size of the bank. However, if the president has been largely responsible for the bank's prosperity he will be more liberally paid, even though the bank is smaller than some others paying as much. For example, I am told of one bank with $25,000,000 deposits that pays its president $30,000; of a second bank with $40,000,000 deposits that pays $25,000; and of a third, twice the size of the first, that is paying only $20,000. Yet the three banks are located in the same large city.

A bank of $75,000,000 total resources located in a Southern city of 250,000 pays $40,000 to its president and $30,000 to its principal vice president. The lowest salary paid to an officer is $4000. A very much larger bank in a city of about similar size pays the chairman of the board $36,000, the same amount to the president, and $24,000 to the first vice president. Both of these banks grant bonuses that are good for several thousand dollars more.

In still another city, centered in one of America's richest agricultural districts, a bank of $40,000,000 in resources pays salaries of $30,000 and $18,000 to its two high officials. Not a great distance away, in the same state, a $60,000,000 bank pays practically the same salaries. But the latter bank, though larger, is in a town of only one-third the size.

Cashiers in such banks are generally paid from $5000 to $7500; assistant cashiers, from $3000 to $5000. In banks below $10,000,000 in total resources, $12,000 is about the top salary paid to a president.



DRAWN BY NATE COLLIER

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"And so simple to prepare—green-pepper cases heaped high with Heinz *Cooked* Spaghetti. And the higher you heap them the more you'll please those you serve. For there never was quite such a delightfully tasty spaghetti as that which Heinz makes. And with reason!

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"Let me give you the recipe: HEINZ *COOKED* SPAGHETTI *in Green-pepper Cases* . . . Wash six large green peppers, cut in half and remove seeds. Place peppers in boiling water, turn off heat and allow peppers to remain in water about five minutes to remove sting from peppers. Cool. Fill peppers with 1 medium can Heinz *Cooked* Spaghetti, dust lightly with salt, cover with buttered crumbs. Place in casserole, add small amount of water and bake in a moderate oven until peppers are tender and crumbs are nicely browned."

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THE POOR BOY

(Continued from Page 21)

The barrels empty, the muscle man would say to O'Leary: "At five o'clock in the morning a truck will deliver some real good beer to this place. If you take my advice you'll be on hand to pay for it." And O'Leary, if he was wise, would be on hand to pay for the real good beer the next morning.

The muscle man, after seeing that there was no more Cheerio Horton beer in the place, would smile good-naturedly and turn to go. The narrow-shouldered kill would follow him silently out the door.

No gunplay. No open threats. Just a great hulk of a man with heavy fists, whose eyes promised a bartender a very effective whipping, and a silent, moody, mild-mannered man, sitting alone at a corner table, who would do murder at the drop of a hat. Such, the Poor Boy knew, was the process of muscling in.

The Poor Boy chuckled as he thought of it. And he thrilled to the power that was Titi Alseppio's, the little wop who at one time had been a purse snatcher. He imagined Titi, the little wop, rising from a chair and expanding his muscles; muscles that swelled and swelled until they covered the whole of the South Side. Except, the Poor Boy knew, Titi's muscles were narrow-shouldered little kills and great, hulking muscle men, and a fix with the power of a king, and a thousand and one other cogs in a great, smooth-running machine that made up one of the big mobs.

And thinking of the power that was the oily little wop's, the Poor Boy thought of Gladys Donovan's Old Man. Now, there was a real man for you! He was more than sixty, the Poor Boy guessed; a giant Irishman, hard as nails, the power of ten men in his great, bulging shoulders. The Poor Boy admired Jim Donovan; he had looked forward to having him as a daddy-in-law.

And Jim Donovan liked the Poor Boy. "A good, honest, hard-wur-rkin' lad," he had said one day in the Poor Boy's presence.

There was one thing that sorely puzzled the Poor Boy. Why was it that none of the mobs ever molested Jim Donovan? Right now he was running a saloon on an intersection the gangs and police knew as Death Corner, and yet nobody—Cheerio Horton, Titi Alseppio—none of the gangs bothered Gladys' Old Man. Nobody ever muscled in on him. No hoodlum busses were ever parked at his corner to give him the protection that every saloon keeper in the city hated and would be glad to dispense with. He went his way, buying his beer from whom he pleased, selling his beer and sandwiches, running a profitable business—on Death Corner, and none of the gangs molested him. That was something the Poor Boy could not understand.

It was in that saloon on Death Corner that the saloon keeper had been strangled by Titi's muscle man. A few years before, it had been the scene of many a battle between the Horton and the Alseppio liquor crowds. Once a hoodlum bus driven by Horton's men had driven by, sending the fire of two machine guns through the swinging doors of the saloon, killing two of Alseppio's men and wounding another bartender. Two days later two of Horton's men were found by early morning workmen, propped up in the doorway of the saloon; grisly reprisals for the machine gunning. At one time or another in the past five years, no less than ten men—hoodlums in the main—had met death on that corner, in that saloon.

And then one day dry agents put a six-month padlock on the door. When it opened again, Big Jim Donovan was behind the bar. And since that time there had been no trouble on Death Corner.

The Poor Boy thrilled. Gladys' Old Man was much of a man. He was a man of steel, a man of iron, a man that even the mobs were afraid of. He bought his beer from whom he pleased, did just as he pleased, and the mobs left him alone. The Poor Boy couldn't understand that, but he thrilled to it just the same. No wonder Gladys would hate a yellow guy, having a daddy like that—a man that even the mobs were afraid to bother. Oh, well! The mobs made plenty without bothering Old Man Donovan, but he would have thought Titi Alseppio or Cheerio Horton would have bumped Old Man Donovan just to show who was boss; he couldn't understand anybody—anybody—telling either Titi or Cheerio where to head in. And yet that is just what Gladys' Old Man had done.

In a vague way the Poor Boy had tried to estimate the profits of the mobs. There was the booze and beer. It grossed into the millions. And dope. It was a hidden traffic, but its profits were immense, he knew. And the thousands of apartment houses where girls like that yellow-headed Fanny Risinger lived and paid tribute to the kings of vice. And then there were the slot machines. He had read somewhere—a law-enforcement association's statement, he believed—that there were more than fifty thousand slot machines in the city and the surrounding towns. Perhaps it was a hundred thousand. He wasn't sure. He did know, however, that in almost every saloon, cigar store, café, pool room—anywhere that people congregate—there were slot machines. In some places there was only one; in others there were four and five. A few of these machines were five and ten-cent machines designed to catch the youngsters. Thousands of them were quarter machines. And in the road houses, in the night places, there were hundreds and hundreds of fifty-cent slot machines.

He knew that the racketeer collector who came every Friday to empty the slot machine in the cigar store down on the corner never failed to get more than fifty dollars. That was out of a quarter poker machine. Half of that went to the proprietor; half to the boss racketeer who controlled the district.

He estimated roughly that the machines would average at least twenty dollars—the gang's half—every week. That, of course, would include the profitable fifty-cent machines in the road houses. And there were thousands. The Poor Boy whistled softly and in despair quit trying to estimate it. It would amount to hundreds of thousands of dollars weekly. No wonder gangland was ready to do wholesale murder to boss the slot machines.

Looking out the window at the big black hoodlum bus, he wondered idly why police did not swoop down on it and arrest the gunmen. They were gunmen, he knew. They were armed. Probably they had a machine gun or two, probably some bombs, tucked away in that big black car. But policemen passed by, even spoke to the swarthy, glowering gunmen lolling in the car. Were the police afraid? Or were they crooked? The Poor Boy wondered.

Oh, well, it was none of his affair! He had a regular job. It didn't run into the heavy dough, but a guy could get married on it. The Poor Boy cursed again, softly. For the moment he had forgotten about Gladys Donovan. Yellow! He wasn't yellow! Why, he'd be willing to go down there right now and take on any of those gunmen in the big black car if Gladys would stand across the street and give him a palm if he won or the razz if he lost. He'd be willing to take a chance. But decency didn't get a tumble any more. A girl wanted one of these hot babies with a big torch on his hip.

Suddenly an idea hit the Poor Boy. He jumped up and paced the floor. If Gladys Donovan wanted a gun for a sweetie, then he'd give her what she wanted. He'd join up with one of the mobs. There she was now, running around with that lousy little gunman, Skid Brumfield. Well, if she wanted a gunman to run around with, he guessed he'd give her a gunman. He'd join up with Cheerio Horton.

He sat down to reason it out calmly. It meant that he'd have to give up his good, honest job. It meant that he would lose Gladys for good, because as soon as she learned that he had become a mobsman she would be through forever. But, then, he'd lost her anyway. She thought he was yellow; she was chasing around with Skid Brumfield. Being the daughter of her Old Man, who certainly was anything but yellow, defying the mobs and all, she certainly couldn't love a guy she thought was a coward.

Well, he'd at least show her he wasn't yellow. He'd join up with Cheerio Horton. Maybe he'd sign up as a muscle man; maybe he'd sign up as a kill. He shuddered. No, he guessed he wouldn't sign up as a kill. He'd go to Cheerio and get on his pay roll as a muscle man. The first thing he'd do after that would be go out hunting for that lousy little gunman, Skid Brumfield. He'd catch Skid sometime when Skid was with Gladys and he'd take his guns away from him and then he'd beat the living hell out of him.

The Poor Boy chuckled at the pleasant thought of having Gladys see him beat the living hell out of Skid Brumfield. After that—well, he guessed the next thing he'd do would be to muscle in on Old Man Donovan. Yes, he'd do that. He'd volunteer to go down to Death Corner alone and muscle in on Old Man Donovan. That surely ought to fix him up right with Cheerio, provided Cheerio wasn't already selling the Old Man beer. Anyway he'd muscle in on the Old Man, just to show Gladys he wasn't yellow. That surely ought to convince her he wasn't a coward. She'd know that a guy who had guts enough to muscle in on her Old Man, when for months the Old Man had had all the mobs buffaloed, wasn't a yellow guy.

And then the big idea hit the Poor Boy. Why join up with Cheerio? Why not just go down and muscle in on Old Man Donovan on his own account? That would convince Gladys he wasn't yellow, and at the same time he wouldn't have to join up with a mob, wouldn't have to quit his good, honest job.

The bigness of the idea overwhelmed the Poor Boy for a moment. He sat down on the edge of his bed to think it over, chuckling happily to himself. Yes, that's what he'd do. He'd slip the word around that he had joined up with a mob. It'd get about, all right. He'd be sure that Old Man Donovan heard about it. He knew a guy who'd go in and tell him that the Poor Boy had joined up as a muscle man. Then he'd ask his boss to give him two weeks off. He'd fool around those two weeks, doing nothing. He'd spend plenty of dough for a flash front and maybe he'd pack. Yes, he guessed he'd have to pack to make it look genuine. He'd buy a cheap torch from a pawnshop and just casually let the guys know he packed it. No, that wouldn't do. He was supposed to be a muscle man, wasn't he? No, he guessed he wouldn't pack, after all. A muscle man used his muscles, not guns.

He'd just flash his new front and slip the word around that he was now a muscle man with Cheerio. That would be enough, coupled with the fact that he had quit his job. Gladys would be sure to hear about it, and Old Man Donovan; everybody he knew would know. And then in about two weeks he'd swoop down on Old Man Donovan, muscle him alone and—and ——

A lump appeared in the Poor Boy's throat. He felt rotten in spite of the big idea. He guessed he'd have to leave town after he muscled the Old Man. He'd muscle in and then he'd call up Cheerio Horton and tell Cheerio to start delivering beer at the Old Man's joint the next morning. Cheerio would be glad to get a new customer, and if the beer came nobody would ever suspect that the Poor Boy had faked the whole thing.

(Continued on Page 136)

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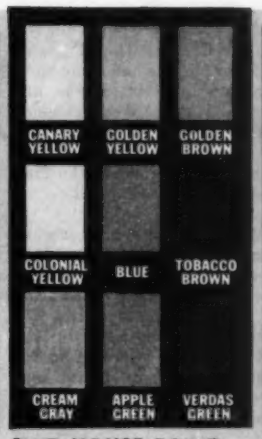

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ALLIGATOR

(Continued from Page 134)

The lump tightened. He guessed maybe he'd leave town about midnight. Or maybe he wouldn't leave town at all, but just move over on the North Side. Then he could slip back down south every once in a while and maybe get to see Gladys. Oh, of course, she wouldn't know that he had come back. He'd just slip back at night, maybe, and pass by her house. Maybe the shades would be up and he could see her sitting in the front room. And maybe Skid Brumfield would be with her. Rage ate at the Poor Boy's heart and the lump vanished.

Well, things sure couldn't have worked better for him. His boss had given him a two weeks' leave of absence. It had been dead easy to spread the rumor that he had quit his job and was now playing the rackets. He knew positively that Old Man Donovan had heard that he was a muscle man now. He'd seen to that. He was a little disappointed in Gladys when he told her. He had hoped to make a big impression, but he evidently hadn't. He waited for her one night when she came from work. He didn't mince words. Just told her what was what.

"I've quit my job, baby," he told her. He thought he had noticed a funny look—a rather startled look—come into her eyes, but she said nothing just then. "I've quit being a sap working all the time," he boasted. "I'm playing the rackets now. I'm a muscle man with Cheerio Horton."

She looked him straight in the eyes. "Any pug can be a muscle man, Johnny," she said. "It don't take much brains."

He had blustered. "I'm walking home with you, see?" he had told her. He tapped his pocket significantly. "I don't need no cop to protect you now."

Gladys just sniffed as they walked along, the Poor Boy holding her arm. Luck played into his hands, all right. Walking down the street, they had passed Halfway Kelland, a Cheerio Horton lieutenant. The Poor Boy knew Halfway, and Halfway threw up his arm and waved a greeting as he rolled by in his car. That sure would convince Gladys. And when they arrived at Gladys' home, Skid was lolling on the steps waiting for Gladys. Before he had half a chance to look surprised, the Poor Boy had him collared.

"Fade, dirty-face—fade!" the Poor Boy hissed through his clenched teeth. "If I ever catch you hanging around here again, I'll bump you, so help me!"

And Skid had faded. Gladys' eyes opened wide with amazement and, perhaps, admiration for an instant, but when she spoke her voice was cold.

"I don't travel with gunmen," she said icily, walking away from him. "You criminals are all cowards. The idea of you threatening that poor, defenseless boy!" And then she had walked haughtily into the house.

Well, of all things! You sure can't tell what a woman will do or say, the Poor Boy told himself as he walked away. His heart was heavy, icy; the bothersome lump had reappeared in his throat. He looked back once at the house. Stopped dead still and looked back. And then he walked slowly away, his head down. It would be his last visit to the Donovan domicile, because tonight—tonight he was going to muscle in on the Old Man.

He approached Death Corner slowly, warily. He wanted to be sure no hoodlum busses were in front of the place. He had figured it all out to the last detail. He wanted nothing to go wrong.

Old Man Donovan had certainly heard that he was a muscle man for Cheerio Horton. That would give him—the Poor Boy—a decided advantage. When he went in and started to muscle the joint the Old Man would think that surely there were two—maybe three—of Cheerio's hoodlum busses parked outside, loaded with men and machine guns ready to back their muscle man. The Old Man would just take it for granted that the Poor Boy had the backing, moral and physical, of the Horton mob.

But one thing puzzled the Poor Boy—frightened him. What mysterious power did the Old Man have, what unseen weapon, that had kept the mobs from bothering him these past two years? The Old Man was no ordinary saloon keeper—that was certain. The Poor Boy knew great, strong men who bowed meekly to the will of the mobs. Why didn't the mobs molest the Old Man? Why were they afraid of him? Why had Death Corner become as peaceful as a Y. M. C. A. rest room since the Old Man had taken charge of the saloon?

Fear in his heart, the Poor Boy rounded Death Corner. Through a smudged window he could see inside the Old Man's saloon. Half a dozen men were lounging at tables and at the bar. The Old Man was swabbing the bar with a dirty towel. The Poor Boy waited. He was following a plan. He wanted some comparative stranger to come along and enter the saloon. He would follow immediately after him. And the Old Man would think the stranger was the Poor Boy's kill.

Luck was with him. A young fellow the Poor Boy had never seen before walked around the corner and entered the saloon. He looked like a kill. He was little and nervous, and he had the same narrow shoulders that Cheerio's kill had.

The Poor Boy blustered in after him. His legs were a bit weak, wabbled a little as he walked through the swinging doors. He wanted to quit, to back out. But he knew he couldn't do that now. That would convince even himself that he was a coward. He'd go through, take a chance on lucking out. Whatever happened, he'd be sure to find out what that mysterious something was that kept the mobs from molesting the Old Man. Men, laughing and talking, were standing at the bar drinking beer and munching sandwiches. The Old Man was busy behind the bar. The stranger had taken a seat at a table in a corner. That was luck, the Poor Boy told himself. It was just the way a kill would act. He walked boldly to the bar.

"Gimme a glass of slop, Old Man," he demanded, scowling.

The Old Man looked up, surprised at the tone, and drew a glass of beer, setting it on the bar in front of the Poor Boy. The Poor Boy sipped it. He made a wry face and threw the glass to the floor. It crashed into a thousand pieces.

"Rotten stuff," growled the Poor Boy. "Whose beer you buying, Old Man?"

The Old Man grinned and continued to swab the bar with the dirty towel.

"I buy it different places, Johnny," he said. The Poor Boy would have sworn he caught a twinkle in the Old Man's blue eyes.

The Poor Boy affected a terrible scowl.

"Well, whosever it is, wherever it comes from, it ain't fit to drink," he said. He picked up another glass and hurled it at the mirror. There was a crash and a splinter of glass. The Old Man continued to swab the bar as though nothing had happened, and the Poor Boy would have sworn there was that twinkle in those blue eyes again. Well, this was no time for a guy to be laughing with his eyes. He'd show him what was what. The Poor Boy turned to the crowd.

"Step up and let's drink up this rotten slop," he said. He turned back to the Old Man. "Start drawing, Old Man."

Without a word the Old Man started drawing beer. The customers, frightened stiff, figuring that any minute a hail of gangster bullets might come through the door or windows, stepped up to the bar and started gulping the beer which the Old Man was drawing.

Suddenly the Poor Boy was deathly afraid. He was certain the Old Man was up to something. The Old Man was taking this muscling-in business too good-naturedly. He seemed to be enjoying it. His gray head was bent over the barrels drawing beer, but every time he looked up the Poor Boy would swear there was that

(Continued on Page 139)

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* *Dr. Samuel C. Prescott is Professor of Industrial Microbiology and Director, Department of Biology and Public Health, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and Director of Research of the Brazilian American Coffee Committee. He is the country's foremost expert on coffee and its physiological effects.*

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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

THE LEADING HOME MAGAZINE

(Continued from Page 136)

twinkle in his blue eyes. He remembered that, after all, all of the mobs were afraid to fool with the Old Man. There must be some reason for that. Dangerous—that was it! The Old Man was dangerous! And right now, his old blue eyes twinkling, he was thinking up something terrible, the Poor Boy knew. The Poor Boy had stepped back from the crowd, his back to the door. Like cattle, the customers were at the bar, drinking noisily.

The customers were not enjoying the business a little bit. They knew that anything might happen while a muscle man was at work—a rival mob might come up and start shooting it out with the bunch on the outside; the muscle man himself might take a notion to break a few heads; the bartender might be foolish enough to start something himself. They gulped the beer noisily and unhappily.

"Drink up—drink up!" the Poor Boy commanded testily when they seemed to lag.

It seemed to him the men weren't drinking very fast, and certainly they were not drinking happily. Some of them made wry faces. The beer seemed to go down with an effort. Round after round they drank as the Old Man drew it from the barrels. The Old Man was very solemn all the time. But he seemed to be enjoying himself hugely. Those blue eyes twinkled. That worried the Poor Boy. He wondered what the Old Man had up his sleeve. Surely he wouldn't take his licking without a squawk. And yet, why not? The Old Man was certain the Poor Boy had plenty of backing—backing in the form of gunmen and guns in automobiles parked outside.

One of the drinkers stopped, put down his glass and looked appealingly at the Poor Boy.

"Hell, feller, have a heart," he pleaded. "Don't make us drink all that slop."

Another one spoke up: "I've already drunk four gallons."

The Poor Boy turned to the Old Man. "All right," he said. "Let it run on the floor."

He felt a warm wave of exultation pass over him. He was nearly through, and he had won! He had shown Gladys Donovan that he wasn't yellow. He'd muscled in on Death Corner, where none of the gangs had dared show in two years.

The floor of the saloon was a sea of foam now, beer was still pouring out of the barrels, and Old Man Donovan, meek as a lamb, was behind the counter, wiping his hands.

The Poor Boy backed toward the door. "There'll be a beer truck here at five o'clock in the morning with some good beer," he told the Old Man. "You be on hand to pay for it."

He watched the Old Man closely. The Old Man bowed gravely. Well, anyway, he wasn't up to anything. That was a relief. The Poor Boy felt proud of himself. He had muscled in on the Old Man. All he had to do now was to call Cheerio Horton, or some of his henchmen, and tell him, or them, that the Old Man wanted a few barrels of Cheerio's beer delivered at Death Corner at five the next morning.

The Poor Boy wheeled to go. And just as he wheeled he heard a terrible explosion, and at the same instant he felt a pain that seemed to dart through his head in a split second. He whirled. In the doorway stood Ben Dorsay, the night harness bull. In his hand he held a smoking gun. The Poor Boy felt giddy. He didn't know why. He wondered why Ben Dorsay was standing there in the door with that smoking gun. He dropped to his knees and looked stupidly around. He was getting his new flash front all wet, getting beer all over his new clothes. He wondered where all that beer had come from.

And then Ben Dorsay began to fade. The Poor Boy, on his knees in the sea of foamy beer, watched him slowly fade away with his smoking gun—fade away like he'd seen them do in the movies. He wondered where Ben Dorsay was going, why he was fading away.

He wondered why Gladys Donovan, his girl, didn't come and help him get up out of that sea of beer where he was ruining his new flash front. And then he decided he'd go to sleep.

He dreamed that he had just been employed at a new job. He was working for the city and his job was to muscle in on every saloon in Chicago. Behind the bar of all the saloons were giants who looked exactly like Old Man Donovan, except they were ten times as big, and on the counter of every saloon sat Gladys and Skid Brumfield. Skid had a rubber flip, like the flips that schoolboys have, and he was flipping small stones at the Poor Boy, every stone hitting him just behind the right ear and hurting like everything. Gladys was getting a big kick out of that, because she laughed every time a stone hit him.

And in every saloon he'd make Old Man Donovan draw beer until it was five or six feet deep on the floor and he'd have to swim out. And sitting astride a floating barrel was the harness bull, Ben Dorsay. Ben had a club in one hand and a gun in the other. And when he wasn't taking pot shots at the Poor Boy with the gun he was whaling him behind the right ear with his club.

And then the Poor Boy awoke. He was in a room—a very white room. A nurse in a white uniform was fussing around with his bedclothing, and sitting on the side of his bed was Gladys Donovan. She was holding one of his hands and he could see that she had been crying. Her eyes were big with glistening tears. Old Man Donovan was there, too, so the Poor Boy thought he'd better close his eyes for a bit and see what happened. The Old Man was still wearing the barroom apron, and beside him stood the harness bull, Ben Dorsay. The Old Man was speaking.

"Sure, and I'm glad the lad will be all right," the Old Man was saying to Ben Dorsay. "And you—you can just forget all about it, me son."

He laughed a big, hearty Irish laugh, and it made the Poor Boy feel much better.

"Ye see, Ben, me baby here—the little divil—is the cause of it all, so she is. Danny Meloy it was who was only this day tellin' me the lad had gone loco. Had I been knowin' he was goin' to make a fool of himself so soon, it is me that would have taken him in hand. Just you forget it, me son. I'm tellin' you for him that he'll be back to work inside the week peddling the counterfeit whisky labels that the sellin' of which has been payin' him as high as sixty dollars a week."

The Old Man paused.

"It's a good job for a lad, eh, Ben?" he said, and then went on boastfully: "Under me baby's handlin' he'll grow; the lad's got the makin's of a man in him. It's a good, honest job for a lad—better'n most lads do. There's money in booze, Ben, but it's bad to handle. This way the lad don't get around whisky. He only sells the labels. And I'm tellin' ye it won't be long before his bosses give him a big territory. And there's good money in them whisky labels, me son."

Ben Dorsay laughed. "I guess it's not against the law, at that," he said. "These counterfeiters really don't counterfeit any more, you know. They just print paper and don't pretend that it's Government printing. The young generation of drinkers don't even know booze used to be bonded." Ben laughed again. "What I'm wantin' to know is this," he said in a puzzled voice: "Why did he muscle in on you when everybody knows you haven't sold a drop of real beer since prohibition?"

The Old Man's voice was grim. "And it's me that'll find out that little thing, me son," he said sternly. "Him wasting six dollars' worth of good near beer!"

POST SCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 28)

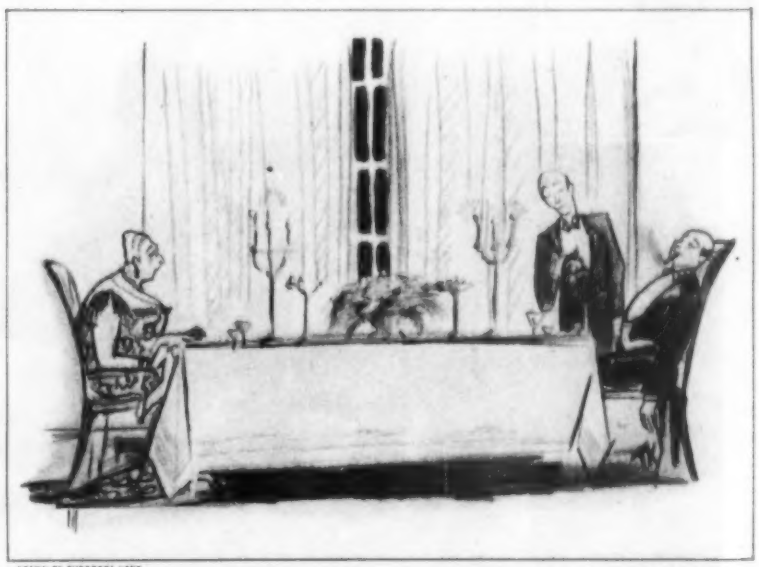
Ex to the Nth

I'VE read a thriller
signed "Ex-
Bandit";
A book of
memoirs
by "Ex-
Son";
And Growing
Thin (I
understand
it
Was penned
by someone
called "Ex-
Ton").

"Ex-Actor" writes
an exposition
Of why the
theater's
ex-well;
"Ex-Convict"
joins the
exhibition,
Exposing faults
in his
ex-cell.

"Ex-Mother" airs
the family
wrangles;
"Ex-Father,"
"-Aunt," and
"-Daughter-
in-Law"
Exploit the same
from different
angles,
Expounding
drama in the
raw.

Ex-everybody now
seems bent
On writing
burning
prose, and
so it
May be that our
Ex-President
Will soon be
joined by this
Ex-Poet.
—Jerome Barry.



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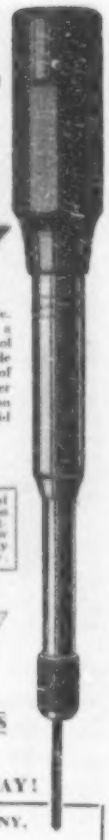

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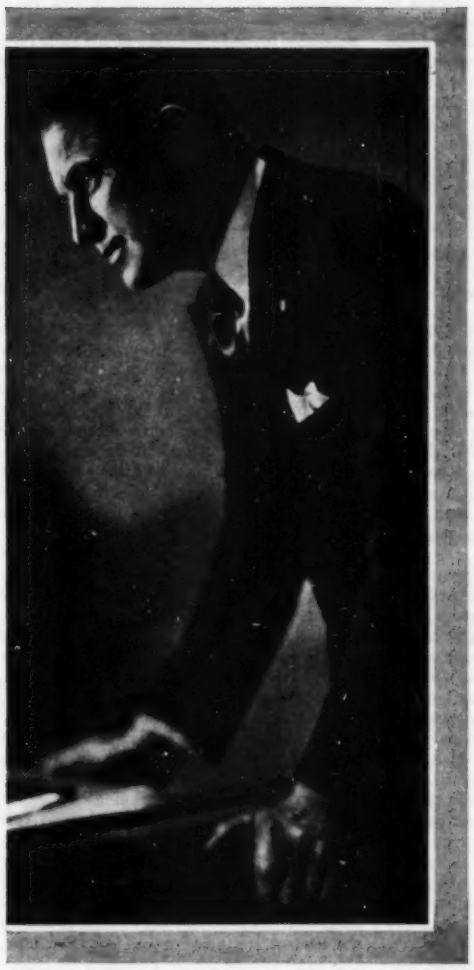
So we

Illustrating the trend to richly colorful style! Straight from the centers of fashion come these new Realsilk patterns in silk for Fall. Many other socks of the complete line reflect the growing popularity of richer colors and conservative, vertical patterns in men's socks

Clocks and more clocks continue to be favored. There's a touch of quiet distinction in the two silk socks shown above—typical of another correctly styled group from the Realsilk line

Three Realsilk wools (right) that combine comfort and warmth with the newest ideas in style. Rich warm colors and attractive designs lend a welcome note of brightness. For your Fall and Winter wardrobe, you'll find Realsilk wool socks fashionable and long wearing

learned about socks from Jim Smith



UP in Duluth, Minn., down in Dallas, Tex. —practically everywhere in the United States—Realsilk Representatives have been selling socks for 10 years *direct to customers.*

So what Jim Smith thinks about socks, we've got straight from Jim Smith!

You'd be surprised how much we've learned that way about what men want . . . or what they *don't* want.

Take the matter of leg length. A good many customers gave our men their views on that point. As a result, you get, in Realsilk Super-Service Socks, a good, long, generous silk leg —the longest of any silk sock made. And leg lengths are *graduated*—the larger the size, the longer the leg of the sock.

Then there's the matter of garter band. We heard enough on that score to start us off on the development of an entirely new and better kind—*two thicknesses*, more comfortable, longer wearing.

On the whole matter of wear we got a great many valuable suggestions direct *from wearers.* And we came back with a sock that millions have called "the best wearing sock in America—bar none!" It has a specially reinforced toe and heel, a double sole. It's more closely woven, from finer, stronger yarn. And what a difference that does make in wear!

No other hosiery manufacturer in America is in such a unique position to give you these exclusive advantages—because Realsilk sells *direct to you through Representatives.*

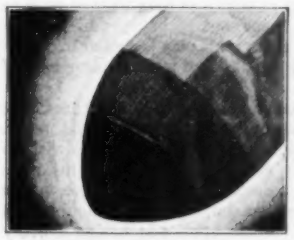
As for style—we go straight to the style centers for that . . . London, Palm Beach, Hollywood, the great universities. And because Realsilk Super-Service Socks come to you *direct*, without extra stops or delay, you get the latest in style—far in advance.

Finally, there's this about our method of direct selling. Our own Representatives *come back* to their customers time and again. If Realsilk Super-Service Socks didn't satisfy 100 per cent, we'd hear about it—fast! That they *do* satisfy is pretty well proved, we think, by the fact that Realsilk is today the largest manufacturers of silk hosiery in the world.

The complete Realsilk line of new Fall patterns in silks, lisles, silk-and-wools, and wools is being shown by our Representatives now. They're never sold in stores. If you're not being called on regularly, just telephone the Realsilk office in your town. No obligation.

• • •

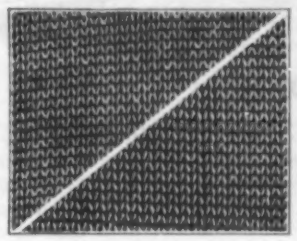
The Real Silk Hosiery Mills, Inc., Indianapolis, Ind. World's largest manufacturers of silk hosiery. 250 branch offices in the United States. Consult local telephone directory.



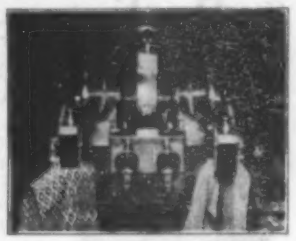
The Realsilk triple tip toe—6-ply at the end! It is woven from special processed mercerized yarn. We believe it to be the best wearing toe ever built into any sock*

This high-spliced heel, ensuring longer wear, is found in no other fancy socks. It is 4-ply, woven from special processed mercerized lisle. It adds also to fit and comfort

If you wear a large size, you need more leg length, too! *Realsilk's graduated leg length contributes to smartness, perfect fit. Garter bands are* double thickness



Realsilk Super-Service Socks (upper left) are woven more closely, more compactly—of finer, more costly yarn. The difference shows up in appearance—and in exceptional wear



Realsilk Super-Service Socks are tested for exceptional wear in this patented friction-test machine which duplicates hour after hour of grueling wear on the feet

*patent applied for

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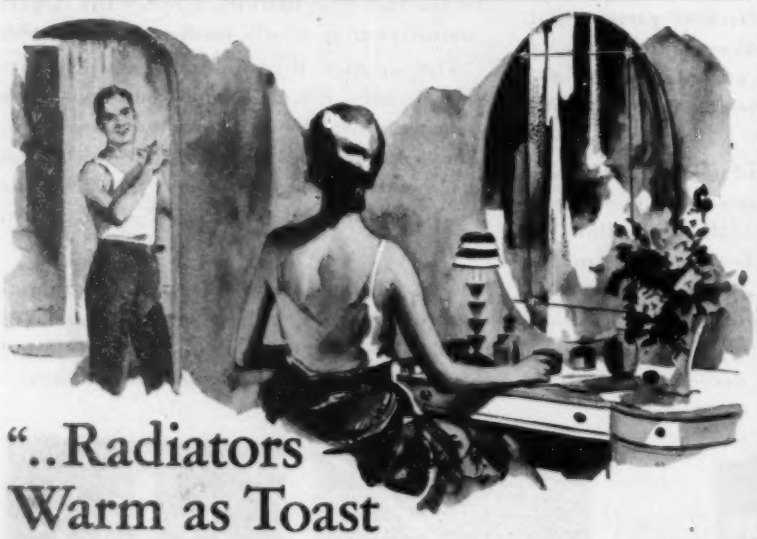

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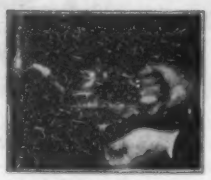

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PLAYING AT BRIDGE

(Continued from Page 19)

The rule of fourth best also should be applied to the lead of a small card. If partner leads a deuce, you know he has only four cards of the suit; by counting your hand and dummy, you know how many declarer has. If the lead was higher, you look for the lower cards. In the case of a 4 lead, partner may have two smaller ones and therefore a six-card suit, but if you see the 3 you know he hasn't more than five. When the 2 finally appears on a trick, you know the length of his original suit.

Leading against no trump is different if your partner has bid a suit. Then your best lead is generally the highest of his suit. But if you hold the ace, king or queen and at least two others, and if the declarer bid no trump after your partner's bid, thinking he has the suit stopped twice, you can kill one of his stoppers by leading low and waiting for a return lead. If, however, the player at your right bid no trump, then your partner bid his suit and the one at your left rebid the no trump, it is best to lead your high card through the latter's stoppers. In all cases, with only two cards of partner's suit, the highest should be led to avoid blocking the suit. Your own suit should never be led in preference to his, unless it offers an unusually strong defense.

Leads Against a Suit

In resisting a no trump, the long suit is opened in the hope of establishing small cards as trick winners after the high cards are gone, but against a suit bid it is better usually to concentrate on assuring early tricks with high cards, since any late leads are in danger of being trumped. Hence most leads against a trump declaration are rated according to the way a suit is headed, rather than its length, with three general classifications—positive, negative and doubtful.

Positive leads, in order of preference, are the king from ace-king and other cards, the king from king-queen and queen from queen-jack. Your partner, seeing your king lead, will know you hold either ace or queen; from a queen lead will place you with the jack, but not the king; from a jack lead will place you as not holding the queen. The negative leads, to be avoided whenever possible, are from ace-queen, king-jack, ace-jack and a guarded king. Nearly all other leads are doubtful, such as ace from the top of several cards, the top of a weak doubleton or trebleton, fourth best of a long weak suit which partner may be able to trump, or a trump lead—none of which should be made if the hand holds a positive lead, but all of which are generally preferable to any of the negative leads.

The lead of a singleton is sometimes positive, sometimes negative. The declarer has at least a 2-1 chance to take the trick, having two hands to do it with. He can read it as a singleton as well as the leader's partner, and so will lead trumps immediately and gobble up the little trumps with which you had hoped to ruff, whereas had you not led the singleton he might have sought two tricks in the suit before leading trumps. If, however, you have the ace and one or two other trumps, he cannot do this; you will take the first trump trick and then lead some suit in which you know—having seen dummy—that your partner has a good chance to score, whereupon he can return your now void suit for you to trump. The king and two little trumps offer almost as good a situation for a singleton lead, for you then can usually take the second trump trick and have one trump left for ruffing. A singleton ace is obviously a good lead, also a singleton of a suit bid by partner, or of the only unbid suit when opponents have bid the other three, or if the other three suits all contain negative leads. A singleton king seldom should be led, however, since, if held, it will often score against a finesse. No singleton should be led from a hand with four or more trumps; then it is best to lead the long suit at every opportunity to make declarer use up his trumps before yours, so you can cash the rest of your side's long suit.

An especially good ruff-inviting lead is the ace followed by king—the unnatural order—when only those two cards of the suit are held. This tells partner you want to trump the next round. It is the same when you lead an ace and follow with the deuce—or any card which partner can read as your lowest in the suit and therefore your only other one.

If your partner had bid a suit, it is nearly always best to lead your highest of his suit. But with at least four of it and a partner who is expert in applying the rule of eleven, the fourth best is sometimes advisable. A singleton ace or doubleton ace-king should generally precede the lead of his suit, likewise any singleton if the hand has trumps protected with the ace and one or two others, or the king and two others.

Defensive Plays

Perhaps the simplest fundamental of play is always to take or try to take a trick, unless you have a real reason for not doing so. This is not Scotch reasoning, but winning bridge. The partner of the original leader should apply it to the first trick; he should try to win it, if possession of it is in doubt, except when the information given by the lead, plus what he sees in dummy and his own hand, indicates definitely that he should not. In trying to win it, he should play his highest card unless he holds "equals," when he should use the lowest of them, such as the jack from king-queen-jack; to play the king would deny possession of the next lower card or cards. Whereas leads are from the tops of sequences, ensuing plays are from the bottom of them. Declarer, of course, reverses this to fool his adversaries.

If third hand takes the opening trick, his return lead is guided by circumstances. When play is at a trump suit and he reads the lead as a singleton, he should return it at once. If it was some other kind of lead, and he has a positive lead in his own hand, that usually should be his return. With only doubtful and negative leads available, he at least can start the suit in which dummy has weakest cards, if he himself also is fairly weak in it; this enables his side's strongest cards, in his partner's hand, to get last whack after the offense's strongest cards have been obliged to play first. Or he may lead some suit in which both he and dummy possess a large number of cards, in the likelihood that his partner may be able to trump the first or second round of it. Of course, this may enable declarer instead to trump it, but that is a good thing to cause if third hand has as many as four trumps or is so short in them that he believes his partner has that many; this play is similar in principle to a long-suit lead when holding a lot of trumps.

Even a trump lead is frequently advisable when dummy has a blank or singleton suit which declarer almost surely will wish to ruff; this makes dummy waste his little trumps on declarer's big ones. There was an old whist maxim, "When in doubt lead trumps," which applies in bridge if every other possible lead threatens to help declarer and hurt your own side. Declarer sometimes tries to prepare himself to ruff some suit in his own hand by discarding its losing cards on some set-up suit in dummy; when such a suit is in sight, the adversaries should consider cashing their high cards of other suits as soon as possible before declarer can get in and obtain his discards.

Against either no trump or suit, if dummy holds a powerful suit which is not quite established, also a high card or two in side suits, the only defense is often to lead those side suits and force the entries out before the long suit is set up. The defenders should also be careful not to help the declarer

establish that suit by leading or playing their stoppers in it, when holding on to them may block its run. At all times, however, when a suit has been led, you should try to force out the offensive high cards of it in order to promote cards in your own or partner's hand, if that can be done without wasting otherwise probable winners. Such opportunities happen frequently when third hand holds a fourchette over some card in dummy, as the king and jack over dummy's queen; play the jack on dummy's low card, or the king on his queen, and your remaining card is high. The original leader should, throughout the play, watch for opportunities to help his partner make such plays, by leading through ace-queens, king-jacks, ace-jacks and similar combinations in dummy. Thus he will often enable his partner to score with an intermediate card if declarer tries to finesse. Even if declarer refuses to finesse and takes the trick, such a lead frequently helps the defenders by making the declarer lead up to adverse tenaces which will be good only if led up to, giving them the last play to a trick.

In resisting a no trump, sight should never be lost of the reason for leading from long suits, which also is the reason for continuing them at almost every opportunity—they afford a counter attack which may thwart the foe by establishing their long cards before the defense has lost its side high cards for reëntries.

Throughout the battle against any declaration, whenever one defender plays a card which obviously cannot affect the winning of the current trick, he should strive to give his partner all the information he can by means of signals. An unnecessarily high card played in such a case is an encouraging card, indicating the desire for another lead of the suit, whereas a low one is a discouraging card. If an encouraging card is later followed by any lower card of the suit, the player has given a signal known as the high-low, come-on, or echo, definitely urging his partner to make a third lead. Thus, when a king is led followed by an ace, and partner plays the nine on the first trick, that encourages a further lead; if on the second trick partner plays the three, the original leader knows absolutely that his partner wants a third lead of the suit, probably because he can trump it or else has the queen to take the third trick. Such signals can also be given by discards when either partner or declarer is running a long suit; if two discards have to be made on club tricks, a nine of diamonds would indicate desire for a diamond lead, or the same could be accomplished by discarding a low spade and a low heart, thus denying reasons for leads of these suits and therefore by indirection urging a diamond lead.

A canny player will be cautious when he has a partner who is not familiar with the conventions, and will be none too dependent on the messages apparently conveyed by the latter's leads and plays. No sportsmanlike player, however, will upbraid a partner for failing to know something he has had no opportunity to learn.

Offensive Play

When opposed by skillful players, a good declarer will watch all their leads and plays, so as to make such use as he can of all the information they have to exchange. Learning the probable location of some of the hostile forces in this way often enables him to eke out a contract which otherwise would be hopeless.

The declarer's most important task is performed before he plays a solitary card from either hand. It is his planning of the entire campaign. The very first step in this is to study the dummy and make all possible inferences from the lead. His general procedure after that depends on whether the contract be suit or no trump. If the latter, he builds his plan as follows:

1. Counts the number of absolutely certain tricks in each suit, then adds them up.
2. Subtracts from the total needed, to see how many more he requires to attain his objective.
3. Examines each suit again to see where those extra tricks are probable or possible.
4. Considers what must be done to develop each of those tricks in one way or another, including the problem of sufficient entries or reëntries in his own hand or dummy; if enough entry cards are not apparent, he looks for ways to create one or more by playing unnecessarily high cards from the other hand.
5. Weighs the dangers of attempting certain tricks as against certain others, and contemplates means of protecting himself from such perils as the adversaries setting up a long suit against him.
6. Having measured these factors, he makes his choice as to which possible trick takers he will seek and the order in which he will go after them.
7. Plays to the first trick, knowing by now whether he would better try to take it in his own hand or dummy, or not take it at all. Thus he views that trick not as a single problem, but as part of a complete plan.

The Art of Finesse

The most satisfactory kind of no-trump hand to play is one in which a long suit may be set up. When one exists in either hand, it is generally best to go after it at once and keep playing it at every opportunity until the whole suit has been played. With two or more establishable suits in the two hands, there is seldom time to establish more than one, so the declarer must choose either the one with the longest string of possible little winners or else the one which has the largest number of cards in the combined hands or the strongest top cards and hence is most likely to be establishable.

Meantime he must be careful not to use up his high cards of side suits which may be needed to get the lead into the long-suit hand after it is set.

Perhaps the next most important method of developing extra tricks at no trump, which also is important at suit play, is by means of the finesse—the effort to take a trick with some card which is lower than one held by an opponent, a move which wins if the higher card is held by the adversary who plays first, but not if it is held by the one who plays last. The underlying rule of finessing—sometimes called "Barclay's Rule"—is to lead toward the card or cards which you are trying to promote, from the hand which does not contain the card with which you hope to develop a trick. Thus, with ace-queen in one hand, a small card should be led from the other; if the first opponent plays small, the queen should be played in the hope that the king was held by the first adversary. If, however, the ace is in one hand and the queen in the other, a small card should be led from the hand containing the ace and, if the king is not played by the first opponent, you play the queen in the hope that the first one held the king. In either of these cases of leading toward the queen, it has half a chance to win the trick. Leading a queen toward an ace, as many untutored players do, condemns it never to take a trick; if the first player has the king he will cover it, so that the ace will be your only trick taker; if the second opponent has it, he will take the queen with it. The same principle applies if the card to be promoted is the king or jack, or both, or the queen and ten; a small card should be led toward them from the other hand. If, however, the offense has two or more touching intermediate honors and one of them can be spared, it is sometimes best to lead one of them; with queen-jack-ten in one hand and ace in the other, the queen may be led.

When the king is the missing honor, a finesse should not be attempted if the two offensive hands contain eleven or more cards of the suit; then it is better to try to drop the king with the ace. The same applies to a missing queen if nine or more cards are held in the suit, and the jack with seven or more. Possessing both ace and king, it is better to play one of them on the first round and try the finesse on the second, which

(Continued on Page 145)

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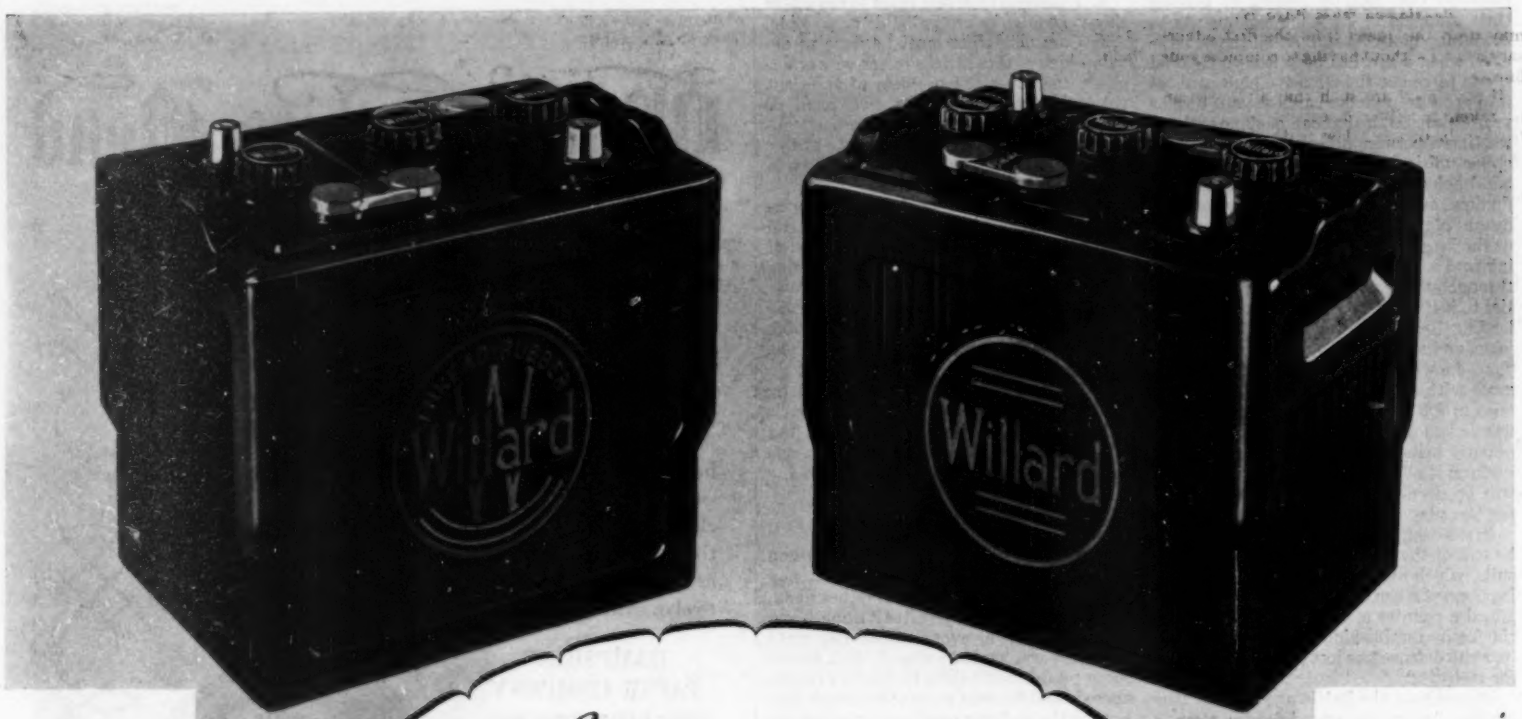

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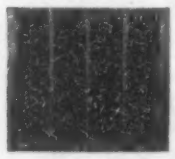

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may drop the queen from the first adversary's hand without having to complete your finesse.

If the hands are such that a finesse can be taken in either direction, the bidding frequently offers a clew to the location of the missing honor.

In some no-trump hands, finesses or efforts to establish a suit may be made less risky by employing the hold-up—a play involving refusal to play an ace until the third round of the suit led. The purpose of this is to wait until the original leader's partner has none of the suit left, so that if he later takes a trick he will be unable to return the original suit to the one who still has a dangerous number of cards of it. An example is this hand:

	Dummy		
	♠KJ4 ♥64 ♦982 ♣AQ1094		
Declarer			
♠A1098	♥A72	♦AK3	♣J52

If the 8 of hearts is led, declarer should let the adversaries take the first two tricks and play the ace on the third trick. He can then lead from his own hand for the spade and club finesses, so that if they lose to the player at his right, the latter will have no hearts to return to his partner, who would otherwise be able to prevent game by running his remaining hearts.

It is sometimes best, at either no-trump or suit play, not to lead for finesses, but make opponents lead the tenace suit or suits by giving them tricks they are sure to win anyway, as in this situation:

	Dummy		
	♠108 ♥987 ♦86432 ♣K32		
Declarer			
♠Q643	♥AQ	♦AQ	♣AQJ95

If the ace and king of spades take the first two tricks and declarer's queen the third, leaving original leader with the jack, declarer should plan to run five club tricks, then make a lead-throwing play with his remaining spade. Original leader would have to take it and has nothing left to return except a heart or diamond; declarer wouldn't care which, for his game is now assured, no matter who holds the missing red kings.

Had he, instead, tried either finesse and lost it, he couldn't make game.

The squeeze play, another canny trick gainer, sometimes can make the adversaries discard potential trick winners or guards to them, by running a long suit to the bitter end, as in this hand:

	Dummy		
♠Q53	♥AJ2	♦J8753	♣54
Declarer			
♠AKJ10872	♥43	♦K6	♣83

If the adversaries capture the first three tricks with the ace and king of clubs and the ace of diamonds, declarer getting in with the diamond king, he needs the rest of the tricks for a spade game. First he should lead six spades, dummy discarding until he retains only the heart ace-jack and the diamond jack.

Now comes the last spade. If original leader has the king and queen of hearts and the queen of diamonds, any discard he makes is wrong. If he plays one of his hearts, dummy discards the jack of diamonds and then takes two heart tricks; if he discards the queen of diamonds, dummy's jack is now good, and the jack of hearts is discarded.

Finesses, lead-throwing plays and squeezes are used in suit play exactly the same as in no-trump hands. In other respects, though, the principles of planning an attack are utterly different because of the dominating power of little trumps to take high cards of other suits.

Instead of planning to bring in some long plain suit first, as in no trumps, a suit declarer generally must leave it for the last, after the trumps have been run; otherwise established cards of his long suit may be ruffed by the adversaries. Unless there is some good reason to the contrary, trumps should be led as soon as he gets in and played until the foe have none left. One good reason for not doing that can be small trumps in dummy which may ruff a trick or so before being gobbled up by his big ones, as in this hand:

	Dummy		
♠7643	♥None	♦AKJ54	♣K632
Declarer			
♠AKJ109	♥73	♦832	♣A75

By trumping the two hearts with dummy's little spades, game would be certain even if the diamonds failed to break and the trump finesse lost. Ruffs first, running trumps second and establishing the long suit last generally constitute the preferred order of moves when all three elements are present.

In planning a suit-hand campaign, the initial step is the same as in no trump—making deductions from the lead. Then comes a vast difference. Instead of counting sure winners first, most good declarers at suit play look for the apparent losers in declarer's hand and scheme for ways to reduce them.

In the above hand, declarer's apparent possible losers are one in trumps, two in hearts, one in diamonds and one in clubs—total five. To go game, they must be cut to three, which is done by ruffing the two hearts.

The trump loser may be eliminated later by the finesse, the diamond loser by a finesse and the club loser by a discard if the diamonds get established. The ruffs being the least risky, the plan calls for them first, after which there is everything to gain and nothing to lose.

No chance should ever be taken in preference to a sure thing. With no sure method available, the most probable means should be chosen. With no probable way, even the most remotely possible chance should be attempted, no matter how far-fetched it may appear, rather than give up the ship without a struggle.

The sound player would be the plucky player on this hand:

	Dummy		
♠75	♥AQJ10	♦765	♣7432
Declarer			
♠AKQJ10	♥9	♦A432	♣1065

If declarer lost the first three tricks in clubs, then won with his diamond ace, his only hope to get the rest of the tricks and game is by dropping the hostile spade trumps first, then leading his heart, trying the finesse and returning the ace in the hope that the original leader held only the king and one more card in hearts; if this is so, he makes game, whereas otherwise he is beaten, so he must try it.

One effective way to eliminate some losers is by means of "sluffs"—discards of bad cards from one hand on established cards of the other to prepare for possible ruffs, as in this hand:

	Dummy		
♠8754	♥AKQ	♦865	♣542
Declarer			
♠KQJ1032	♥5	♦A43	♣QJ10

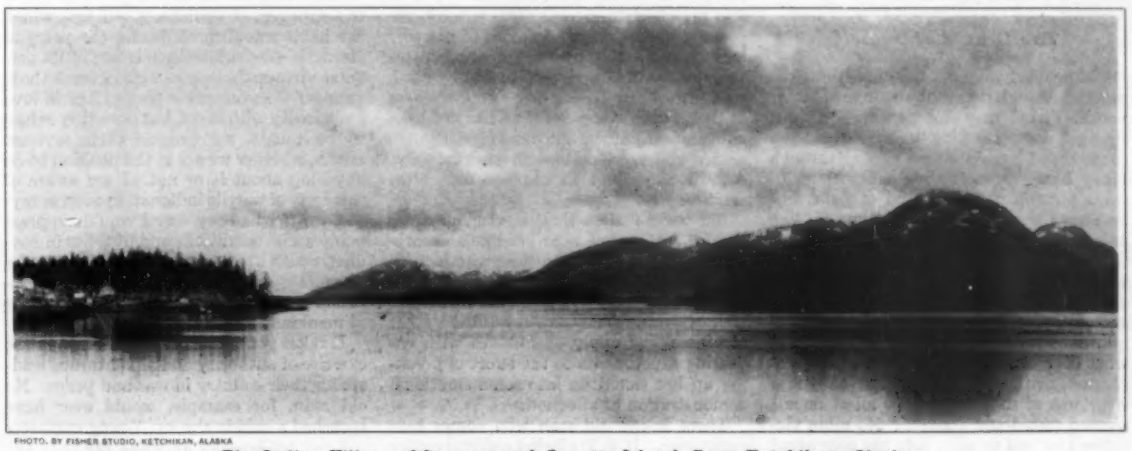
If the adversaries took two club tricks and then put declarer in with his ace of diamonds, he dare not lead trumps immediately; the enemy would prevent a spade game by taking two diamond tricks. But by first playing three heart tricks, he can discard his two losing diamonds.

Another useful trick saver in suit play is a variation of the lead thrower known as the elimination play. It strips the dummy hand of certain suits, so the foe has nothing to choose between except a lead up to declarer's tenace or else a suit on which he can trump in one hand while sluffing from the other, as in this case:

	Dummy		
♠542	♥985	♦QJ53	♣653
Declarer			
♠AKQ	♥AQ	♦AK1084	♣K42

With diamonds trump, the original club queen lead taken by third hand's ace, and a spade returned, declarer has only two possible losers remaining, one in clubs and one in hearts. After dropping the hostile trumps with two or three leads and scoring with his winners in spades and clubs, he should lead his losing club. Original leader, after taking it with his jack, must lead either a spade or club, for dummy to trump, declarer discarding his queen of hearts; or else must lead hearts up to the tenace, any one of these making game sure. The only possible defense is an extremely clever exit play by original leader, if he gets a chance to discard his jack of clubs on the trumps so that his partner can take the third club trick and lead through the heart ace-queen.

There are such endless combinations of the cards that the number of possible plays is unlimited, but anyone who familiarizes himself with the more important ones outlined and then becomes apt in using them need never fear the accusation that he is merely "playing at bridge."



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LAST LEAVES

(Continued from Page 18)

eternal order of things. It is these moderns who are unfashionable mentally, without sufficient anchorage to settle anything. There never was a time when so many of them were fingering the hem of the Lord's garment, not to be made whole by faith but to find out what the stuff is made of—missing the point, practicing the foolishness of literalists and calling it by the big name of science.

But let that go. What I am really complaining about is that goodness seems to have lost the glamour it had when so many more of us used to unite in prayer to celebrate our faith and to extol our pieties. I am not so strong on piety, being a trifle warped in these extremities of my Christian character, but I really like the idea of goodness, the plain loveliness which we call virtue, courage, any grandeur of the spirit. That kind of thing appeals to me so strongly I never have been able to perform a singular act of bravery in just goodness without a feeling of exquisite vanity. I am tremendously moved by my own inspiration. I feel all of a sudden that God sees me. In my younger circuit-rider years I was really a great woman at this business. I literally walked in a trance of high courage. I performed miracles—such as receiving an answer to prayer. I enjoyed with astonishing quietness a noble fearlessness of life and its worst adversities, for the simple reason that I was intoxicated by a gallant inspiration. I do not remember ever having a holy mind; some kind of human pigment was always mixed with my thoughts and purposes.

Now I am changed; I seem to have dwindled in quality and character. I have grown tired and sensible. I have a roof over my head and more than a nickel in the sewing-machine drawer, but so many of the dearer things have passed away, and I am reduced to talking about the past. How I miss the woman I used to be, before I ever wrote a book or knew the luminous mendacity of fame. I wore a real halo then that no one saw, but so becoming to me.

Lately quite by accident I had the chance to do something heroic according to the Scriptures. It was like picking up a bright thread dropped long ago and hard to weave, but what a shimmering pattern of memories it made back there in the past. All at once I fell into the old grand mood of performing in secret a good deed—accomplishing a mercy for which there would be no reward beyond the dear revival of the power and strength of spirit I used to know—and I had it, the old familiar quietness.

The world of fame and letters passed away, and I saw again clearly with the single eye something right and satisfying, to accomplish which belonged to the private fortunes of my soul. I was laying up treasure in heaven again, where the best treasures are kept. I strutted just before God and myself doing what people frequently do with all the animus of Christian charity. I had a great time.

The Oracle of Oneself

Old people rarely get the opportunity to practice the glories that distinguish their youth. Virtue may not go out of us, but strength does. Looking back now, it seems to me that I have come a long way through many battle lines, always advancing, always putting up some kind of fight, not because I wanted to fight but had to, like any other soldier of the line. I've been tired for years on a stretch without ever wanting to die or quit. Whether this was due to some heady quality of the human I am or to the mettle of the spirit one acquires by ascension, I do not know, but what I recall about that time as most characteristic of me was a sort of willful weariness of the spirit. Now all at once I seemed rested and tranquil. No more victories over self to win. Life has conquered there where even piety failed—only a chance now and then to repeat, imitate, the courage with which I used to live.

I have become the oracle of myself. The conceit of old age coming on. My friends must have already noticed that when I tell a tale now it is a beautiful one and I am too often the heroine. If I tell a good one in which I do not figure, it is sure to be apparent that I was the only one present who could fully appreciate and interpret what happened to the other fellow. I know how it looks, having smiled at other old people in a histrionic mood, and I endeavor to gather the mantle of becoming modesty about me, but in the end it always turns out to be the curtain before which I appear with some kind of pathetic secret eagerness to make my bow and take the applause of the helpless audience that frequently attends brisk-witted old people. Something queer about this. When we are old and show out as the heroine of the past, they say, "This is due to old age," but when they hear young people boast, they are even more tolerant and say, "This is youth." My notion is that it is human nature in both cases, for whether we are old or young, accomplish much or little, it is the nature of us to divine our powers and give ourselves airs. But there is more justification for the young. Pride is their privilege, because they have not yet failed and have a world before them to make. We are old and can only fail.

A Legacy of Character

Whatever criticism we may make of them, the fact remains that young manhood is the chief essential for producing a progressive civilization and for keeping it expanding. If old people retained the power to enforce their will and opinions, this world would be divided into states of unimaginable tyrannies. Time indeed would turn backward in its flight, because in age we know only the past and are not equal to the future. We might become miserly watchdogs of the nation's treasury, but never pioneers of commerce, nor captains of newly evolved industries. Nothing like a philosopher for oppressing the people with taxes and his own learning. This is the trouble with China, ruled for a thousand years by sages and the doctrines of Confucius, multiplied by the extortions imposed by acquisitive but sedentary minds.

The most beautiful manifestations of human character still are to be found in old people, ripened by experience into some kind of veteran patience which surpasses all the bitter wisdom of Solomon. I heard a woman say the other day that during the long years of her married life she could not recall ever having had one word of praise from her husband. She was not complaining. But the effect upon her is almost embarrassing, at least to me, who have done the best I could without ever presenting myself as a sacrifice wholly acceptable to my husband or to his children, even if they were also my children, because this is a compliment too great, in my opinion, to pay any mortal man. But by such a process this woman has made herself ineffably good, without ever exercising any authority over others. That's the point. She has not been guilty of authority, but has practiced obedience and sacrifice like an enchantment. And it shows up in old age like altar candles.

She has a little, wrinkled, virginal countenance. Her sons wear her like a decoration. She has come into the great fortune of their adoration. And she accepts their devotion precisely as she did her husband's lack of praise. They are mystified by her aloofness, and apply themselves with endearing experiments to the effort of breaking up her sanctities into some emotional demonstration of affection.

There is one old man who comes here sometimes. It is like being entertained by the archives of pleasant memories to have him in the house. Some years ago he was rich, but he invested his fortune and himself in his sons who are now distinguished men. He is now a poor man whose sons wigwag him from one end of the country to the other. He cannot cash a check because he has no money, but he still supports them by cashing in the memories of their youth and all the lost records of things of good report other people forget. He enjoys his old age as a lad enjoys adventures. Being a man of valorous peace, he is particularly devoted to the tales of warriors. His sons lend him to each other like a particularly entrancing volume of history. But in all his life he never acquired the habits of authority. As a citizen he voted every day for the heroes of the past. As a Christian he derived his virtues and his faith from the preachers of the pioneer period and a strangely amiable relation to the Scriptures. As a father, instead of commanding obedience, he was the ever-present shepherd of his sons, sacrificed his business and opportunities of success to grow up with them. Very few able men have the sense to make such a preparation for a happy old age. And he is still an able man in full possession of his hard-riding faculties. A pure romanticist who follows the bright trails of the past as if they led into the immediate future.

There was an old local preacher living on a farm in the first circuit my husband served in the Methodist itinerancy. I was afraid of him, being so young my very virtues were inclined to giggle, and so happy without having had time to earn happiness by suffering and sacrifice. He had a countenance carved by faith and poverty. And he used to scan me sometimes with a Ten Commandment look that made me quail with a sense of potential guilt. He rarely said anything and was no good hand to lead in prayer, a trifle dull in his expression of confidence in the Lord. He had at that time a family of grown sons and daughters who were clamoring to be out and gone to make their way in the world. He let them go, somewhat I imagine as the Lord permits us all to go forth, still holding us in the hollow of His hand. Anyway, his sons became famous and a daughter is distinguished. He proved to be the legacy of honor and courage they took with them. He had marked them with an awful willfulness and tranquillity of mind and spirit. Though he settled down like an old ark of the covenant in that quiet place, they returned from all the ends of the earth once in so often to be tried and tested by him.

Teachers or Critics

Not one of these three I have mentioned was ever known beyond his or her door step. They exercised little authority, and were no more than influences among those nearest them in life. And they belong to the best types produced by old age. The fact remains that the exercise of power is one of the strongest obsessions of old age, where the habit was formed during the years of strength. And intolerance is one of its perverse virtues. So long as we can teach those younger than ourselves we can live in love and charity with them, but once they refuse to be taught we become their severest critics, whether we are in the position to do anything about it or not. I am aware of this form of puerile indignation even in myself, for if I had my way I would suppress many social conditions and liberties in conduct which are apparent now but may be no more than the amorphous period of gestation preceding an era in the greater glory of mankind.

It takes young men to be generous in the exercise of authority and adventurous leaders for their country in war and peace. No old man, for example, would ever have launched a ship in the air. Young engineers

(Continued on Page 149)

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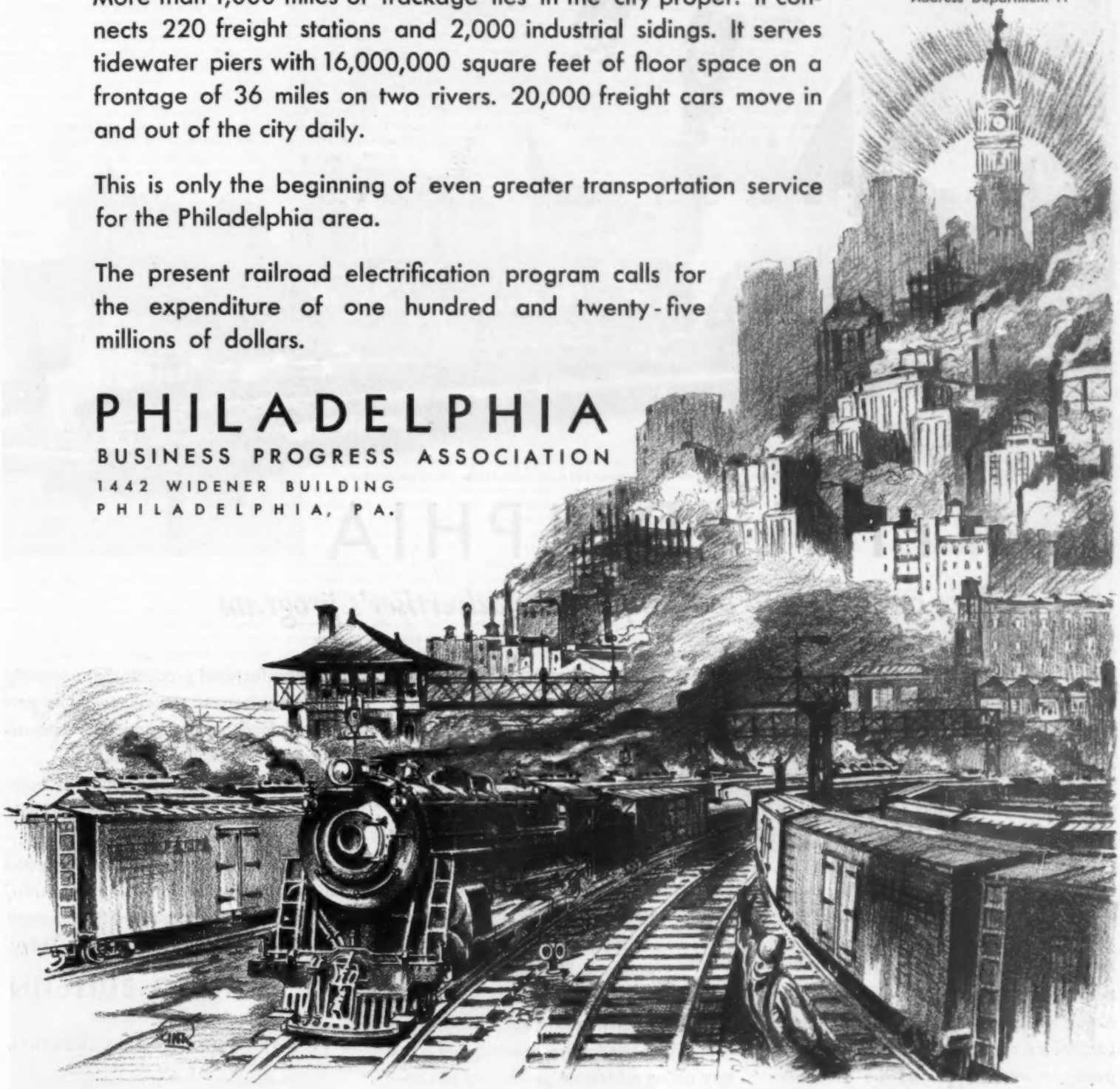

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(Continued from Page 146)

are harnessing the water powers of the world and lighting it from pole to pole with electricity. The very old would still be reading by candlelight, and the next oldest would have lacked the energy and courage to wire a world with light.

The proper ratio between youth and age is indicated by the fact that only one elderly general and relatively few old officers are required for an army of a million men in case of war. If the soldiers of the line were equally mature in years nobody could lead them into a fight. The courage of old age is the courage of wisdom, which has been defeated oftener in the affairs of men than ever folly was. The cunning of it is valuable chiefly in discipline and in the planning of battles to be fought by youth, ever ready to shed its blood for an ideal—which may not have been the real reason the old men thought up to bring on the conflict.

But let no one imagine there would be no more wars if this world fell into the dignified decay of being governed by scholars and sages. On the contrary, we should have war for the dropping of a hat. Rake the ashes of their years away, and it is astonishing what burning beds of coals these ancients hide in their hearts. David, when he was old and beautifully repentant of his own earlier transgressions, composed his most eloquent psalms while he was praying the Lord to confound his enemies, cast them into the pit and consume them utterly with fire.

The native pardoning power in men springs from the pursuit of their own happiness one way or another, and they find hatreds oppressive. Thus there is more frankincense of forgiveness in young people than in old ones. If ever a seasoned saint forgives you, he is apt to heap coals of fire on your head while he is doing it, which makes the whole performance skimpily doctrinal and does not measure up to the full definition of forgiveness.

Violence in Thought

The point I endeavor to make is that after age renders us relatively innocent of ourselves we frequently acquire in silence a certain element of violence in thinking. No matter how meek they seem to be, those among us who exercised authority in their younger years are often a trifle hot under the collar, if for no other reason than that of seeing the next generation discard the convictions and principles they saved up from a lifetime's experience, as if these were no more than the rags of worn-out minds. The potent self-consciousness of youth is all about us frankly on the offensive. The old woman sees the modern maiden making of herself a love letter written large, too flagrantly illumined, treading a measure in the world of sex where the girls of her day never entered, because there was no such place. Gender was simply one of the pieties of her body which she dared not offend, though she must have felt as much like a love letter as the modern maiden, but not written so large. The old man watches a young one in a monoplane loop the loop in the air overhead and win more applause in one hour than a youth of his day could earn by years of hard work, thrift and self-discipline, which he perceives are virtues of low visibility now and rarely attract the attention of the shouting throng.

Thus, appearing feeble, faded and tranquil as usual, we engage in the histrionics of damaging prophecies. We think too many young men are taking to the air who do not contemplate staying up long enough to make an honest living, but only to win a prize and publicity. We cannot understand this new method of putting over personality by fantastic advertisement, which was formerly used to sell patent medicines and circus fakes. We are disturbed about the capitalizing of so many sports and amusements as big businesses; and we wonder dolorously what will become of a civilization financed in so many ways by what we thought was vice.

What has become of vice, anyway, and where is virtue? Prohibition the strange excuse given for dissipation, and prosperity the explanation of banditry! Products in conduct of modern reasoning. To be rational, one must have the intellectual enterprise of an outlaw in morality. And this aggressive modern woman who is so matrimonially enthusiastic that wedlock must be unlocked in order that she may be married again and again. We still believe in marriage and devotion, not in marriage and divorce. So we go on speculating on whether a permanent social order can be raised up on the sand of so much variableness in human temper and conduct. If so, what insurance will it afford for life, property, health and the future of children? And how is it that so many apparently sane people have risked abandoning the strongholds of religion against their own perversities?

Veterans of Time

Well, it all came to this: We elders are worrying about something that is none of our business. The truth is, we worry more about the younger men and women than we love them. And this is so because to be enough better than they are in our own estimation and to be troubled about their conduct is a sort of compliment we pay ourselves. Whereas, real love is polite, softens judgment and creates within the meekness of a contrite mind. According to the retaliatory research work some of these moderns are conducting about our ways in the past, we committed transgressions of a kind that should require at least a hundred years' repentance to wipe them out. For one, I am more and more inclined to ease up in my criticisms and cultivate a proper prescience for the greater glory of men to come, which will be different from the little harp and crown of glory we strove to win. And their righteousness will be greater than ours. And they also shall see God—if for no other reason than they still strive for something—and will find their ultimate satisfactions as men have for ages by faith, hope and charity, all better conceived and better realized.

I am admitting that this is a mood with me; it will not last—a rationalist can destroy it with a cynical comment, because I know there is no such animal as a rationalist. Only the Lord in his omniscience has enough sense to be one. Still it is gratifying to be capable of such a mood. I may be taking on my last essential growth in grace, or I could not believe even briefly in the prospective salvation of men and women who seem so belligerent in their trespasses and sins, rather than merely meekly dead in them as we used to be.

Meanwhile, if you are old you cannot keep up with the spirit of these times without making a fool of yourself, because it is a new and different kind of spirit and will produce a world beyond our power to conceive of. We belong to history, or the Scriptures of the past, or to poetry before it became *vers libre*. When we attempt to copy the manners and mind of the present day we cease to be veracious and become silly plagiarists of a day incomprehensible to us. It is safer and more dignified to make a halo of our years and sit under it if we can.

Thus, along with others of my generation, I have taken my position on the Western Front of Old Age, a queer place after all the stirring scenes we have passed through—the sun of our years going down, the shadows of something we do not know lengthening about us, everything very quiet. And we appear to be resting like the good old veterans of time, but few of us are as well satisfied as we look. No man or woman can be who has lived long enough to see his own world pass away and finds himself packed up in his mind like any other old emigrant waiting to embark upon a voyage to the very far country of his faith, which by all accounts is a place where he cannot exercise the sense that he used to have, much less the emotions that long ago made him a lively fellow in the one he is about to leave.

Still, he must sail soon to that haven defined by no more than the spiritual geography of his faith. He makes the best of the situation when he discusses his prospects with his pastor or priest, and he may brag a little to young people by way of confirming them and stiffening his own courage; but it is a parlous business, however strong we are in the faith, and few of us are so glad to be approaching this emergency as we pretend to be. I have seen too many saints die merely resigned after the doctor said there was no hope. Besides, I have already been waiting long enough on the sundown rim of my years to have the nerve-racking experience of being obliged to contemplate the prospect of becoming stupendously immortal presently, and unfamiliar to myself.

Bereft of Our Glories

Sometimes it seems to me that we are relegated to these high altitudes of selfless contemplation too soon by the attitude of younger people around us, when we are still interested in them and what is going on. They are also absorbed in these affairs and more particularly in themselves. I suppose it is natural, but if they could be a little better than natural, not so remote, it would help us make the last grade more like proud and happily laden travelers going home after a pleasant and profitable journey, accompanied by some applause. We do not even get the chance to read our own obituaries. We are poor old Ichabods bereft of our glories, and only making the best of being obliged to become saints in Paradise, where there is so little personal distinction, everybody as good as the best. Requires a frightful lot of thinking to adjust ourselves to such a situation. For my part, I would rather just believe as I do in the good providence of God, and in my own immortality, without being so exact about laying the scenes of my future life in Paradise. The indications overhead are of a much wider place.

Editor's Note—This is one of a series of articles by Mrs. Harris. The next will appear in an early issue.

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MANAGEMENT AND SIZE

(Continued from Page 25)

the training of men to let the horse be stolen, provided one watches the stealing and can recover the animal in due season. This is another sign of wise management—sometimes permitting a condition to grow worse in order to disclose further weaknesses in an organization and also to reveal those persons who are sensitive to the condition existing. To be everlastingly tinkering at small defects may be a waste of the attention and energy necessary to the bigger task. The use of wrong trends as a revealer of further wrongs may be very effective in the hands of a wise manager, but, of course, it is next to impossible under any form of stock management. The main fact is that the management must centralize with the men who know what is going on.

Therefore, democracy in business is not a desirable ideal, if it be taken to mean that policies are to be shaped by the votes of a large number of people, none of whom can know all that is going on. My conception of democracy in management has to do with the recognition of ability and clearing the way for the advancement of each man according to his capacity. For then we can be reasonably certain that things will be done by those who are best able to do them, and that each man will be rewarded according to his merit as a doer and not as a speaker. No one can persuade an automobile to run just by talking to it. Yet it is that rather than the recognition of merit and accomplishment which seems to be behind the democratic ideal as applied to industry.

I believe that true management begins with the product and its making, and that into them must go the largest measure of leadership, for the pressure to better both the product and its method of manufacturing must be continuous. One can never be satisfied. Pressing for improvement and repelling self-satisfaction require leadership. Finance then becomes simply a part of the schedule of production. We need certain supplies of a specified quality at certain places at certain times. That is a matter of planning. We need certain amounts of money to pay the men, to pay for the supplies, and to pay for additions or changes in equipment. That is a matter of planning. But this money is merely an inevitable result of correct operating.

Check and Double Check

We find a way to perform each operation, and the results of these operations assemble into our product. All that remains is to see that our instructions are everywhere carried out. The human tendency is to depart from instructions. Therefore, the duty of that part of the management which is not primarily involved in design is to see that the designs are followed. The head of a department is responsible for that department—responsible for seeing that the plans, as they concern his department, are absolutely followed. And on down the line each superintendent and foreman is charged with seeing that the plans are followed in his sector.

A given amount of material should result in a definite output and employ a definite number of men. The standards, through practice and improvements in methods, should constantly become better. If instead they become worse, then that is something to be looked after. Thus it is possible to keep one's finger always on the pulse of the business without taking one's attention away from the really important matter of improving the business.

Of course, we have other checks. We have a squad at the Dearborn laboratory whose sole duty is to go out through the shops, take anything they see, and fetch it to Dearborn for testing. Our business will not run properly unless everything down to the minutest detail is done exactly according to plan and schedule, and, although at every stage of production every conceivable test and inspection is made, we maintain this flying squadron as an additional and independent check. And the flying squadron itself every once in a while has to be checked.

Under our method of management, with everything thought out in advance and everything converging to a single product, the size of our institution does not matter. In fact, the larger we become the more cheaply we can manufacture, for then we can use bigger and faster tools. In many ways it would be simpler to make 1,000,000 cars a day than to make 1000, for in 1000 the very best methods of manufacturing might require equipment which would not be warranted by the volume of the output. Size of plant is of no matter if the thing produced is for the benefit of the public and is sold at as low a price as possible.

No Limits to Corporate Size

Our method of management is founded on the assumption that the whole corporation is just a tool for doing one thing. The size of a tool is determined by the kind of work that is to be done and by its facility. That is, one would not use a crowbar on a watch, nor would one put a ten-ton shovel in the hands of a ditch digger. The question of size often arises with reference to management. Questions are asked: How large is too large? How large may a plant be without exceeding the possibilities of efficient management? And the answer is always the same: Few businesses can grow too large; all healthy businesses are growing larger; the attempt to measure the possible extent of management by geographical limits is an error. We don't know as yet where the limits of efficient management are. We do know that some forms of business do not lend themselves to larger expansion under single management. They are too personal in their service or too local in their adaptation to be national. Taken together they comprise very large businesses, but the need of local management cannot be met except by local management. But industrially it is possible to say that management is coextensive with the control of design.

Control the design of the product and the method of its production, and the same results can be obtained in one plant or a hundred, in America or in Europe, for one year or ten. It is, when all is said and done, the work that exercises the control.

There is passive and there is active management. The first merely observes what is done, but the second really manages. A positive centralized control which always presses for better designs and better methods of making is the only real management. It is not managing merely to sit and watch things pass by. It may be taken as a rule—and rules always have exceptions—that a dozen corporations, each making a separate product, will do better alone than if combined into a single great corporation. The single corporation can never manage all the units as well as each unit could manage itself. But this is not to be regarded as fixing the limits of management, but only as determining the nature thereof.

As a natural development of more intricate manufacturing, it has become apparent that, although there are very few limits to management, there are other considerations which, though not restricting the size of a corporation, do limit its functions, and that, therefore, it is not always in the interests of the best and most economical manufacturing for any one institution to attempt to do everything with all materials from the source to the finished product. This is only another way of saying that the theory of what has been called the vertical trust should be carefully examined before it is applied to all forms of manufacturing. It is positively wasteful for some companies to attempt to span the whole distance from

(Continued on Page 153)

The late Mr. Buttonwood

"BLAST these bloomin' breeches! . . . Been battlin' with 'em now for twenty minutes! . . . Here 'tis gettin' light! . . . I'll miss the flight sure's blazes! . . . Every duck in the bay'll be gone to lunch by the time I get there!"

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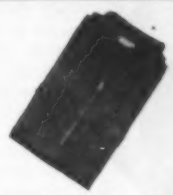

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(Continued from Page 150)

source to finished product for all requirements. Every company should know all about everything that goes into its product, but this is quite different from saying that it should control everything. Such control might result in hindering the improvements that independent business men could make in special lines.

Public attention, when it is not on the dangers of machinery, seems to dwell on the dangers of corporate size. Every so often someone gets the notion of a corporation that will control anything and everything, and will be a monopoly. The size of a corporation is limited by its market and its function. In a very simple product a corporation can own all the producing and selling machinery from the raw material to the finished product. As the product becomes more complex, such an organization would become less and less economical, for then a certain portion of the activities get away from central management.

Employing 5200 Factories

The control of the designs and the methods of manufacturing are, with us, vital. The improving of the design, the material or the methods of making the smallest part on the car are major matters demanding the best attention of every man in the company. They are only consequences of manufacturing. Once we find the right way of doing anything, then it makes no difference at all in management whether we construct one line of machinery or a thousand lines. And also it does not matter as to the part of the world in which the line is located.

The managing of a big thing is not more difficult than the managing of a little thing. The big thing may be the easier to manage. It is not size but the possibility of relating all the activities to a single point of control that matters. If the activities will not so relate, then their management cannot have that exactness which is necessary to the best and most economical work.

It is sometimes necessary for a company to manufacture everything that it uses—that is, to start with the raw material and end with the finished product. This is necessary, if, for instance, the supplying manufacturers insist on making to their own design instead of to the designs that are furnished to them, or, again, if the supplying manufacturers try to gain extra profits by higher prices whenever they think the traffic will bear the higher prices. The business of this country is, however, every day becoming more enlightened and is throwing off traditions, and is every day more willing to produce exactly according to plans and schedules, and to press for reductions in cost while at the same time raising wages. If the product of a manufacturer is at all complex—and an automobile is a very complex production—a specialist in a part will make that part better and cheaper than will a factory which turns out a great variety of articles. The rule that one product is enough for a factory holds for every single part that enters into the construction of an automobile, or anything else. Therefore, it is our policy to let out a very considerable portion of our production. Fully 5200 manufacturing concerns in the United States do work for our company. We make some of every part that we use, in order to keep control of methods and of costs and to experiment in the bettering of each part, but we make the entirety of very few parts. And, as a rule, we do so only when we are forced to.

We have to take the lead in a new thing and develop according to our exact needs. When we are finished and in production, the trade catches up, and in a short while is offering to make for us some of the numerous articles we are making for ourselves. But without our equipment and ability to go ahead, without our previous thought devoted to design and method of production, this coöperation of other manufacturers with us would not be helpful. This should not be so; we should be able to ask any manufacturer in any line for any special thing that we want and should be able to get it. But there is a curious inertia in many lines of manufacture which makes a starter necessary.

Always we retain the means of providing for ourselves, so that we can press ahead with changes and not be met by a flat refusal to change. This is in addition to the insurance which we have of not being held up in our production. If anyone can make any part of our product better and cheaper than we can make it, that is a good reason for using the facilities of that one for the supply of our needs. We do not give up our own facilities, but we do not extend them. Extension, however, takes place by the mere fact of our using others' facilities. This is very different from the thought of trying to supply all our needs under all conditions out of our own resources.

There is no point in centralizing manufacturing unless it results in economies. If we, for instance, centered our entire production at Detroit we should have to employ about 6,000,000 people. That would be far too many people to gather in one place only for the making of a single product—the 6,000,000 people should be spread all over the land in order that every community may be made prosperous by their earnings and expenditures. A product that is used all over the country ought to be made all over the country in order both to save transportation and to distribute buying power more evenly. For many years we have followed the policy of making in our branches whatever parts they were able to make for the area that they served. A good manufacturer who makes himself a specialist will closely control his production and is to be preferred over a branch. Therefore, we let out as much work as we possibly can, and will probably continue to do so as long as we find coöperation.

At the moment of writing we have, as I have said, 5200 independent concerns working on our plans and according to our methods. Of these, 3500 are kept pretty continuously busy on our work. There are two things no one ever does for us, nor will be permitted to do—namely, make our motor and set up our cars. These processes are entirely in our own shops, along with something of every other process. The small independent company has a wide field open to it as supplementing the larger company, and it is not out of the question to conceive a general set-up in which the central company would be more in the nature of a laboratory, assembly plant and general clearing house of ideas and money than a centralized producing unit.

No Magic Formulas

The eventual ideal is a complete decentralization in which most plants will be small and so situated that the workers will be both farmers and industrialists. That would make not only for a more general independence on the part of the individual but also would make for cheaper goods and cheaper food. The present distinction between industry and agriculture is a temporary one brought about by the restricted areas in which power formerly could be had. When power will be available everywhere through electric wires, then industry and the workers in it will be set free. The industrial city is only a passing phase of industry. Management will gradually learn to take advantage of its larger opportunities.

Centuries ago the pioneers came out from Great Britain and the Continent into a new world, and there they found wealth by developing a continent. On that new continent were born new ideas. I view American business going into Europe as simply a returning to the mother soil of these new ideas. The ideas that came from the Old World to the New World were remade in the New World to its benefit. I think that the ideas now going from the New World back to the Old World will there undergo another transformation, become yet more powerful, and result in an ultimate interchange of the best ideas of several civilizations and a better general result than could be achieved by either the Old World or the New World acting alone. For each has things that the other lacks.

There is nothing in our manner of making that need be peculiar to the automobile. Our methods will apply to any commodity, and these methods have by common consent been taken as fundamental to America's prosperity. All that we have done or are today doing is open to the world to see. We have no secret processes and no magic formulas, but while the principles and their application are gradually becoming understood and followed in the United States, they do not seem in every instance to be comprehended by the people overseas.

The statement is often made that the American is a greenhorn in foreign business, but it is doubtful if anyone has ever known very much about foreign business. This is only part and parcel of the ignorance of business in general. The state which foreign business gets itself into every little while and its failure to knit bonds of peace between peoples, as well as its long reputation as a money loser, are evidence enough that foreign or export business is far from being a science or even a fairly profitable art. But when all is said and done, the ignorance popularly attributed to Americans concerning the doing of business abroad may not be so regrettable, for it is pretty hard to learn something that is not right. It is a question whether foreign business up to this time has much, if any, principle or method that could be learned.

Foreign Markets Temporary

Whatever until now the general lack of knowledge in this direction has been, there is no doubt that events are quite actively correcting that defect. Today we are nearer the truth about expansion of business into foreign fields than we have been at any time during the industrial era. Previous to the industrial era, foreign business was on a natural basis. Customers went to foreign lands, or sent their agents, to buy what those lands afforded—spices, silks, and all the romantic commodities of early commerce. People sent for what they wanted to where they could get it. It was a trade based not on commercial enterprise but on merit and use. True, the volume was not large, but the system was natural. There was no artificial stimulus behind it. It was ability to buy searching for ability to make and sell. It was not the energetic outpushing of manufacturing peoples to capture world markets. Briefly, it was buying, not selling.

It would not be entirely pleasant to recount what foreign trade has become in the meantime. But we are now arriving at some very definite views of what foreign trade should be and what it is likely to become. For one thing, we are recognizing the folly of expecting that any nation will continue indefinitely to be a market for another nation. The effect of American trade in many foreign lands has been to stimulate them to self-supply. Their very experience with our machinery has had the effect of inspiring them with industrial aspirations of their own. Any scheme of foreign business built upon the theory that foreign countries will forever, or even long, remain dependents on American industry is likely to prove disappointing. It may well be that by reason of racial skill or natural resources one nation may always retain its position to serve others in certain respects—that is, keep other nations always in a customer status with reference to certain products—but the cases will be exceptional in so far as industry is concerned. Many exponents of foreign business have assumed that the American workingman was going to be the factory hand for the whole world; that America was to be the factory, and the rest of the nations our dressed-up customers. This view was supported by another assumption—namely, that foreign business brains could not compete with ours, that foreign workingmen were not as competent as ours, and so on through the whole gamut of boastful ignorance. As to foreign business

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THE most exacting electrical standards, and a half century's tradition of leadership in sound reproduction, govern operation in the Thomas A. Edison Laboratories. Edison Light-O-Matic Radios, beautiful without, are built to the finest precision within, that they may truly reflect the greatness of the name they bear. In these severe proving grounds, where famous Edison Radios are designed and built, Polymet Products weathered the severe tests of Edison engineers and received their okay as standard parts of Edison Light-O-Matic Radios.

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brains, they are the same as ours, and as to foreign workingmen, it has been the experience of our company in its European shops that, given the same relative wages and working conditions, the European workman is not at all inferior to the American. Of course, the alleged inferiority is there, but it is not essentially in the men, it is in their wages and working conditions. There should be no difficulty in accepting these facts, since Europe and the United States are made up of the same kinds of people.

Our company has had a measure of success in foreign business, based on two principles: First, bringing to the nations a commodity that they needed and the use of which assisted them to develop their own affairs; and second, an absolute renunciation of every form of exploitation. That is, our purpose was not to make American business greater at the expense of other nations, but to help make other peoples more prosperous by the aid of American business. There can be no other abiding basis for foreign business by any company or any country. And even then there will be no abiding relationship of seller and buyer between nations. International exchange of goods will always exist, of course, but not always of the same goods or in the same quantities. One great effect of American business abroad may be to teach our foreign customers how to supply themselves with the goods they now buy from us. Undoubtedly, many countries now more or less dependent on industrial countries for supply will themselves become sufficiently industrial to supply their own requirements. That is, in commercial language, we will lose the market. But that is all to the good. As progressive beings we should look forward with approval to the time when new nations or backward nations will outgrow their dependence and feel little or no further need for us. At that time international trade will then settle to the natural basis of need and supply, each nation supplying others with that commodity which it is most fitted to produce. This outlook is probably little relished by the heated salesmanship of the times, but it seems to be what is coming.

Russia came to us and asked assistance toward planting the automobile industry in that country, and although we shall have no authority or interest in the industry that will be established there, we readily consented on the principle that it is never wrong to help people to get to work, and that the automobile is an instrument of social prosperity.

The Way to Better Wages

Our other activities outside the United States were formerly all operated under our sole ownership, but with the development of industrial effort abroad we have felt that our factories ought to belong in part to the people of the countries amongst whom we were doing business. After consideration of all that was involved, and feeling that if we know what is right to do, nothing remains but to do it, we began the organization of our business abroad on a partnership basis, starting with the Ford Motor Company of England. I am glad to say that European industrialists have welcomed a complete demonstration of our principles in the various countries, and although it is not always at first clear to them how they can fully approve our rate of wages, yet there is no doubt in my mind that the desire to improve the lot of Europe's workingmen is so strong in progressive European industrialists that a way to better wages will be found. It is one thing to criticize the European industrialist and another thing to understand his problems, but I am sure that industrial leadership in Europe will bring about much social betterment there without mere imitation of American ways. They are too wise to be mere imitators of us, for then they would have to take our defects, too, which is not desirable.

The same policy that has been inaugurated in Great Britain is being followed with our companies on the continent of Europe, but on somewhat smaller scales. We want to manufacture as much as possible of a car in the country where it is assembled and sold, in order to generate the largest possible amount of purchasing power through the payment of high wages.

We are, in every instance, trying to maintain in our foreign industries wages comparable to those paid in the United States. We do not base these wages at all on the cost of living, but merely use the cost of living in any country to compare with the costs in the United States in order to arrange wages everywhere of equal buying power. The progress on this point is set out in a report of the managing director of the British company:

"So as to avoid the nuisance and complications of money currencies, we have initiated a labor currency. Factory experts call it Minute Costs. This company and its associated companies are employing Englishmen, Irishmen, Dutchmen, Frenchmen, Belgians, Danes, Germans, Italians, Spaniards, Swedes, Finns and Turks, all working in their respective countries, and doing the same job with similar tools under equal factory conditions. We compare how long it takes each respective man to complete his work. In Denmark, where we pay the highest wages in Europe, we find the lowest minute costs. On the other hand, in Belgium, where the wages are lowest, the minute costs are highest. This is casual comparison. Week after week and month after month the figures confirm this experience."

The Only Cure for Poverty

"What is probably more significant, during our task of correlating and adjusting the wage rates so as to secure the uniformity I have referred to, we found it necessary substantially to increase the minimum wages at the Antwerp factory. The response of the worker was almost immediately displayed by a reduction of minute costs.

"Last, but not least, I know you will be interested to hear that these comparative statistics have enabled us to establish the fact that the American workman is no miracle monger. Neither is the British, Irish or Continental artisan any inferior creature. Given like conditions and treatment, our workers here in Europe actually beat their American cousins, as proved by the standard of our minute costs."

The great monotony is not work but poverty. No mechanical operation can be devised, no form of employment can be devised, which can equal in blankness the leaden dullness of continuous poverty. The only monotony which can approach that of poverty is the monotony of stagnant wealth. This is not a purely materialistic world, and modern industry is every day tending to make it less materialistic. At the same time, we cannot get anywhere merely by pretending that nothing about us is or should be materialistic. Our first duty is to remove the causes of poverty, and this is a purely material job, which cannot in the smallest degree be dodged or glossed over. It cannot be met by smart sayings; it must be met only by work.

And the tendency is to lose the perspective upon our work and think that we may somehow escape from it. But work is the essential. Without it, there is nothing. Work determines a man's place in the world; it indicates the caliber of his mind and character, and expresses the measure of his usefulness to his fellow men.

Above a certain grade of income, money alone will not draw out a man's best work. The opposite of this is not true. That is to say, there are no stages in which money may be disregarded as a reward for work, or at least it cannot be disregarded by the one who directs the work and profits by it. The substitute for money as a reward for work will not be found in the provision of toys and childish games masquerading as incentives, and usually designed to take the worker's mind off the fact that he is

(Continued on Page 157)

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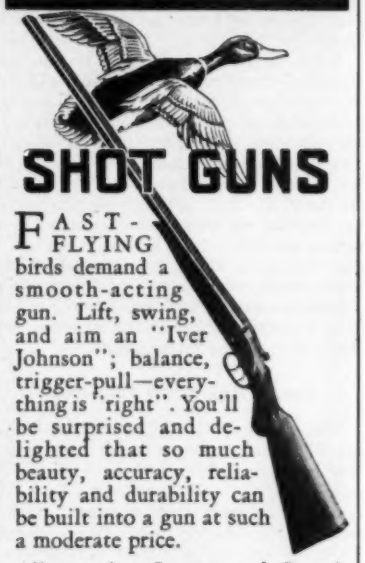

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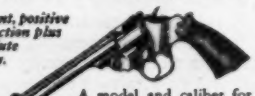

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YOU LIGHT your home and clean your rugs and toast your bread with the current that comes from electric outlets. And now—another modern miracle—you may tell time with it too! It is silent, trustworthy, trouble-free time. Yours by the simple process of plugging in a Telechron* Electric Timekeeper!

Your power company, using a Telechron Master Clock, keeps current impulses constant and gives you this time service. Take advantage of it! It will keep your household running smoothly on schedule. It will end the daily or weekly winding—the periodic oiling, cleaning and regulating.

The Warren Telechron Company, by the installation of its Master Clocks, made this time service possible. Telechron self-starting synchronous clocks offer the widest range of models and prices. There are Telechrons for every room in your home, from $9.75 to $55. You may be sure you are getting genuine products of the Warren Telechron Company when you see the word "Telechron" on the dial of a clock. The Revere Clock Company of Cincinnati, Ohio, manufactures grandfather clocks and chiming clocks of all kinds, equipped with Telechron motors, at prices ranging up to $1200. The nearest authorized dealer is listed under "Telechron" in your classified telephone directory. Warren Telechron Company, Ashland, Massachusetts. In Canada, Canadian General Electric Company, Toronto.

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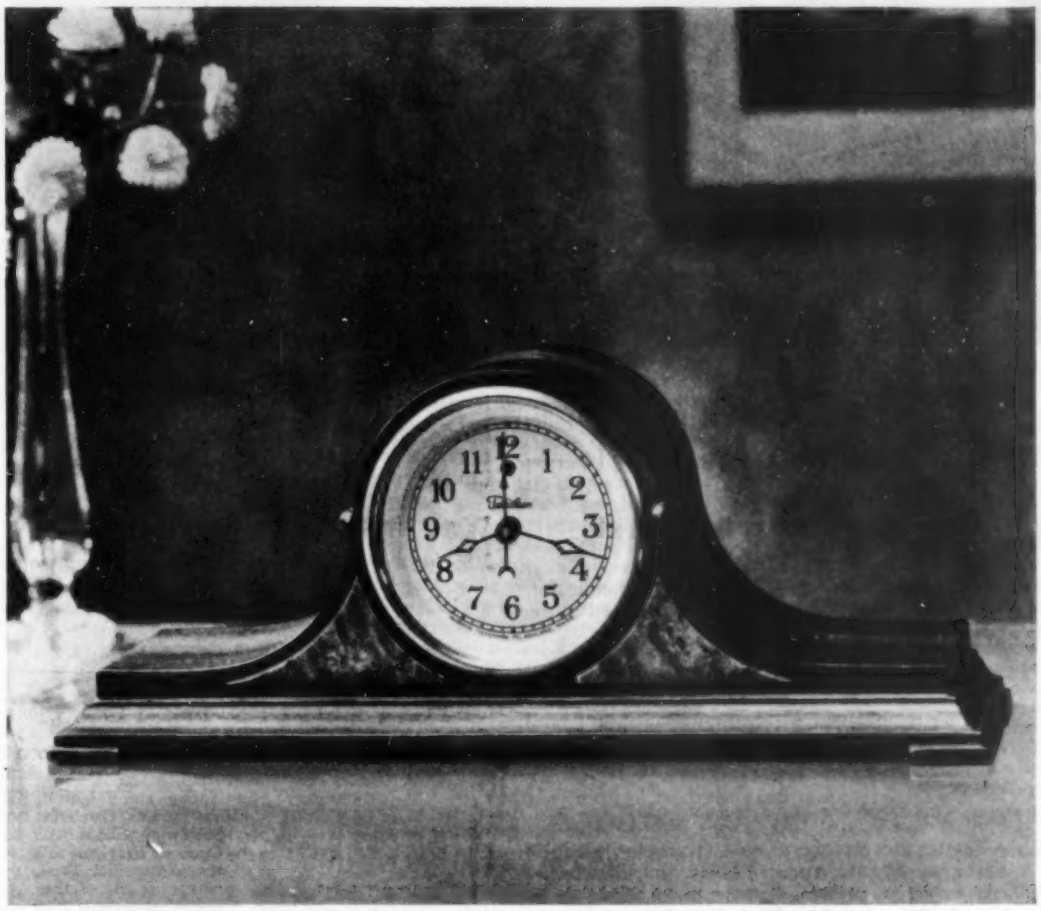

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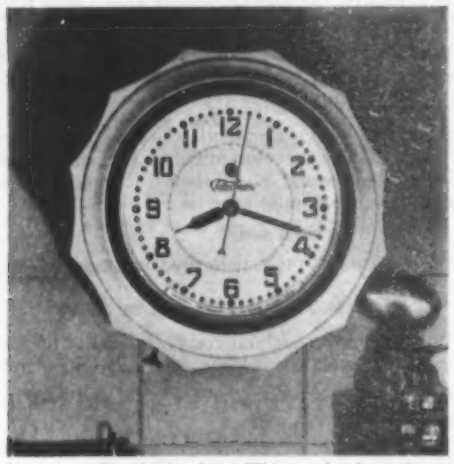

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Now Comes a New and Improved Toastmaster

NO WAITING! • NO WATCHING! • NO TURNING! • NO BURNING!

NOW comes an utterly new model of the Toastmaster, the famous toaster that "Pops Up the Toast!"

It works *automatically*. And—it won't burn toast!

It comes in 1 and 2-slice sizes and is a revelation in simplicity and smartness.

Of the hundreds of thousands who saw the remarkable first model which revolutionized toast making in America, not one would have believed it could ever have been improved upon.

Yet—that has been done!

It is even more simple, more amazing, more beautiful!

Whole Operation in One Lever

With the new model, all you do is drop in the bread and press but a *single* lever. And *forget* about it!

In a minute—a piece of evenly browned toast pops up, *automatically*.

That's all there is to it! No waiting! No watching! No turning! No burnt toast!

TOASTMASTER

The Automatic Electric Toaster That Pops Up The Toast

Works Automatically—Won't Burn Toast!

And by simply setting a small, new-type indicator, you get the kind of toast you like—browned to the exact shade.

Won't Burn Toast, Won't Burn You

Another point about a Toastmaster—it won't burn the toast. For when the toast is done, it turns off the current *automatically*.

For the same reason it can't overheat, or ruin your table-top.

A Toastmaster can't burn you—it pops the toast up on the top where you can reach it *safely*. And now it comes with cool-type carrying handles that permit you to move it about without danger of burning your fingers.

See the New Toastmaster

If you want the easiest way to have perfect toast—see the new and improved Toastmaster. You, like thousands of others, will call it wonderful.

Now on display both in 1 and 2-slice sizes, at most stores carrying electrical devices throughout the United States and Canada. 280

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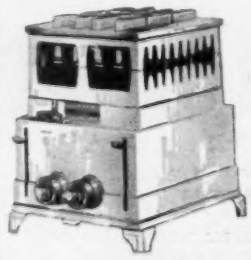

Today many leading Restaurants, Cafeterias, Sandwich Shops and Counter Services rate the Commercial Toastmaster as one of their best profit-makers. Over 40,000 now in daily use. Made under Strite patents in 3, 4, and 8 to 12-slice models. Send postcard for complete information. No obligation, of course.

(Continued from Page 154)

getting less money for his work than he ought to be getting.

And neither will the substitute for money be found in creating some kind of atmosphere of amiability and good-fellowship which has as its end the pretending that work is not work.

It will be, as I see it, the duty of the leaders to work unceasingly, finding their satisfaction in their work, and when, if ever, the times come that they do not find satisfaction, then at once to retire and give way to those who do find satisfaction. But all this is in the future. It is a pleasant sign that money is becoming less than the best incentive in certain grades of work, but it is not yet time to decide that money and the things which money buys are not incentives. That would not be true. The world still wants money, and it is going to continue that want until it is completely surfeited. We gain nothing by a solemn wagging of heads and spinning of theories. We can theorize only by assuming that things will always remain as they are—that all the tendencies which we note will be intensified. That is never the case. Our affairs in the future are bound to be shaped, as they have been in the past, by forces of which we today know nothing.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth and last of a series of articles by Mr. Ford and Mr. Crowther.

OUT-OF-DOORS

The Greater Bird Dogs

EVEN such a short span as a hundred years is a long time in America. Consider, then, five hundred years—five centuries—a date more distant than the day Columbus sailed from Spanish shores on the voyage that ended with the discovery of a great new land.

Yet five centuries ago we have definite record of bird dogs in England. The old Spanish-pointer breed goes back still further into the dim records of antiquity. Some say this breed was used to put pointing instinct into the setters when the latter were being manufactured with spaniel blood as the fundamental basis.

All that was before the days of the scatter, or shot, gun as we know it today. Hunters carried great nets, which they threw over the birds as found by the dogs. Either pointers or setters were used, but the records show that the latter breed found great favor, due to the fact that in those days these dogs dropped on point, or set their game. The net was thrown over the dog, as well as the birds in front of him, and the setting dog could be covered by the net with less danger of the prey having a chance to escape.

Later, with the advent of the scatter gun, the setters were taught to stand erect on their points, so that the attitudes of both breeds on game became practically identical. With the use of a gun instead of a net, the standing position was preferable, because a standing dog is much more readily seen than a crouching one.

It is strange how tradition travels. In spite of the fact that the setters have been standing up on their points for several centuries, there are many people today who still believe that the difference between the pointer and the setter is that the former points standing while the latter points crouched. There also continue to exist even stranger misconceptions. Some of these are unique. About two years ago a man I know, who has hunted all his life, bred his Irish-setter bitch to an English-setter dog. That alone is not so unusual—it has been done before. If you want a cross-bred dog, this one is as good as any. It was, however, a very great lack of correct information that caused this man to think that in making this cross he was producing Gordon setters.

First Find Your Game

The Gordon is the setter breed of Scotland. It was created years and years ago by the Duke of Gordon. It has become as distinct a breed as either the English or the Irish setter. The Irish-English cross no more produced Gordon setters than you would get Irish setters by crossing a Gordon with an English setter. Many people believe there is a distinct breed of setters known as Llewellins. Such is not the case. The name Llewellin refers to a certain strain of English setters tracing back to a common ancestry. Thus it is but a strain of breeding—not a breed. All Llewellins are English setters. Only a very rare few persons could confirm a Llewellin pedigree if they'd see it. Yet pedigree is the only basis for qualification. Some people think it's a matter of markings or color. How silly!

Other misconceptions are prevalent. A little while ago I was asked to speak before a prominent noontide club on the subject of bird dogs. Those present seemed quite interested, and after the meeting a number came up to ask special questions.

"Is it true," one man inquired, "that a bird dog gets into such a highly nervous state when pointing game that he often bleeds at the tip of his tail?"

Now, manifestly such is not the case. It is true, however, that a bird dog's tail will often bleed when he is at work in the field. Constant switching against thorns and briers is the cause. Many dogs carry merry tails while hunting—which is a very much sought for trait—and these are especially apt to develop a mighty sore caudal appendage, unless the member is taped to protect it. Thus it is briers that have caused the bleeding, not the dog's nervous excitement on point. It is, however, nervous excitement which causes style on point.

It scarcely seems necessary, but perhaps might not be amiss to explain that a bird dog—either pointer or setter—shows the presence of game by pointing, motionless, in the direction whence comes the scent that warns him of unseen birds. The hunter is thus told to get ready. The dog's attitude also indicates just about the spot from which the birds may be expected to flush. If the hunter is experienced he can pretty accurately determine in advance the probable direction of flight. Position from which flushed and location of the nearest cover are the governing factors. That the birds sometimes break the rules of expectation simply adds zest to the sport.

The truly well-finished dog will remain steady to wing and shot. That is, he will continue to stand steady when the game is flushed, and even after the shot is fired. If a bird falls to the gun he still should not move until ordered on to retrieve. There are a number of refinements which the art of training may add, but these are the fundamentals. Present space does not permit of going deeply into details.

In the early days of this country—when Daniel Webster shot over his setters, for instance—and still today in England, game was so abundant that finding it presented almost no problem at all. A hunter, even without a dog, could find more than enough. Varying degrees of dog aptitude involved little more than manners in handling game. The ability to find game was of less importance. In other words, training was everything. Thus the ability of handler or trainer was of more concern than any ability the dog might have. One canine might differ from another in degree of finish, but natural ability came only slightly into account. With the exception of the quality of nose, not much else was called for—not when game was so abundantly plentiful. Merely finding game was child's play, for game was everywhere. In those days a hunter walked through a field and his dogs quartered the cover systematically in front of him. It was methodically mechanical.

But the years sped on, as the years have a way of doing. Came a time, at last, when game grew scarcer. And as this condition increased, a premium was put on the dog that proved the best searcher and finder. Nose alone ceased to be enough. Gradually hunters came to appreciate a dog's manifest intelligence in searching. The finish shown in handling game must be coupled to the ability to find the game to be handled. The old plan of methodical quartering finally gave way to the idea of giving the dog more right to use his head; of depending more and more upon him to show bird sense, initiative and good judgment in hunting. Yet, with it all he must still maintain contact with his handler. Not all cover contained game, so we began to ask our dogs to pass up unlikely and go directly to likely looking cover. This saved a lot of lost time, and time is important. Hunting days are all too short. Dogs with the brains to search intelligently came into demand. Another factor began to count more than ever before—and that factor was courage. As bird dogs were asked to cover more ground more quickly, it took stamina plus courage to go the route of a hard day afield.

Tests in the Field

In 1874, near Memphis, Tennessee, came the first public competition for bird dogs ever held in America. The sport had taken root in England a few years earlier. Such competitions are known as field trials. Growth of interest has been steady. Today in this country we have some two hundred regularly functioning clubs sponsoring in the neighborhood of three hundred or more field-trial fixtures annually. There are several circuits, beginning on the prairies of Saskatchewan in early September and swinging on southward as the frost hits the pumpkin in other localities. The feathered game on which the trials are run includes prairie chickens, the ruffed grouse, the quail, the pheasant and the Hungarian partridge. The most coveted title of all is the National Championship run every January on quail near Grand Junction, Tennessee.

Conceptions have continued to change. Early judges scored the competing dogs on a scale of credits for each phase of performance. From this credit, or point, system we developed the heat system; and from out of the experience of these two earlier systems came the spotting system of today. The competing dogs are braced together in pairs, according as their names are drawn from slips in a hat. In the first series each brace is hunted for the same definite and equal length of time. It is usually left to the discretion of the judges whether or not a second series is needed to determine the winners.

Field trials brought a broader and deeper interest in bird dogs than ever before. The best blood of England was imported, and the blue bloods, after many and exhaustive tests, proved superior to our native cold-blooded dogs—just as Thoroughbred race horses have similarly proved their supremacy. Blue-blooded stock led to an interest in breeding and a study of the importance of blood lines. Particularity as to pedigree led to stud books and truly authentic registration. Two important dog stud books are now flourishing in the United States.

With the growth of field trials another factor came into play in the canine world as pertaining to bird dogs. Whereas hunters had always been intimate with a few dogs

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For the enclosed 10¢ (to cover cost of packing and mailing) send me a 25¢ "Get-Acquainted Package" of Double X Floor Cleaner. [15]

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of their own—and perhaps also the relatively few owned by their own hunting cronies—opportunity was now multiplied many times to see and to know what the best sort of performance can be. Conceptions were thus lifted from out of their former narrow limits and broader vision was the result.

This closer study of dogs revealed much. And a closer study of game itself followed upon the heels of the former. The results have been amazingly beneficial. To the old, narrow and limited conceptions of bird-dog performance has come an appreciation of what we now call class, which involves speed, range, intelligence and judgment, animation, style, nose, courage and endurance—all coupled to the climax of perfect manners on game. Don't you see how the factors of appreciation have multiplied?

The perpetually growing fraternity of field-trial enthusiasts is becoming constantly keener for the sport we love so well. This boundless enthusiasm has given the greatest impetus yet known to the cause of game restoration. And who can doubt that game does need restoring in America? THE SATURDAY EVENING POST has recently published several important articles pointing with outstanding emphasis to this fact.

We must have game in the field for the bird dogs to find and to point—or field trials cannot go on. Field-trial fans all realize this, and they constitute as a body the deepest students, the most determined workers and the most enthusiastic supporters of all game-restoration movements. As pertaining to upland game in particular, this will be found incontrovertibly true.

Live birds are the standard of value in the field trials, whereas in the game bag it is only the dead bird that counts. This has a very important bearing on the matter. Recruits to the field-trial fraternity all come from the ranks of the hunting field. This is but natural and could not be otherwise. It simply means that all such hunters are getting a higher conception than merely to kill. Most field trialers continue also to remain hunters—but they have a higher and a deeper appreciation of it all. And this can have naught but a beneficial influence. The quality of the dog's performance becomes what counts—not merely the frequency of the kill.

There is another interesting feature to consider. Though field trialers continue to remain hunters, their period for pleasure afield is tremendously lengthened. Hunting seasons and bag limits have been constantly constricted. The hunter who does not indulge also in the competitions now has a mighty short season each year in most states to indulge his favorite pastime. But there is no closed season on merely flushing live birds, and there is no bag limit on such harmless flushing. And a fellow who is preparing his dog for a field trial has plenty of incentive. Without such incentive there would be much less fun. But a field-trial trophy will be remembered and prized long after a dead bird is eaten and forgotten. In a nutshell, field-trial fans are working and enjoying their dogs eight months of the year. No hunting season is that long. Dogs should not be taken afield during the nesting season, but training can begin in August and run into early April.

The incentive for more and longer work with dogs results in greater knowledge of them. Such knowledge, as it broadens, leads to greater appreciation of quality in a dog's work. Thus the source of true pleasure shifts, coming from the good work your dog does, rather than from the good shot you make. Those who merely hunt in open season must drink their only cup of joy based on kills. But field trials bring enlarged opportunity for even a keener joy based on thrills.

The bird dogs of today are better than they ever were—and there are more of them. They must be better, for they're bred to be—and breeding is known to count. It counts in cattle, horses and poultry, and it counts in dogs. There are still poor bird dogs, of course, as there always have been and always will be—but the average has been raised and all is well.

—HORACE LYTLE.

DRAWN BY ROBERT L. DICKEY

"It's Too Bad, Rags, Instead of Sending You for That Soup Bone, I Didn't Go Myself—Anyway it Just Comes to Me, I Gave it to Mother Yesterday"

You can easily make cracked walls and ceilings good as new with Rutland Patching Plaster—the quick, money-saving mender. Just mix with a little water, then fill crack or hole. If you want a perfect, lasting job, be sure to ask for *Rutland* Patching Plaster—made by the secret Rutland formula that insures absolute whiteness and permanence. At paint, wall-paper and hardware stores. Rutland Fire Clay Co., Rutland, Vermont.

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When Milo Jones established the Jones Dairy Farm in 1834 he laid the foundations of a business which is famous all over America for the production of a NATIONAL BREAKFAST AND LUNCHEON DELICACY unique in the annals of Food Products.

Made today just as Milo and "Aunt Sally" Jones made it nearly 100 years ago.

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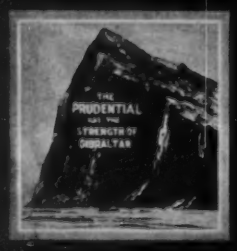

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SEA GUNS—1930

(Continued from Page 40)

by men who watched the indicators. There was no guesswork about it. Firing was done from the director. The men at the guns never saw the target and seldom knew what it was.

The United States Navy had the beginnings of such a system for turret guns. There was none at all for the secondary-defense batteries. As for the anti-aircraft, that pair of popguns was more of a decoration than an asset. British secondary-battery systems were installed in the United States battleships, but the work was not completed until after the war.

Aiming, however, is only one of the problems that beset the naval gunner. He has to find the gun range, so that he can set his sights, whether using a director or the old telescopes. It is the gun range that determines how the gun must be elevated and trained so the shell will strike the target. Unless the gun is correctly elevated, it makes no difference whether it is properly aimed or not; it won't hit.

There are optical instruments for measuring the distance to any object at sea. But if the target is moving—all sea targets are moving—it changes range immediately. At twenty knots, it slides onward 676 yards every minute—nearly half a land mile. The gunner must make a correction to compensate for the change of range between the time he reads the instrument and the moment he fires the gun. Add to this a correction for the time the shells are in flight—ten to sixty seconds—and you get into mathematics.

To find the gun range, the British fired what they called a ladder, a series of salvos at increasing ranges, starting short and climbing until they crossed the target. That took time.

The German Navy solved the problem in another way. At the Battle of Jutland the British were impressed at the rapidity with which their opponents began hitting. An officer in the battle cruiser Tiger said: "The first German salvo fired at us—at 18,000 yards—was only 200 yards short. The second was a straddle—one short, two hits and one over. Two of our after turrets were temporarily put out of action by this salvo." The Indefatigable and the Queen Mary, British battle cruisers, were struck and sunk in the first heat of the action. Terrific German impacts exploded their magazines.

Seagoing Robots

Mechanical instruments were at work in the German ships, calculating the gun range. These range calculators were evolving in all navies. By 1917 the United States Navy was using one known as the range keeper, located in the plotting room, far below decks.

In fascinating miniature, the range keeper reproduced the drama of two ships fighting each other. It set up a battle and ground out the movements of the participants. There was the firing ship, on her course and speed, automatically following the gyro compass and the engines. A pointer showed the direction of the enemy. The enemy ship appeared as a dial under glass. Actually, the surface of the thing looked something like an airplane's instrument board, all dials and counters. With a bit of imagination, these became ships, ocean and the factors of gunnery. Beneath the surface it was the size of an office safe, jammed full of $100,000 worth of mechanical gizzards.

In highly evolved form, the range keeper, or something like it, is the basis of all sea gunnery today. Some navies call it a rate keeper, some a range machine, some a graphic tracker. It is the most intricate and expensive of all gunnery instruments. A modern ship has at least eight of them, one for each subdivision of the armament. The director, likewise, has evolved into a complex piece of rugged apparatus taller than a man, and very costly. Its cross-telescopes focus on horizon and target; twin non-precessing gyroscopes aid it to maintain the perfect level that overcomes the effect of roll. The system of gun indicators is self-synchronous and mathematically accurate.

This combination of instruments can do two things. It can solve the course and speed of the enemy, and it can tell where you ought to shoot to hit him. It is equally good at tracking down airplanes, high-speed surface ships or long-range targets.

If the range-keeper readings depart from those taken upon the actual target, the variations tell the operator what corrections to make in his set-up. In some cases the machine corrects itself. It does what no man can do accurately. It predicts where the target will be at the instant the shells land, and reduces this to terms of gun elevation and deflection.

Loading a Sixteen-Inch Gun

Within minutes the battery is dead on the target; from the first it has been close enough to start shooting. If the actual target is invisible, so that no readings can be taken on it, it is only necessary to fire two or three salvos at its estimated position and let the range-keeper operator know the error.

With guns placed by instrument, fired by gyro directors, aimed by machine, the ship of 1930 is an electro-mechanical shooting unit. The loading crews are automatons, pieceworkers. She can fire in fog, or from behind a smoke screen, or at an enemy beyond a smoke screen. All she needs is one man, somewhere, who can see the target and give corrections, spots and estimates. Observation planes are her eyes. If she had a television transmitter aloft in a tiny balloon or an electric glider, she could dispense with man eyes altogether.

The coming of the sixteen-inch gun introduced a new engineering problem to the sea. If the weapon was to be effective, it must be fired at least as often as its fourteen-inch predecessor, but the rate of fire depended on how fast the new shells, each weighing a ton, could be got out of the magazines in the bowels of the ship, hoisted some thirty or forty feet to the guns and loaded in.

Watch 40 seconds tick away, and fancy 2100-pound projectiles being put through these hoisting and loading operations during that time—a pair of shells in every turret. No wonder naval men call it easier to shoot a shell 20,000 yards than to get it from stowage rack into gun.

Twelve hundred pounds of powder must be hoisted up too. It introduces problems of its own, for it is packed in silk bags. Much as gunners would like to use bags made of canvas or stout linen, they can take no chance of smoldering fragments being left in the gun, with danger of prematurely igniting the next charge. Silk is entirely consumed by the heat of discharge. Even the gas left in a gun after firing is inflammable. It must be blown out by compressed air before the plug is opened.

If you have any romantic conception of the inside of a gun turret in action—men stripped to the waist, lifting powder to the breech, shoving home the shell with long hand rammers—abandon it for 1930. The inside of a turret is a maze of handling rooms and loading machinery. The charge for each gun comes up in a rugged elevator, into which it has been inducted with swift care and mechanical aid far below at the magazine levels. The plug is opened by the flip of a lever. Opposite the yawning maw of the open breech, the hoist car locks into place. Now a ruthless electric rammer gives that 2100-pound shell a ten-foot ride into the chamber, where it seats with a metallic thunk. Snaking out, the rammer eases in the powder, swiftly but carefully so there is no chance of a ripped bag.

Click—the plug closes, and as the muzzle elevates, the gun breech sinks far down

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with a drone of gears. The car disappears into the depths for another charge.

A turret gun weighing 130 tons recoils forty inches, darting back in its slide so quickly as to deceive the eye. Hydraulic cylinders check its travel, and ease it back to the firing position. The concussion is worse outside the turret than within. It assaults the cotton-stuffed ears of men in masts and bridges, presses on their chests. It rips light metal out of rivets, showers soot from smoke pipes, shocks the whole ship. A battleship must be solid as rock to stand her own pounding.

Turrets use bagged ammunition, for a charge as heavy as 600 pounds must be broken up into portions that can be handled in the magazines. There powder is treated reverently, as its peculiar powers deserve.

There is a faint smell of ether, breathed by it into the air. Each pair of bags is isolated in metal containers, kept at constant temperature. Continual surveillance tests guard the ship's safety from the demon in her vitals.

There are interesting facts about this stuff called powder. It isn't a powder at all; each grain is as big around as a quarter, a cylinder an inch long pierced by seven small holes. It's a colloid of nitrocellulose, and instead of exploding within the gun, it burns, converting itself into gas in a fraction of a second. One small grain will fill a room with gas. Imagine the pressure when 600 pounds are bottled up in a gun. Yet powder is so stable that it is hard to set off. Every bag contains a small amount of old-time black powder at the red, or business, end. An electric primer sets off the black powder, the black powder sets off the smokeless powder, and crump goes the gun—all in the flicker of an eye.

Big Guns Have Short Lives

The primer looks like a blank rifle cartridge, and contains fulminate of mercury, a true explosive. The TNT that fills the shells is an explosive too. The shells are made of steel, streamlined, their noses specially adapted to penetrating armor. A delayed-action fuse guarantees detonation after they are within the target's hull.

It costs nine thousand two hundred dollars in shell and powder to fire a single salvo of eight sixteen-inch guns.

Even eighteen-inch armor will give way under the repeated onslaughts of missiles like these. As the shells leave the gun they're traveling twenty-seven miles a minute. They arch five miles into the air, roaring like beasts, lose some of their speed to friction, and come down at fifteen miles per minute. Their mad rush through the gun, and the burning heat of powder gas, eat away the metal of the liner, wearing down the sharp edges of the rifled grooves. Three hundred rounds, and a gun is nearly worn out; two miles have been cut from its ranging powers, and its fine accuracy is gone. Long before that, it has been replaced, for there must always be enough life left in a battleship's guns to fight an extended battle. The worn gun goes to the gun factory, where it is lowered into a huge pit and heated. The old liner is lifted out and replaced by a new one.

Speed, speed, speed. Turret loads and rapid-fire guns. A sea-shooting organization employs 700 men—teams of loaders, groups of skilled technicians, fire-control men, gunners' mates, electricians. They drill constantly to master the complexities of their leviathan. Using dummy powder made of wood, and old shells that become battered and scarred under weeks of use, they repeat the mechanical tasks of the load until each gesture becomes habit. Officers with stop watches make time analyses.

"You're slow on that hoist lever, Kelly. Adds two seconds to the load."

Target practice comes to test their proficiency.

It is very different target practice from the simple "drop a target overboard and shoot" of the 90's. They spin yarns of captains who said: "Tell that man to stop shooting. He'll hit the target, and it'll take half a day to make another one."

The Rumble of Salvos

This is an age of reality, and battle conditions are the criterion. Hits are what count. To climax gunnery work and elementary shoots, the battle fleets go out with flags at mastheads and decks cleared for action. Far away a series of great screens on rafts towed in tandem two miles long represents the enemy. Spotting planes take off from roaring catapults as the bugles in each ship call the crew to general quarters. Men disappear, leaving the upper decks oddly bare; the ships seem to steam unmanned. Guns swing out, elevated high. Far down the line of ships, guns—guns angled into the air.

"All turrets, load!"

The black hands of the clocklike dials on each mast swing around, telegraphing the gun range from ship to ship. Radio messages sing through the invisible air.

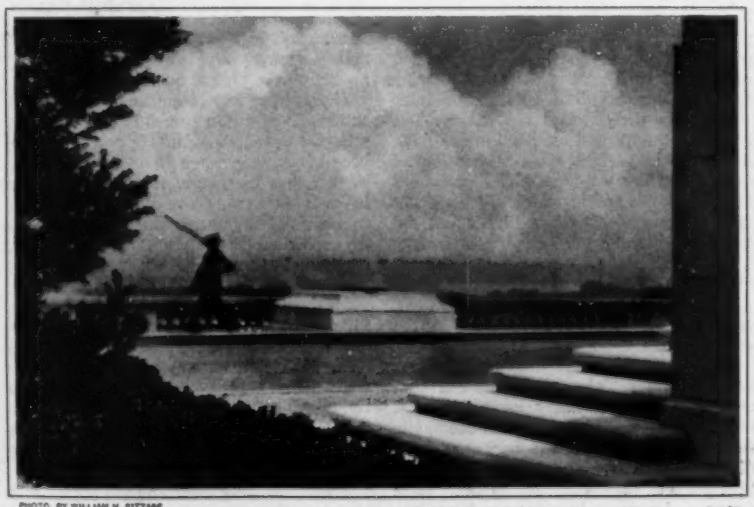
Suddenly a flag breaks out. "Commence firing!"

The rumble of salvos is louder than close thunder. And about the targets the smothering metal falls, cracking splinters of wood off the screens, leaving gaping holes. The plane propellers scream, and the little radio sets send: "No change. Straddle. No change. Straddle."

Who is ahead in this game of sea warfare, man or the machine? Is man using the machine, or is the machine using man, in contests between these mammoths of metal with their electric nerves and their smokeless-powder muscles?

The seaman gunner used to be the cut-and-thrust swaggerer of all navies, ready to clutch a cutlass and board the enemy for

(Continued on Page 166)



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The Unknown Soldier's Grave at Arlington, Virginia

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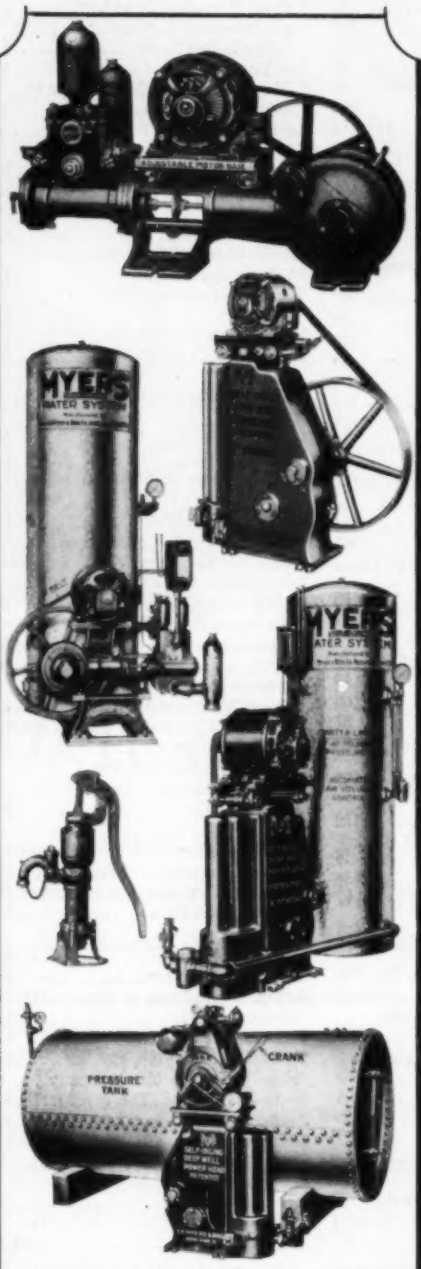

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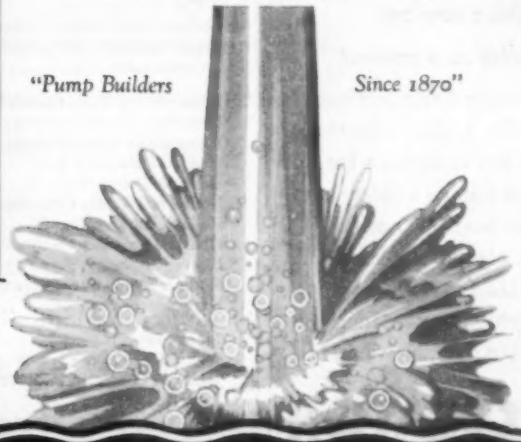

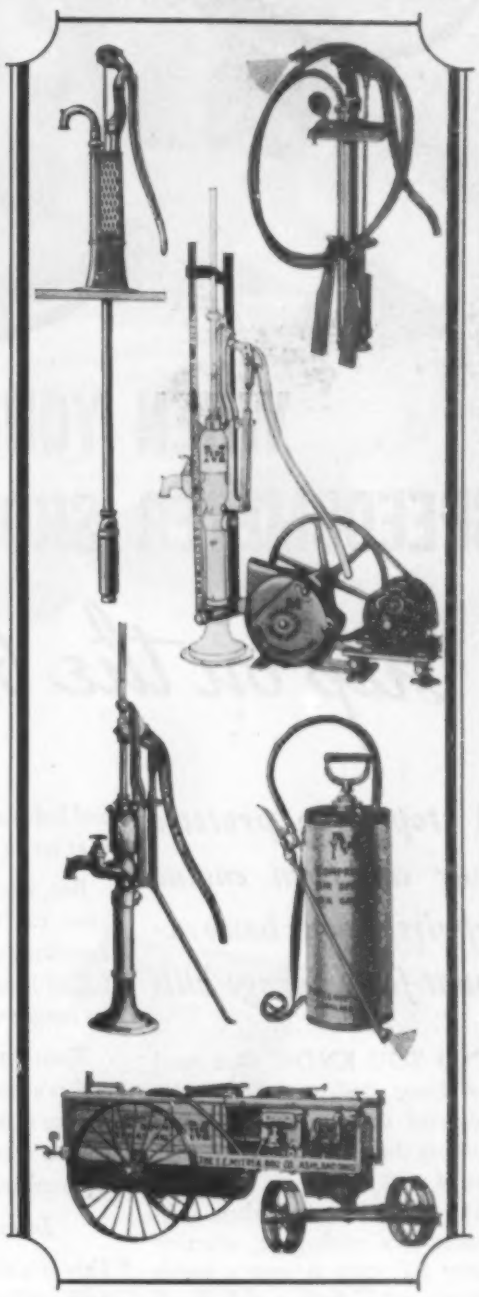

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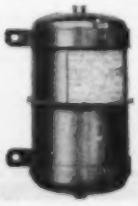

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

Where do we go from here?

It may be wise to go ahead, or it may be better to detour around the bad spots in your business road, but unless you know the exact status of your business, it will be mostly a matter of guesswork.

With Monroe short-cut methods of figuring you can be prepared to make prompt, intelligent decisions to meet frequently changing conditions. Many businesses have found that Monroes fit easily into their own systems, that they so speed up the routine production of figures that there is time to produce daily those extra figures so necessary for the successful direction of any business.

Telephone your local Monroe representative—through him the combined knowledge and experience of the Monroe organization, gained by constant contact with business of every type and size, is at your disposal. Or mail the coupon.

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PIEDMONT CAROLINAS SETS 8 YEAR SALES RECORD

Year after year a record number of electric ranges has been sold to the people of Piedmont Carolinas. This year's sales exceeded those of 1929 by over 7.7 percent.

Electric cooking stoves are generally accounted as luxuries; why, then, are residents of Piedmont Carolinas able to purchase them more heavily than other sections of the country?

The answer is found in the level of employment and wages general throughout this region. It is evidence of the prosperity produced by our active industries.

More than that, it testifies to an important fact true of all industry: Manufacturers who are able to place finished goods on their shipping platforms at marked production savings are best able to maintain their sales year after year.

With large and important industries well established in widely diversified lines; and with the nation's leading sources of many important raw materials being actively worked, the level of employment and consequent maintenance of purchasing power here is correspondingly stable and even.

Piedmont Carolinas' production economies are due to permanent natural advantages that are peculiar to this foothill region, advantages not shared by any other section of the country:

Summer days are shorter than in old, congested, highly industrialized regions—with 10 to 15% less summer humidity and no higher temperatures.

Winter days are longer with temperatures 10° to 20° warmer.

There is a high percentage of sunshine.

The population is predominantly white, 99% native born, composed of energetic, ambitious racial stocks. Three quarters of the available labor is still on farms.

Raw material sources are well developed yet not even approaching depletion.

Water-generated electric power is derived from the neighboring mountain region, one of the heaviest rainfall areas in the country. (Piedmont Carolinas has fewer rainy days per year than any other important industrial section.)

Modern centralized schools serve even the remote rural counties. The towns and cities have schools that are unexcelled. Splendid colleges and universities are distributed throughout the entire section. Education is a major activity of both Carolinas. In every rank, from state authorities to the teachers in the primary grades, the highest standards prevail—a fact known and recognized in educational circles throughout the Nation.

Modern paved highways form a network over the whole region, knitting all parts together, and expediting the movement of raw materials to factories, the transport of finished goods, and the intensive development of local markets.

Both school and road-building are accomplished programs—not mere projects for the future.

Get the facts. You will find them briefly marshalled, yet complete, in this book, PIEDMONT CAROLINAS, WHERE WEALTH AWAITS YOU. Sent to manufacturing executives on request. Address, please, Industrial Department, Room 507, Power Building, Charlotte, N.C. Your letter, asking for this book or for any additional information, will receive a prompt and courteous response.

DUKE POWER COMPANY
SOUTHERN PUBLIC UTILITIES CO. AND OTHER ALLIED INTERESTS

PIEDMONT INDUSTRY CAROLINAS

(Continued from Page 162)

hand-to-hand fighting. The modern gunner thinks of steel, of lubrication and of mechanisms. He is the custodian of $10,000,000 worth of machinery. Men of the Napoleonic wars, the War of 1812, would turn from such work in dismay.

What has become of the rougher seaman—officer or enlisted man—who lacks the temperament to deal with an exact art like modern gunnery? They gravitate toward the older ship. There are some of them in destroyers, where the duty is tougher than in battleships—but in destroyers they've got torpedoes to deal with, and the tin fish is one of the most intricate machines ever devised. There are some in aviation's combat squadrons—but they are up against the care of airplane motors.

Perhaps some force in these technician navies is in opposition to the old militant yearnings. Perhaps science and, shall we say, barbarianism, don't go hand in hand. The younger blood, the cream of the crop, is more interested in its machinery than in the thought of fighting.

Yet the idea of fighting with battleships, cruisers, destroyers and planes remains. We spend our money to build them, all over the world, by the billion dollars' worth. We plead for international parity, so that there will be a limit to numbers—but we double and treble the cost of each ship, using all the resources of our laboratories to increase its power. That power is near perfection today, in every navy, for science knows no border lines and has no nationality. Research solves problems of killing more easily than those of curing.

Japanese, French, Italian, British, American ships—all carry the guns, the towering masts, the bulky externals of director systems. Perhaps, in creating these international weapons, we are moving toward something better than parity.

Dueling, a popular diversion less than a century ago, ceased to be attractive with the arrival of the modern pistol. Man will gamble with death—so will nations—but instinct leads him to shun a game where the odds are all against him.

A hundred years from now will people look back and call our 1930 men-of-war crude and safe? Or have we reached the point where the pistol is perfected, when without shame to man's honor or temptation to his love of fight and gambling, the duel between nations can pass out of the picture and become a quaint diversion of the musty past?

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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A clean house in every package

Summed up, that's what Old Dutch Cleanser brings you—a clean, wholesome, hygienic, healthful house—much more quickly, too! You can rely on it every time.

And it's all accomplished so QUICKLY because Old Dutch needs little time to get rid of all the dirt. This quickness saves many minutes, particularly at housecleaning. You'll appreciate that. You can use Old Dutch from cellar to garret, in a multitude of ways—and the story is always the same: *Easy, thorough, and* QUICK *cleaning.*

For woodwork and painted walls, Old Dutch is ideal. Sprinkle a little on a damp cloth or sponge and wipe gently. Old Dutch makes a tiresome task easy. Do likewise with the windows. They'll sparkle in no time at all. Clean the floors, wood and stone steps, etc., with Old Dutch—it's the modern way. Gets the dirt with a few strokes of mop or brush.

And for lovely, lustrous surfaces, you should use Old Dutch exclusively. It protects their glistening beauty and leaves them with a brilliant polish. That's because Old Dutch contains no scratchy grit or other harmful content—it doesn't scratch. Old Dutch is the modern, perfect cleanser for marble, tile, porcelain, enamel, bathrooms, refrigerators, kitchen utensils, etc.

Old Dutch is a natural cleanser. Its minute particles, flaky and flat-shaped, remove dirt with a smooth, easy, clean sweep. Hidden impurities that endanger health go with the visible dirt—none escape Old Dutch. That means Healthful Cleanliness for your home.

Use Old Dutch for all your cleaning—on any surface on which water may be used. It's all you need, and you'll find that Old Dutch goes further and lasts longer. Old Dutch is kind to the hands—doesn't irritate or roughen the skin.

Old Dutch Cleanser in your home is a distinction of good housekeeping

CLEANS QUICKER than anything else you can use

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